

PRINTED AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JULY
1901

10
CENTS



EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

MONTHLY PUBLICATION BY THE W. W. POTTER COMPANY (LTD.) BUFFALO, N. Y.

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It tells you how to Detect and Cure Disease, how to Feed for Eggs, and also for Market, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes, and indeed about everything you must know on the subject to make a success.



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No feature counts more than beautiful teeth and they require care.
RUBIFOAM is bottled "tooth care." Price 25c. All druggists.
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For over forty years the name of George C. Scott has been associated with the best work in the way of electrotyping in Boston, and in Boston the best means the best in the United States. The firm of George C. Scott & Sons consists of George C. Scott and his sons, Joe B. and W. F. Scott, and it now occupies a position of prominence as an electrotyping house of the largest capacity and the latest processes, with ability to handle large orders on short notice.

Every page of "The National Magazine" of this issue has been electrotyped by this firm. In fact, they have been doing the work for "The National Magazine" ever since it was established and their reputation for the finest quality of work, as well as promptness and despatch, is unequalled; and it is particularly gratifying at this time that the plates for this issue, should pay such a glowing tribute to the electrotyping firm of such standing as George C. Scott & Sons.

In addition to the large amount of periodical work this firm also manufactures thousands of advertising plates for some of the largest advertisers in the country, and their work appears in nearly every newspaper and periodical in the country. A large number of book plates for some of the

widest selling books put on the market during the past five years or more, have been examples of their work.

There is a scrupulous painstaking in their work that always insures satisfaction, and it is not an uncommon sight to see Mr. Scott and his sons at the bench with their aprons on, supervising and working with their employees and it is this spirit of conscientiousness that holds their customers.

A close and careful examination of the plates in this issue of "The National Magazine" speaks more for their work than any words we might add. Their new idea of placing the original half tones right on the plates is producing the best results in typography. Mr. Scott is a prominent member of the Typothetae. He has made a special study of the matter of electrotyping half tones, in which he has obtained flattering results so that the electrotypes may be made nearly equal to the original half tones in the printing.

From the plates of George C. Scott & Sons as high as 150,000 copies have been printed without changing the plates. This is a crucial test. To produce clear, sharp outlines on a run of 150,000 with several tons of pressure upon them each impression, is certainly a triumph in the Graphic Arts.

O'SULLIVAN'S RUBBER HEELS AT THE EXPOSITION.

There is nothing that so tries the endurance of a pedestrian as a trip about exposition grounds. The incessant walking and standing is at best wearisome, to say nothing of the effect of the exciting scenes and events.

I was particularly impressed at the Pan American Exposition to observe the number of ladies who wear rubber heels. The American woman carries her skirt in a way that is always graceful, and in addition to this, the quick and graceful carriage and firm walk makes a picture of which any American is proud.

Now in speaking of rubber heels, it is not necessary to remark that it means O'Sullivan's rubber heels, for O'Sullivan's rubber heels were the pioneer rubber heels on the market, and were the first to be put into practical use. They are made of new rubber, and are now as essentially a part of footwear as the sole of the shoe itself. They are universally used in everyday "walks of life," hospitals, hotels and large department stores where the echo of footsteps resounds, and their use is becoming more and more a matter of public health.

Besides eliminating the mere noise of walking on pavements and floors, they break the jar of the step, and in every way prove positively beneficial to the health of the wearer. It is not a matter of theory, but a tried and tested fact. While my mind was on this subject of rubber heels on a warm June day, I was also impressed by the fact that they are worn by people of prominence generally, who attracted the curious crowds on the Midway, as well as by the throngs who followed them—the rubber heel has won all classes.

Rubber heels on asphalt even adds still more to the elasticity in walking,

and I think that if a census of the people who pass through the turnstiles of the exposition wearing rubber heels were taken, the result would be truly surprising.

The rubber heel has become an American institution, and a distinguished Englishman visiting the exposition had prepared himself for the Pan American campaign with a new pair of O'Sullivan's rubber heels. They are an American invention and are becoming already very popular in Europe; in fact everywhere they have been in use.

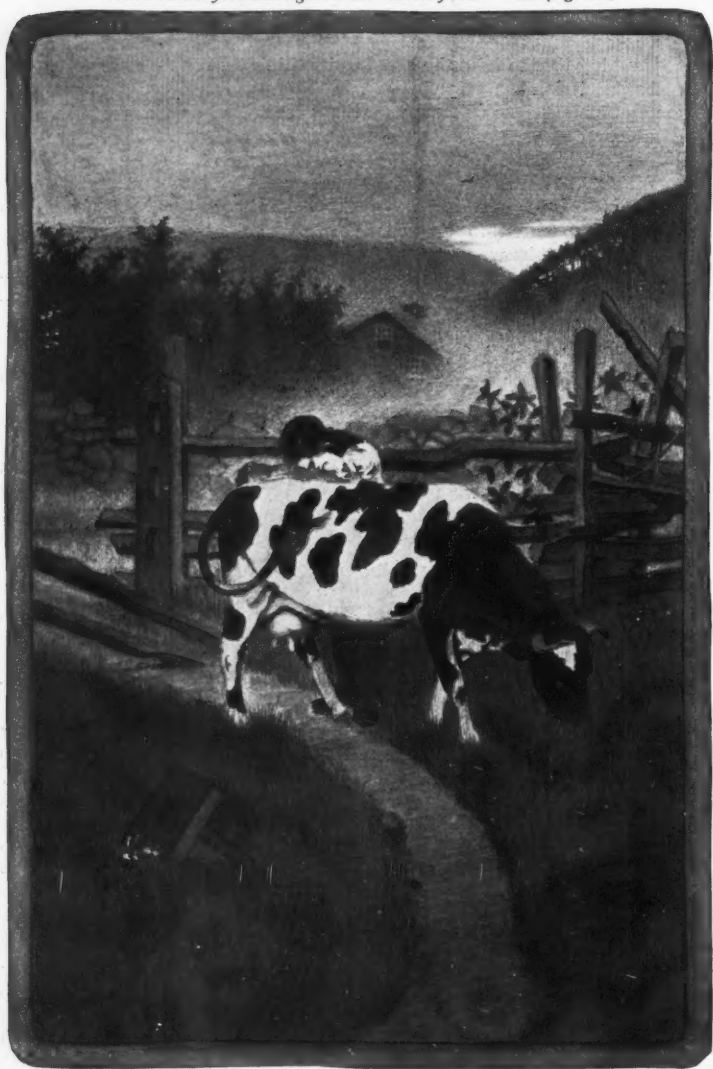
They add to the life of a pair of shoes, and the benefits of a pair of O'Sullivan's rubber heels cannot be adequately summarized in a page of "The National Magazine." It would require hundred of pages to publish the testimonials received by O'Sullivan Bros. from all parts of the country, which is the constantly accumulating evidence of the fact that the O'Sullivan rubber heel is no longer a luxury but a necessity in the matter of footwear.

Truly, they must be worn to be adequately appreciated, and the next time you see a person wearing rubber heels, ask how the wearer likes them, and then also ask what kind of a rubber heel it is, and if a satisfied wearer you are sure to discover that it is the O'Sullivan rubber heel.

Now if there is one generally advertised product which we know about directly and personally it is the O'Sullivan rubber heel. If your dealer does not have them, drop a postal card to O'Sullivan Bros., Lowell, Mass., and it is only a question of a short time when you will be wearing the O'Sullivan Rubber Heel to add to comforts and conveniences of life.

Drawn by R. Emmett Owen

*"The little red cow in the oak shrouded lot stood patiently waiting while the tired man
rested his hot forehead against her smooth flank"—See page 358*





THE PAN-AMERICAN GIRL WILL INSIST UPON A TOUCH OF
THE SPANISH IN STYLE.

Photo by Hall, Buffalo.

THE VISION REALIZED AT THE PAN-AMERICAN

By Honorable John Hay, Secretary of State

NO more beautiful, sympathetic and truly American conception and expression of the purpose, spirit and results of the Pan-American Exposition has ever been enunciated than that embodied in the recent speech of Secretary of State Hay, as delivered at a dinner given by the Board of Directors of the Pan-American Exposition to the National Editorial Association, at Statler's hotel, Buffalo, June 13, 1901. He said:

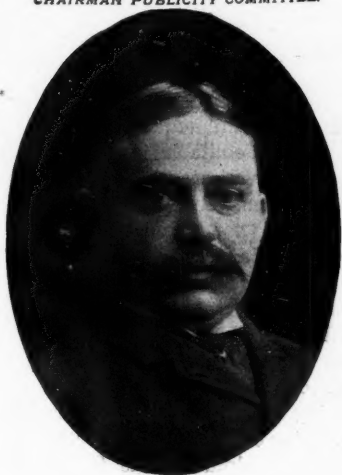
"Last night as I looked from my window at this marvelous creation lined in fire upon the evening sky, and to-day as I have walked through the courts and the palaces of this incomparable exhibition, the words of the prophet have been constantly in my mind: 'Your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions.' We who are old have through many hopeful years dreamed this dream. It was noble and inspiring, leading to earnest and uplifting labor. And now we share with you who are young the pleasure of beholding the vision, far nobler and more inspiring than the dream. This ideal of the brotherhood of the nations of the Western World is not a growth of yesterday. It was heralded when the country was young by the clarion voice of Henry Clay; it was cherished by Seward and Evarts, Douglas and Blaine. Twelve years ago we held the first reunion of the American Republics. Much was said and done destined to be memorable in our history, opening and blazing the way along the path of peace and fraternal relations. We have made steady progress; we have grown day by day to a better understanding, until now we are looking forward to our coming confer-

ence in the City of Mexico, in which we have the right to hope that with larger experience and profounder study of the great problems before us results still more important and beneficent will be reached.

"As a means to those ends, as a concrete realization of those generous dreams which have led us thus far, we have this grand and beautiful spectacle, never to be forgotten, a delight to the eyes, a comfort to every patriot heart that during the coming summer shall make the pilgrimage to this enchanted scene, where lake and shore and sky, the rich, bright city, throbbing with vigorous life, and in the distance the flash and roar of the stupendous cataract unite their varied attractions in one charm of powerful magic, such as the world has seldom seen.

"There have been statesmen and soldiers who have cherished the fancy in past years of a vast American army, recruited from every country between the Arctic and Antarctic seas, which should bind us together in one immense military power to overawe the older civilizations. But this conception belongs to other days, to an order of ideas which we hope is forever gone by. How much more in keeping with the better times in whose light we live, and the still more glorious future to which we look forward, is the result we see to-day of the armies of labor and intelligence in every country of this New World, all working with one mind and one will, not to attain an unhappy pre-eminence in the art of destruction, but to advance in liberal emulation in the arts which tend to make men happier and better, to make

GEORGE BLEISTEIN,
CHAIRMAN PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.



JOHN VAVASOUR NOEL, CHIEF LATIN-AMERICAN
PRESS SECTION.



STEPHEN W. BOLLES,



THE VISION REALIZED AT THE PAN-AMERICAN

this long harrassed and tormented earth a brighter and more blessed abode for men of good will.

"Our hearts have glowed within us as we have surveyed at every turn the evidence of the equality and fraternity of progress under skies so distant, under conditions so varying, as those which obtain between Alaska and Cape Horn. I remember how at a world's fair in Paris a great writer exclaimed: 'What a prodigious amount of intelligence there is in the world!' We can say with hearts full of gratitude and pride, How prodigious is the progress of intelligence and industry in this New World of ours!

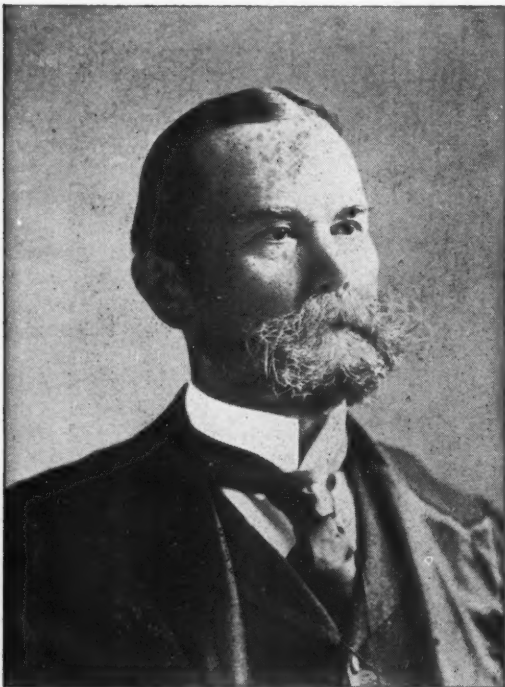
All the triumphs of the spirit and of the skilled hands of labor; the garnered treasures of science, the witcheries of art; the spoils of earth and air and sea,

are gathered here to warn, to delight, to encourage and reward the ever-striving, the indomitable mind of man. Here you have force which enables men to conquer and tame the powers of nature; wealth not meant, as Tennyson sang, to rest in mounded heaps, but smit with the free light to melt and fatten lower lands; beauty, not for the selfish gratification of the few, but for the joy of the many, to fill their days with gladness and their nights with music. And hovering over all, the sublime, the well-nigh divine conception of a brotherhood of mutually helpful nations, fit harbinger and forerunner of the brotherhood of man.

"God forbid that there should be in all this the slightest hint of vainglory, still less of menace to the rest of the world! On the contrary, we cannot

but think that this friendly challenge we send out to all peoples, convoking them also to join in this brotherly emulation, in which the prizes are after all merely the right to further peaceful progress in good work—will be to the benefit and profit of every country under the wide heaven. Every great achievement in art, in science, in commerce, communicates to the universal human spirit a salutary shock, which in ever-widening circles spreads to regions the most remote and obscure, to break at last in lingering ripples on the ultimate shores of space and time. Out of a good source evil cannot flow; out of the light darkness cannot be born. The benignant influences that shall emanate from this great festival of peace shall not be bounded by oceans nor by continents."

HONORABLE JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV.

JULY, 1901

No. 4



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

A GLANCE at the President's mail for one day during the month past reveals a warm-hearted nation. The letters of sympathy received by President McKinley, regretting the illness of his devoted wife, form an interesting study of our national life. Personal notes from the most prominent men to those whose names are scarcely known beyond the home circle. Crude, but sincere expressions from school children; a labored note from a hard-muscled farmer or workingman; dainty messages from college girls, and scrawling epistles from manly university lads. Business men cease their rush for a word of sympathy, and many professional men directed a letter to the executive mansion for the first time. Railroad men, artisans and artists; I fancy there is not a phase

of American citizenship in any state that has not felt and acted upon the irresistible impulse of sympathizing with the President, while the threatening cloud o'erhung his household. The personal touch which these letters reveal between President and people is impressive.

It is not alone because it is William

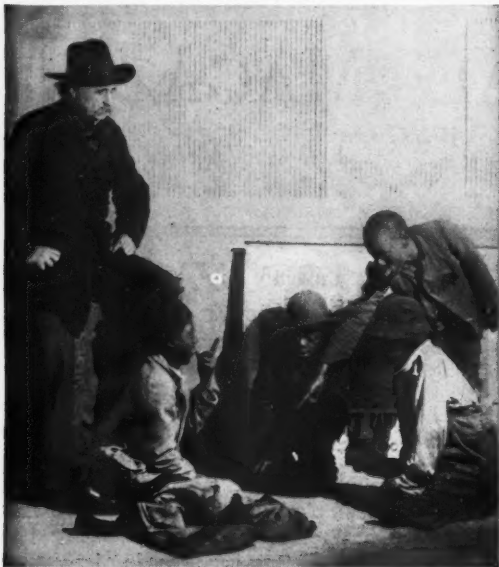
McKinley that these letters are received, but because of the touch of kindredship that has been such a source of strength to our nation. President McKinley typifies the devoted and tender husband, and emphasizes the American ideal of tribute to womanhood.

There has been a hushed air about the White House, and Dr. Rixey's calls were the one thing of primal interest. The brave and patient sufferer has fought a good fight, and it was indeed touching to see

THERE IS NOTHING MORE DASHING THAN
THE AMERICAN SUMMER GIRL



THE MYSTERIOUS GAME WHICH THEY ALL LOVE. REFLECTING
THE POKER GAME SPIRIT OF WALL STREET



the birthday greetings sent to the sick room. It was a reflection of the generous and affectionate love of the American people, which never fails in the dark hours.

* * *

Pan-Americanitis has taken quite a hold of Washington for this month. Although the rumors of an extra session to meet the Philippine situation after the Supreme Court decisions on the insular possessions cases had been handed down, somewhat disturbed for the moment Pan-American plans, there is certainly a national interest concentrated in the Buffalo Exposition. Vice-President Roosevelt stimulated popular interest in the Exposition in his dedicatory address, and proved an able and fitting representative of the nation on this occasion, strenuously hinting that the Vice-President has an important function in the economy of democratic institutions, and is not so far back on the shelf either.

The political duel between Senators Tillman and McLaurin of South Carolina has not been fought. Both of the gentlemen have withdrawn the resignations sent in, preparatory to a desperate personal campaign to be fought before the people of the Palmetto state. McLaurin was once a sort of protege of Tillman, and they were very close to each other in a personal and political way, and this accounts for the intensity of the present animosity. The end is not yet, but the senatorial togas laid aside for the rough and tumble are donned again, and each looks upon the other with an air of haughty disdain.

* * *

In the matter of the indemnity to be paid by China, little progress has been made in reaching a settlement. Instead of the powers having determined upon \$337,000,000 as the amount of the claims, they are far from an agreement.

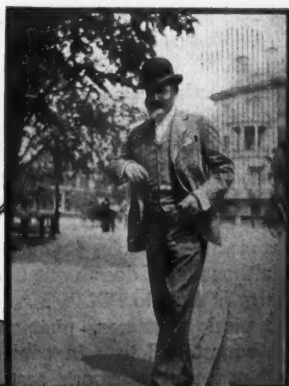
E. S. WILLIARD



*Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota is now
rested as "No. 1 Hard" in Senatorial circles*



*The Spanish Minister walks the streets of
Washington clothed in smiles these days*



*Miss Merriam, daughter of the
Director of the Census
Secretary Hav is more reflective than ever when he
thinks of the coming session of the Senate*



*Lieut.-Governor Woodruff is not showing
his new waistcoat these days
Senator McComas of Maryland enjoys a
chat with the policeman now and then*

In the space of but little more than two decades, Ezra Perin Savage, the new chief executive of Nebraska, has removed from a sod house to the gubernatorial mansion. Governor Savage is a product of Indiana, having been born in that state in 1842, but he moved westward early in his career and has spent the greater portion of his life in Iowa and Nebraska. He has been termed the "Cowboy Governor," and he earned the title on a ranch in western Nebraska. In appearance, he resembles Colonel W. F. Cody, although he does not affect the long hair of "Buffalo Bill." Mr. Savage is a typical westerner, plain-spoken, rugged, honest and firm in conviction. He assumed the governor's seat, when Charles H. Dietrich became United States senator. The only offices he ever held previously were those of mayor of South Omaha and lieutenant-governor of Nebraska.

* * *

Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, the most widely travelled of Washington correspondents, is off again on a tour to Norway and Sweden which will be described

EZRA PERIN SAVAGE, GOVERNOR
OF NEBRASKA



in a series of articles from his vivid pen. Five trips to South America, even more

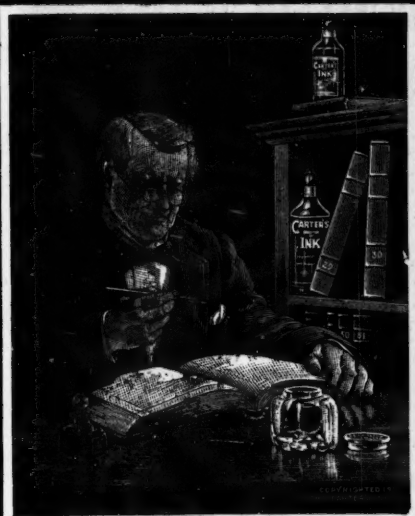
WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS, WASHINGTON
CORRESPONDENT CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD



than that on various missions to Europe, most of them in some capacity for the United States government, and a voyage to China and Japan, which resulted in the entertaining book, "The Yankees of the East," are included in the wanderings of this interesting and popular writer. His books of travel have a place in literature. "The Capitals of South America," "The Land of the Nihilist" and "Between the Andes and the Ocean" are the products of sojourns in opposite quarters of the globe.

But in the meantime Mr. Curtis has contributed to the Chicago Record as its Washington correspondent and the inside stories of events in the National Capital as well as the stories of people in other nations have regularly appeared in that journal and its successor, the Record-Herald. An Ohio man by birth, Mr. Curtis ranks as one of the Ohio men who have held important office under the government. He was the late Mr.

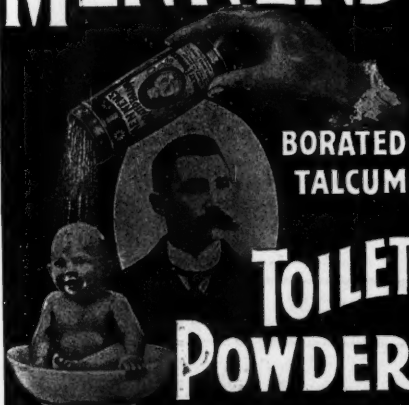
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An Old Book-Keeper is Discriminating

Better take his advice and use Carter's. Send for booklet "Inklings"—Free. THE CARTER'S INK CO., Boston, Mass.

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Delightful After Bathing, A Luxury After Shaving

A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.

Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



Health and Beauty

are everywhere the sources of the highest attainable happiness, and the greatest beauty of all is that of the healthy, hearty, robust person.

A wineglass of

Pabst Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

three times a day, at meals, with perhaps one at bed-time, will give you that bounding, joyous health and sweet sleep that nature intended you to enjoy.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Pabst Brewing Co., (Tonic Dep't)
Milwaukee, Wis.



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NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK

60 Congress St., Boston

Capital	\$3,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits (August 14, 1900)	1,856,104.69
Deposits (August 14, 1900)	29,808,942.37

Accounts of merchants, trustees, individuals and corporations respectfully solicited.

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HAVING THIS
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1820

AGATE
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NICKEL-STEEL WARE

(burned in the enamel) **ARE SAFE**
For proof that **NO POISON** is found in the coating, send for our booklet, showing why only "Agate Nickel-Steel Ware" IS SAFE, and why either **ARSENIC, ANTIMONY, or LEAD** is found in the goods of seventeen other manufacturers of enameled ware.

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.
NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO

PHOTO BUTTONS



Have you a
SWEETHEART?
Have you a
WIFE?
Have you a
HUSBAND?
Have you a
SWEET BABY?

If so, wouldn't it be rather nice to have a delicate colored Photo Button of likeness to pin on your shirt waist or the lapel of your coat?

GIVEN AWAY FREE

We will make a Photo Button in colors, with a golden frame, from any photograph mailed to us upon the receipt of one new yearly subscription to **THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE** with \$1.00 enclosed.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Publisher,
91 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

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Dainty

Delicious

Nutritious

This preparation of pure chocolate with pure cream and sugar, so blended as to make a perfect beverage, is a complete departure from everything heretofore produced in the line of beverages.

By a process exclusively used by us we blend together these three ingredients and reduce the whole to a powder. Two teaspoonfuls of this powder is placed in a cup and boiling hot water poured onto it. The powder immediately dissolves, making a cup of most delicious chocolate.

Our process is such that all the indigestible oil is extracted from the chocolate, only soluble and digestible portions being retained. Thus we obtain all the richness, aroma and wholesome effects of this most delicious of beverages with none of the bad effects sometimes produced on weak stomachs by crude cocoa or chocolate cakes. Hospitals everywhere are adopting **Roberts' Cream of Chocolate** to the complete exclusion of all other chocolates and cocoas. No such perfection has ever been attained in a drink for invalids, convalescents and the aged.

We especially invite stewards and purchasing agents for hospitals and all public institutions to write to us for samples and testimonials.

Then there is the Convenience

No cream to sour or spoil. No sugar to bother with. No cooking over slow fire or with double boilers. **Roberts' Cream of Chocolate** is complete in itself. Just add hot water—its ready to drink.

Nothing like it for the picnic, for the yacht, for the friend who calls, for every possible occasion. If your dealer does not have it send us your name, we will see that you are supplied.

L. A. ROBERTS & COMPANY

78 & 80 Broad Street, Boston, Mass.

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Women Made Beautiful

by VESTRO. Develops the Best Complexion, fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck; softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figure and matchless loveliness to VESTRO. Harmless, permanent. NEVER FADES. Every lady should have this unrivalled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., sealed for 2 cent stamp.



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For Professional and Amateur Photographers.



Before purchasing elsewhere send for our catalogue and pricelist of Cameras Kodaks and Photo Supplies. We carry a full and complete stock for the Professional and Amateur. Cameras bought, sold, exchanged. A trial will convince you that

we deal only in first-class goods at lowest cash prices. Our developing and finishing department conducted by experts is second to none. Mail orders promptly filled. **Graves & Co.,** We solicit your patronage.
38 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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binder

during the next 30 days with every \$1 subscription you send for "The National Magazine." These binders are strongly made of board and cloth and will hold and bind six regular size magazines. They sell from 50c to 75c each at retail, and we offer it to you for nothing—if you want it with the "National." A dollar buys the "National" for a year and secures the Weis Binder. Address Subscription Department, "The National Magazine."

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A Pocket Companion of never ending usefulness, a source of constant pleasure and comfort.

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grades of other makes for only

\$1.00

Unconditionally Guaranteed
Pre-eminently Satisfactory.

Try it a week, if not suited, we buy it back, and give you \$1.10 for it (the additional ten cents is to pay for your trouble in returning the pen). We are willing to take chances on you wanting to sell; we know pen values—you will when you have one of these.

Finest quality hard Para rubber reservoir holder, 14k. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub, and the only perfect ink feed known to the science of fountain pen making.

Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00 (Registration, 5c extra.)

This great Special Offer is good for just 30 days. One of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders free of charge with each pen.

Remember—There is No "just as good" as the Laughlin; insist on it; take no chances.

State whether Ladies' or Gentlemen's style is desired. Illustrations are full size of complete article. Address

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DETROIT, MICH.

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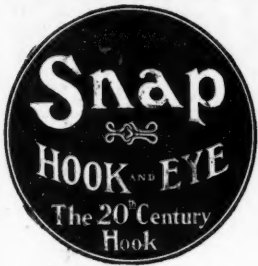
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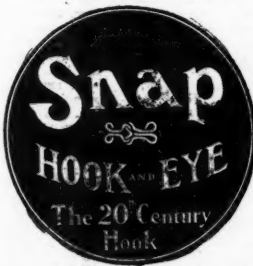
It closes by a touch, and you hear it close These are two strong points—bear them in mind.

With the old-fashioned hook you grope about vainly for a while and finally catch something, you don't know exactly what; it may by some good fortune be the eye, but it is just as likely to be the dress, or the trimming, through which it will tear, leaving your garment both unfastened and marred. With the SNAP HOOK AND EYE there is nothing of this kind; all that is needed is a touch in the right place—and you know it is the right place because you hear the click of the tiny steel spring.

The SNAP HOOKS save gowns because they all work equally well. If a fastener here and there gives way, or opens, the extra strain on those remaining closed will destroy the shape of the garment. SNAP HOOKS are reliable—they all stay closed till a sharp pull on the hook side of the garment releases them.

It is surprising that up-to-date dressmakers should use such a behind-the-times article as the old-fashioned hook. There is not one single particular in which the SNAP HOOK does not excel all other hooks. Any woman who does not use it is doing an injustice to her gowns.

If your dealer does not keep them, send 10 cts. for a sample card. Say whether white or black.



Made in Sizes 3 and 4

SNAP HOOK & EYE CO.,

377 Broadway,

New York City



Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



Illustration shows machine closed, to be used as a center table, stand or desk.

SEND NO MONEY,

cut this advertisement out and send to us and we will send you this **OUR HIGH GRADE DROP HEAD CABINET NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE**, by freight, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to the highest grade sewing machines advertised by other houses at \$20.00 to \$30.00, and as good a machine as you can buy from your dealer at home at \$20.00 to \$40.00, the greatest bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay your railroad agent our **SPECIAL OFFER PRICE OF \$11.25** and freight charges.

Give the machine three months' trial in your own home and we will return your \$11.25 any day you are not satisfied. **OUR \$11.25 NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE IS COVERED BY A BINDING 20-YEAR GUARANTEE.** It is made by one of the best sewing machine makers in America, has every new and up-to-date improvement, high arm, positive four-motion feed, very light running, does any work that can be done on any sewing machine made. It comes in a beautiful solid antique oak drop head cabinet, as illustrated. Oak cabinet is beautifully finished, highly polished, elaborately finished throughout.



THIS ILLUSTRATION gives you an idea of the appearance of the HIGH GRADE, NEW ARN NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE which we furnish at \$11.25, in the handsome 6-drawer drop head oak cabinet illustrated.

COMPLETE WITH ALL ACCESSORIES, including 1 quilter, 2 screwdrivers, 6 bobbins, 1 package of needles, 1 cloth guide and screw, 1 oil can filled with oil, and a complete instruction book, which makes everything so plain that even a child without previous experience can operate the machine at once. For 25 cents extra, we furnish, in addition to the regular accessories mentioned, the following special attachments: 1 thread cutter, 1 broider, 1 blinder, 1 set of plain hemmers, different widths up to 1/2 inch of an inch.

SEWING MACHINE DEALERS who will order three or more machines at one time will be supplied with the same machine, under another name, and with our name entirely removed, but the price will be the same, viz., \$11.25, even in hundred lots. **ORDER TODAY, DON'T DELAY.** Such an offer was never known before. **OUR \$98.50 UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO IS A WONDER.** Shipped on one year's free trial.

Write for free Piano Catalogue. Address your orders plainly to

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

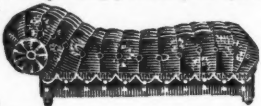
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FURNISH YOUR HOME WITHOUT MONEY.

You can easily earn a Morris Chair, Couch, Rocker, Ladies' Desk, Brass Bedstead, Set of Dishes, Toilet Set, Lamp, Bookcase, Camera or Bicycle in a few hours taking subscriptions for Vick's Illustrated Family Magazine, established 25 years and now one of the leading household magazines of the country at 50c a year. Our liberal premium offers make the work easy. Simply devote your spare time to the work. We buy of the best factories and guarantee satisfaction. Write for sample copy and our beautiful illustrated circular giving full particulars of our easy plan.

VICK PUBLISHING CO.,
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No money asked for in advance. HIGH GRADE HAIR SWITCHES.

Finest Quality of Human Hair, ordinary colors, about One-third regular price.
2 oz. 20 inches, - \$3 00 3 oz. 24 inches, - \$3 25
2 oz. 22 inches, - 1 25 3 1/2 oz. 26 inches, 3 25
3 1/2 oz. 28 inches, 1 40 4 oz. 28 inches, - 4 50
Remit five cents for postage.

All switches are short stem. Send sample lock of hair. We can match it perfectly. All orders filled promptly, money refunded if unsatisfactory. Illustrated Catalogue of Switches, Wigs, Curis, Bangs, Pompadours, Waves, etc., free. We send SWITCHES by mail on approval to those who mention this paper, to be examined in the privacy of your own room and paid for if satisfactory. Otherwise to be returned to us at once, b. mail. In ordering, write us to this effect. You run no risk. We take all the chances. This offer may not be made again.

In WIGS we beat the world. They fit perfectly and look naturally. Our Catalogue contains prices and instructions for accurate measurement.

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THE OLD RELIABLE HAIR GOODS HOUSE.

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A Powder for the Feet.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet, it cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TODAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, Etc. Do not accept an imitation. Send by mail for 25c in stamps.

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FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address

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The reason why thousands of men of all ages, representing almost every avocation from professional men to hod-carriers, speak of my **Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men** as the Greatest Remedy for Low Vitality made anywhere on earth; and why I have in the first two years of their introduction built up the largest mail order medicine business in the world, is simply because, being a Pure Nerve Food, without a single trace of any poisonous stimulant, they never fail to Restore Wrecks of Men (no matter from what cause arising) to the Mental and Physical Vigor that Nature intended them to enjoy. Thousands of Dead Men would be Living and Well today if they had used my great remedy instead of the vile poisons sent out to men by the frauds who burden the mails with their filthy and misleading literature.

GIVE NERVE FORCE



GIVE BRAIN POWER

My own restoration to perfect health and vigor by the use of Wonder-Workers, after the frauds had nearly killed me, and a record of **More Than 210,000 Cures** in two years, prove beyond a doubt that the morbid thoughts, fearful unrest, despondent feeling, and neurasthenic condition that always accompany Low Vitality, quickly give place to comfort and strength when these great strength builders are used as directed—one tablet at a dose three times a day—and the best of all is that they preserve the strength they give you. I am the only man in the world in the medicine business who has solemnly sworn that the medicine he sells cured himself, and that the names of all who buy will be held sacred. If you have any doubt about me, write to the First Nat. Bank, of which Hon. A. S. Bushnell, Ex. Gov. of Ohio, is President, Prof. Ad. Bakhaus, or to any other reliable business man or firm of Springfield, Ohio.

The Price is Only One Dollar per box, cash with order, by express at your expense. It will cost 25 cents to lift from Ex. office. If you send \$1.15 I send them by mail prepaid, thus saving you ten cents, and if you mention this magazine when you order I will send you an Extra Full Week's Treatment as a present.

GEO. S. BECK,
420 S. Market St. SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

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return home from a summer's vacation, tired and ill in health from over exertion. At such a time, while the system needs bracing, stimulants and drugs should be avoided. PURIFY the tissue that has been building—don't destroy it.

Drink Freely of Poland Water

It will remove every impurity from the Kidneys and Bladder, and quicker and more thoroughly rejuvenate these organs than any other known method.

For fifty years Poland Water has been



an acknowledged conquerer over the most obstinate cases of Brights, Diabetes, and Uric Acid Diathesis (Gout, Gravel, etc.), and new proofs of its wonderful power are every day recorded.

Send for the "Poland Water Book," full of valuable information about these diseases, to

HIRAM RICKER & SONS,

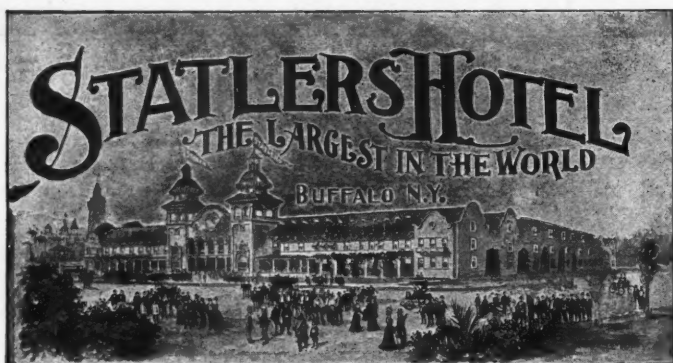
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TO DISSOLVE URIC ACID CALCULI IN THE KIDNEYS—
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Within One Block of the Main Entrance

Offers accommodations during the great

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Send for Maps and folder, telling about our Reservation Contract.

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Spots, scratches and marks of wear and use immediately vanish from any varnished or veneered surface when a few drops of

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are applied with a flannel cloth. No other furniture polish is half so good or cheap. No varnish odor, no grease to soil the clothes. "3 in 1"

Polishes Fine Furniture

perfectly, restoring the original high smooth glistening finish and brings out the grain of the wood to the best advantage.

Try it on your piano.

Try it as a lubricant for any delicate mechanism.

Free Bottle A trial sample sent for two-cent stamp to pay the postage. After you have tried it you will always keep it in the house. And your dealer can supply your wants.

G. W. COLE CO., 145 Broadway, New York City



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Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers
Liability Insurance

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President
PAID-UP CAPITAL
\$1,000,000

JANUARY 1, 1901.		
TOTAL ASSETS,	(Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents NOT INCLUDED.)	\$30,861,030.06
Total Liabilities (Including Reserves)		26,317,903.25
Excess Security to Policy-Holders,		4,543,126.81
Surplus,		3,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-Holders since 1864,		42,643,384.92
Paid to Policy-Holders in 1900,		2,908,464.03
Loaned to Policy-Holders on Policies (Life)		1,586,652.20
Life Insurance in Force,		109,019,851.00
GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900		
In Assets,		\$3,167,819.96
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only),		8,685,297.06
Increase in Reserves (Both Departments, 3½ p. c. basis)		2,484,392.52
Premiums Collected,		6,890,888.55

Sylvester C. Dunham, Vice-President
John E. Morris, Secretary **J. B. Lewis, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster**
Edward V. Preston, Superintendent of Agencies **Hiram J. Messenger, Actuary**

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Too Much Meat

Lots of people think they are getting strong when they eat generously of meat.

A sad mistake!

They only overtax their digestive organs and load their systems with impurities which make them feel dull and heavy.

If you want to feel well and BE well, eat more cereals—eat

O A T N U T S

the new breakfast food.

It is light, easily digestible, palatable, and nourishing.

Get it of your grocer.

Liberty Pure Food Co.

46 Clinton Street, Boston, Mass.

"SWEET AS A NUT."

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WHITE MOUNTAINS



Horse Shoe Curve, Mount Pleasant Bicycle Path.

THE MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE will open June 29

THE Golf Links have been extended to 18 holes. Suites with private baths; electric lights, full orchestra, complete livery, postoffice, telegraph, long distance telephone at each hotel. Through parlor and sleeping car service from New York, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Springfield, Lake Champlain, Montreal, Quebec, Boston, Portland, Maine Coast, and all New England points, Chicago and the West.

Golf Course Enlarged to 18 Holes

Post, Telegraph, Ticket and Long Distance Telephone
Offices in Hotel. Send for Illustrated Circular.

ANDERSON & PRICE, Managers,

Winter Hotel: THE ORMOND, Florida.

Mount Pleasant House, N. H.

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Type-Writers

HAVE

Automatic Escapements—Non-Tilting Carriage—Short Finger Depression—Adjustable Type Bar Hanger—Speed and Durability.

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PRICE,
PREPAID,
\$2.00
—
Ten Days' Trial Free.

If you do not realize its usefulness, write us, and we will send you one **free for ten days' trial.**

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Going Abroad!

A Book by Robert Luce.

Suggested by difficulty in getting preliminary information; based on journeyings in many parts of Europe; written to make the paths of other travelers smoother; meant to contain in the most compact form all the facts that experience could suggest as likely to aid the tourist in preparation, and to save time, money and trouble in a trip abroad.

"Here is information and advice worth many times the cost of the book."—*Woman's Journal.*

"It will be found invaluable in the preparation for a journey to foreign lands and equally indispensable in the actual experience of European travel."—*Omaha Bee.*

"We do not hesitate to say that it is beyond all odds the best directory for foreign travel that we have yet seen in the English language. It is written so wisely, sensibly, and admirably in every way that we have nothing to say of it but in the highest praise."—*Literary World.*

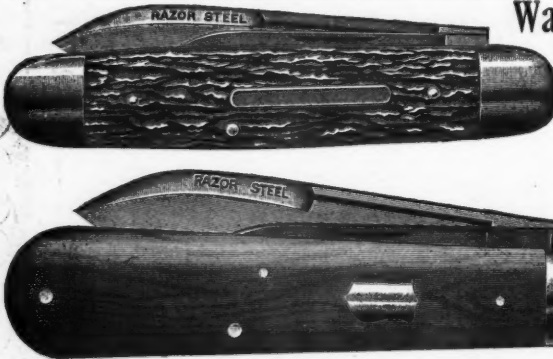
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Warranted Pocket Knives

From factory at factory prices 25 to 50 p. c. less than retail price. Delivered postpaid on receipt of P. O. order. Both knives are brass lined with German silver trimmings. Cuts are exact size of knife.

No. 2300,	Stag	60c each.
No. 2301,	Ebony	55c each.
No. 2302,	Corona	50c each.
No. 2100,	Stag	55c each.
No. 2101,	Ebony	50c each.
No. 2103,	Corona	45c each.

Six knives for the price of five. Remember to give number of knife when ordering.

Hopkinson & Bumstead,

Dept. N. Box 216, Northfield, Conn.

Here is where you get \$2.00 for \$1.00

On receipt of \$1.00 we will send you **THE ILLUSTRATED NAVY CHRONICLE**, a monthly magazine of Current Naval Events, Naval Stories, Yarns, Illustrations, etc., and a box of 12 **Cuban Hustler Cigars**, that sell at \$1.00 per box, 10c. each, full Havana filler, quality guaranteed, made exclusively for our premium department. Or we will send you **THE CHRONICLE** for one year and a photograph of the U. S. F. S. **Kearsarge**, 8x10 inches, for framing, on receipt of \$1.00.

The Illustrated Navy Chronicle, 30 Cortlandt St., New York City.

10c. the Copy.

3 months, 25c.

6 months, 50c.

Year, \$1.00.

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The REFRIGERATOR that made New Hampshire famous.



A Million People are Using Them.

Are you going to buy a Refrigerator? If so, don't buy the cheap, common kind, buy a

"WHITE MOUNTAIN."

About one-half the Refrigerators sold are "White Mountain"; all the trouble comes from the other half.

From a hygienic standpoint these refrigerators are unapproachable.

Manufactured Exclusively by
MAINE MANUFACTURING CO.,
NASHUA, N. H., U. S. A.

Branch Offices: Boston, New York City, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, Ore., Dallas, Tex., Denver, Col.

LUXOR Is a Wholesome Food FOR THE BLOOD

To be eaten with each meal. Agreeable to the taste and many times richer in some essential nourishing elements than our daily food,—building up the organs and tissues of the body faster than life and labor waste.

ONE MONTH'S FOOD, \$1.00.

After eating LUXOR for a month, one will be surprised at the regular steady gain in permanent strength throughout the whole body.

DISEASE CANNOT PENETRATE THE ARMOR OF HEALTH.

Recent laboratory experiments have shown that the living healthy blood is the most powerful destructive agent to the bacillus of contagious diseases, and to all conditions tending to weakness of the vital organs.

BUT THE BLOOD MUST BE HEALTHY, RED AND VIGOROUS.

LUXOR WILL MAKE IT SO

Mr. J. Perry Carpenter, of Ford & Carpenter, 101 Sabin street, Providence, R. I., and 3 Malden Lane, N. Y., says: "Six months ago I found myself prostrated from overwork and nervous trouble. Was under physician's care for two months with no benefit, and while considering a sea voyage, was given a bottle of LUXOR. Have taken it four months; have gained 25 pounds, attend to my business every day, eat and sleep better than in five years, and have taken no medicine since I began taking LUXOR."

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Beautiful"**

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**Showing how any one can acquire Beauty
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Madame A. Ruppert, New York's leading specialist on beauty, has made her crowning effort in publishing her book, "How to be Beautiful," which she generously offers to give to all callers at her parlors, **absolutely free**, or will send it postpaid to any address on receipt of six cents in stamps. The book contains hundreds of secrets most dear to a woman's heart, and being from the pen of so eminent an authority, cannot fail to attract world-wide attention. The book is beautifully illustrated, bound in leatherette cover with title in gold, and is really an ornament to any library. It contains instructions how to beautify the face and figure, which instructions are based on Mme. Ruppert's twenty-five years' experience as the leading specialist in her line.

Madame Ruppert is the discoverer of her world-renowned **FACE BLEACH**, which has been used successfully by over five million women.

Madame Ruppert expects to distribute over 100,000 books from this mention, so kindly call early, or if you live at a distance send six cents postage and book will be mailed you immediately.

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- 1 It is the leading Journal of Information for Literary Workers.
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During the Summer

months by fitting your stores,
hotels and public dining rooms
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Electrical Revolving Fans

The patronage of the public is secured where stores and public places are kept cool when the air is sultry and torrid. State the size of your rooms and your needs, and we will send you our estimate of the cost, that you will find can't be competed with.

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**HAVE YOU AN INVENTION?
IF SO, IT SHOULD BE PROTECTED BY PATENT.**

The man who has ever conceived a meritorious invention and has failed to patent it until someone else has anticipated him has lost the opportunity of a lifetime to win a fortune with the least possible expenditure of time and labor.

There is no better way open to a poor man to acquire wealth and at the same time confer a lasting benefit upon humanity than to bring forth and perfect a good INVENTION.

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Before anything is done toward making an application for patent, the inventor should first ascertain whether his invention is patentable. Anyone sending us a model, sketch, or photograph of an invention, together with a description of its parts, operation and advantages, will promptly receive *our opinion free* concerning the patentability of the same.

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If we report that a patent can be procured, our fee, \$25.00, must be remitted to us, and upon receipt of this we will immediately prepare the specification and drawings forming the application for patent and forward them to the inventor for approval and execution, together with a blue print of the drawings, which we furnish free of charge. When the papers have been executed and are ready for filing, the first Government fee of \$15, and \$5 to defray the cost of one sheet of Patent Office drawings, making \$20 in all, will be due. Thus it will be seen that the entire cost of filing an application through us is but \$45. The application will be prosecuted to an early conclusion, and when the patent is allowed notice will be sent to the inventor, after which he will have six months to pay the final Government fee of \$20. The entire cost of a patent is

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When we report the invention patentable, we furnish the inventor with a signed certificate of patentability, under the terms of which we contract to return our fee in case we fail to obtain a patent. Our plan of guaranteeing our work was established after careful study and a long experience in the patent business. We therefore confidently claim that our "Guarantee System" is in all respects the most beneficial and equitable to all inventors.

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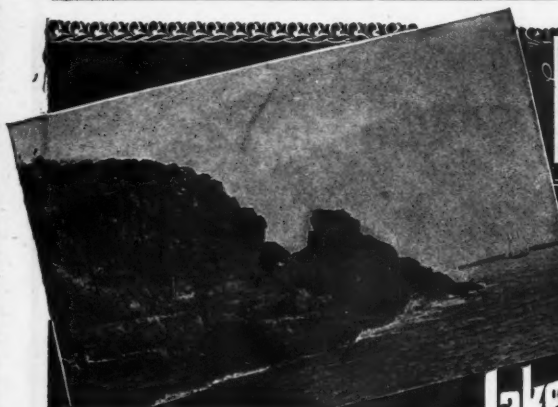
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Send for our handsomely illustrated guide book **HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT**, the finest publication ever issued for free distribution. Gives full information in regard to patents, and is an invaluable book of reference for inventors. Contains ONE HUNDRED MECHANICAL MOVEMENTS, illustrated and described. Articles on WHAT AND HOW TO INVENT FOR PROFIT; THE VALUE OF INVENTIONS; HOW TO SELL PATENTS; WHAT INVENTIONS HAVE SOLD FOR; LAW POINTS FOR INVENTORS, etc., etc. Also contains thirty magnificent full page photo-engravings of views of Washington.

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NEW ENGLAND LAKES.
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PICTURESQUE NEW ENGLAND. HISTORICAL
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Will be sent upon receipt of 6 cents for each book

Seashore,
Lake and Mountain Resorts
OF EASTERN & NORTHERN
NEW ENGLAND
AND THE
Maritime Provinces

Reached by the

**Boston
AND
Maine
RAILROAD**

Illustrated descriptive pamphlets (containing complete maps) have been issued under the following titles, and will be mailed upon receipt of 2¢ in stamps for each book, on application to Passenger Department, Boston.

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LAKES AND STREAMS.
FISHING AND HUNTING.
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LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.
THE MONADNOCK REGION.
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SOUTHWEST NEW HAMPSHIRE.
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*Also Summer Tourist Book giving list of
tours and rates, hotel and boarding house list,
and other valuable information, free.*

D. J. Flanders.

GEN'L PASS'G & TICKET AGENT.

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Security Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y.,

ANNUAL STATEMENT,

At Close of Business, Dec. 31, 1900.

INSURANCE IN FORCE, \$30,477,401.00.

RESOURCES.

Real estate, cost value.....	\$9,966.45
Loans on real estate, 1st mortgage....	292,975.00
New York City gold bonds, cost value.	165,483.75
Massachusetts State bonds, cost value.	61,376.00
Georgia State bonds.....	25,000.00
North Carolina State bonds, cost value	1,000.00
City of Boston bonds, cost value....	38,162.00
City of Cleveland bonds, cost value..	11,816.00
United States bonds, cost value.....	7,500.00
County and School District bonds, cost value	11,712.50
Loans to Policy-holders on the Company's Policies as collateral.....	74,220.03
Market value of bond over cost.....	2,490.25
Collateral loans, secured by pledge of bonds	19,858.72
Deferred premiums and premiums in course of collection, less cost of coll	116,312.84
Interest due and accrued.....	10,034.25
Cash on hand and in banks.....	157,478.43
	\$1,005,386.22

LIABILITIES.

Accrued commissions, medical examinations, printing, advertising, salaries, rent and office expenses....	\$19,712.42
Installment death claims, not due....	47,193.34
Death claims reported and in process of adjustment (<i>proofs not completed</i>)	62,500.00
Premium notes or loans on policies and other obligations in excess of net value of the policies.....	43,261.00
Net present value of all outstanding policies in force	187,053.00
Total liability on policy-holders' acct	359,719.76
SURPLUS	645,666.46
	\$1,005,386.22

RECORD FOR 1900

Increase in income.....	9 per cent.
Increase in Assets	21 "
Increase in Surplus.....	13 "
Increase in Insurance in Force.....	4 "
Decrease in Expenses of Management.....	3 "

The Company has the following Assets, not included in above statement:

Agents' ledger balances.....	\$99,597.46
Furniture and fixtures in Home and branch offices.....	25,000.00
Notes and bills receivable.....	20,000.00

TOTAL UNREPORTED ASSETS.....\$144,597.46

M. A. POWERS,

Eastern Manager,

512 Exchange Bldg., BOSTON, MASS.

CHAS. M. TURNER,

Sec'y and Gen'l Manager,

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

\$300.00

Given Away!

THE LIBERTY PURE FOOD CO. will give away \$300 for the best advertisement or suggestions, which we can incorporate into an advertisement, advertising the new breakfast food "OATNUTS." The money will be divided as follows:—For the one which in the judgment of the Committee is considered best, and which we adopt, \$150, \$50 for the second, \$25 for the third, \$15 for the fourth, \$10 for the fifth, and for the next ten best \$5 each; the successful ones' names will be published with the advertisements.

Everyone can compete for these prizes, whether familiar with advertising or not, because the prizes will be distributed, not from a point of view as to the construction or wording of the advertisement altogether, but as to what will best advertise this new breakfast food. It is the SUGGESTION you will note that we are after.

The only conditions for competing for these prizes are, that each suggestion or advertisement shall be accompanied with the directions for PORRIDGE cut from the side of the OATNUTS package. You can get OATNUTS of your grocer, and can send as many advertisements as you please, but always accompanied with porridge directions cut from OATNUTS package. An extra prize of \$10 will be given to the one sending in the most advs. and directions.

Contest expires June 15th, 1901. In addressing your letters direct them to

Liberty Pure Food Co.,
Room 26, 27, Whitney Bldg.,
Boston, Mass., Dept. X

Note:—Rejected advertisements will be returned to writers providing same are accompanied by a request and a stamped envelope, otherwise we reserve the right to use same.

12% IN GOLD

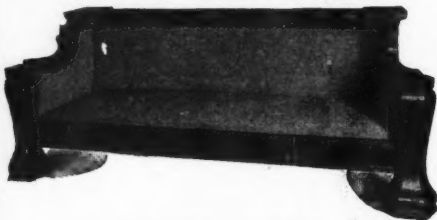
This splendid investment pays 12 % per annum. Monthly dividends; permanent and safe; Free Milling Gold Mining Enterprise; fully developed; no prospect; up-to-date machinery; able and experienced management; inexhaustible ore bodies; limited number of shares at 50c. each; par value \$1.00 full paid and non-assessable.

WRITE TO-DAY

ANDREW L. BUSH, FISCAL AGENT,
72 WORTHINGTON ST. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Bank References furnished

ANTIQUES!



Colonial Furniture

Mahogany Sofas, Chairs, Tables and Wardrobes. All veritable antiques and in good condition, no reproductions. A very handsome Chippendale Sideboard, also China Closet.

Copper Brass and Pewter Lamps in very great variety—some with beautiful opalescent glass shades. Jewish Candlesticks, five and seven branches. Jardinieres and other old Russian Coppers.

Rare old China. Historical Plates, Pitchers, etc. Lowestoft, Tortoise Shell, Minton, Mulberry, etc.

A very large collection of Pewter, Brass and Copper Candlesticks and other Antiques, at the sign of

The Copper Kettle, 2501 Michigan Ave., Chicago

MRS. ADA M. ROBERTS

Catalogue and price list on request.
Photographs sent after correspondence.

\$300 TO BE GIVEN AWAY

Among those making the nearest estimate of the number of beans in a quart jar.

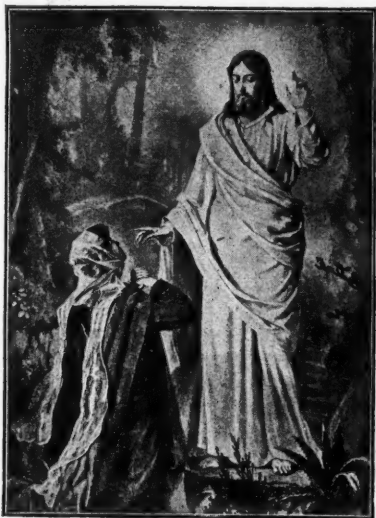
This jar will be opened on Oct. 1st, 1901.

OUR OFFER. Every one who sends us 50c. for one year's subscription to the RELIGIOUS DIGEST will be entitled to one estimate. Prizes to the first nearest correct estimate, one Scholarship to Eastman National Business College. Second, Self-Pronouncing Teachers' Bible. Next 100, a New Testament. Next 1000 or more, Model Book of Dialogues each. Address

THE RELIGIOUS DIGEST,
Dept. N. M. B., Ocala, Fla.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Beautiful Works of Art



*These Two
Famous
Paintings
25c each*

Magnificent reproductions as shown here in Sepia or Platinum, size 9 x 12 inches, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

*A Limited number.
Only 300 to be sold.
Order NOW.*



The W. W. Potter Co., Publishers.

91 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

WHAT AILS YOUR HAIR?

Upon receipt of this FORM carefully filled out, and enclosing a few hairs, or a sample from the daily combings, we will send you a dainty BOTTLE of Cranitonic Hair Food and a trial cake of Cranitonic Shampoo Scalp Soap by mail prepaid and a diagnosis and complete REPORT upon the condition of your hair after scientific microscopical examination by our Physicians and Bacteriologists, absolutely FREE.

Applicant's Name in full.....

Address in full.....

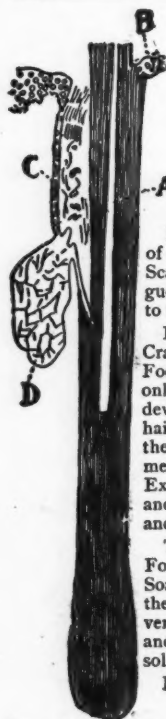
Have you Dandruff?..... Is the Dandruff Oily or Dry?.....

Is your hair falling out?..... Losing color?.....

Does your scalp itch?..... Any scaly eruptions?.....

Any eczema on scalp or body?..... Occupation.....Sex.....

CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO., TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK.



MICROBES HAVE JUST ATTACKED THIS HAIR

A--The Hair.
B--The Scalp.
C--Microbes.
D--Food Gland.

Hair needs food to keep it alive.

If the roots have been weakened by the attacks of the scalp microbe, your hair falls sick, falls out, turns gray.

A sure sign of "hair disease" is itching and dandruff.

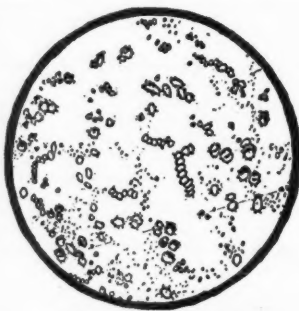
Heretofore the treatment of diseases of the Hair and Scalp has been a matter of guesswork, without regard to the cause.

In the laboratories of the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food Co., of New York, the only Institute in America devoted to diseases of the hair and scalp, the cause of the disease is learned by means of a Microscopic Examination of the hair, and a cure effected by exact and scientific methods.

The Cranitonic Hair Food and Shampoo Scalp Soap were formulated for the exact purpose of preventing and curing all hair and scalp diseases, and are sold by druggists.

For purposes of scientific research and investigation, and in the perfection of its formulae, the Cranitonic Hair Food Co. has already expended more than \$200,000.

In a microscopical examination of 1,000 different samples of human hair, made in the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Laboratories and Institute (incorporated under the laws of the State of New York) 24 different diseases of the hair and scalp were discovered, many of them HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS AND ALL FATAL TO THE LIFE OF THE HAIR.



THE DANDRUFF MICROBE

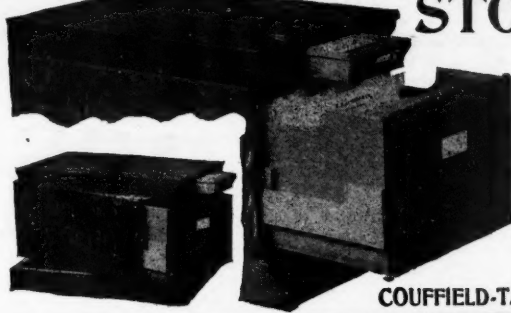
which causes Itching and Dandruff, followed by Falling Hair, and finally Baldness. From Micro-Photograph by Dr. E. Fahrige, Chief Cranitonic Laboratories.

FREE HAIR FOOD

If you wish to be cured of itching scalp, dandruff, to save your hair and grow more, write giving address in full, and you will get a FREE BOTTLE of Cranitonic Hair Food and Shampoo Soap, also a 48 page illustrated "Hair Care" book.

CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO.,
Temple Court, New York.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



STOP! Wasting Time —Time is Money

So long as you file correspondence by the old method you will waste time. Why? Because you must file EVERY name beginning with the SAME letter in the SAME division. When a certain letter is desired you are obliged to handle the several firms' correspondence in THAT division. This is only one of the many difficulties which the "Couffield-Taylor" Sectional Vertical File obviates. Write for booklet "B," It is free.

COUFFIELD-TAYLOR CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

STORY WRITERS!

\$500 in Cash Prizes for the best short stories submitted prior to September 30th. For further particulars send 5 cents for sample copy, or ask your news-dealer for the best 5-cent story magazine,

THE GRAY GOOSE,
FRANKLIN, OHIO.

THE ROXBURY REMEDIES EKSEMIN

Why suffer from one of the most distressing of ailments when relief is at hand? Eksemine is an old standard Parisian remedy for Eczema, used by one physician for 40 years with unvarying success. Send \$1 for trial box. You will never regret it. By mail, prepaid.

NEURALGINE

A specific for Neuralgia, and those afflicted with this painful disorder should lose no time in securing a trial box of this remedy. Send \$1.00 and be relieved from pain. Prepaid, by mail.

CURINE

A sure enemy to colds and coughs. It was originally prepared by an old Peekskill, N. Y., physician, and his patients were always free from these annoying and dangerous ailments of a New England climate. Curine should always be in the house. One bottle, \$1.00. Sent, prepaid, by mail.

"Roxbury Remedies," 655 Tremont St., Boston

PLANT LINE To The Maritime Provinces Improved service for Summer Season, 1901.

Three trips per week each way between BOSTON and HALIFAX.

Two trips per week to and from Hawkesbury, G. B., and Charlottetown, P. E. I. The great Summer Sea Trip, **1,400 miles for \$18**, comprising a deep sea voyage, a sail along the entire Nova Scotia coast, and a trip through the beautiful Straits of Canso and Northumberland Sound.

One trip per week by Through Steamer without change between Boston and Sydney, making direct connections with S. S. Bruce for all points in Newfoundland and Labrador. The Cheapest and Best Route to the Innumerable Trout and Salmon Streams, the Wonderful Game Region, and the magnificent Scenery of Newfoundland.

Illustrated Booklets, Colored Maps, etc., sent on receipt of a two cent stamp by

J. A. FLANDERS, Passenger Agent,
20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers

TREASURY STOCK OFFERINGS

100,000 Shares PRIDE OF ARIZONA COPPER CO., at 25c., par \$2.00. (Dividend monthly 1-8 of 1 p. c.)
100,000 Shares AMALGAMATED GOLD AND COPPER, at 25c., par \$1.00.

100,000 Shares UNION CONSOLIDATED OIL CO., at 25c., par \$1.00. (Dividend monthly 1-5 of 1 p. c.)

Dividend Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, listed and unlisted, our Specialty.

Booklets giving our successful plan of realizing the large profits of legitimate mining, oil, and smelter investments. Subscription blanks, full particulars, etc., sent free on application.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO.,

Bankers, Brokers and Fiscal Agents,
66 Broadway & 17 New St., New York.
Members of New York Consolidated Stock Exchange,
Members of Los Angeles, Cal., Stock Exchange.
BRANCHES—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Hartford, New Haven, Conn.; Prescott, Ari.; Los Angeles, Cal.; St. John, N. B.; Montreal, Can.; London, Eng.

Kingsley School Essex Falls, Caldwell, N. J.

Best of home care for young boys. **Health, Scholarship, Character, Self-reliance** and aim for life. Location, hour from N. Y. City, ranks third in U. S. for health; all appointments first-class. New gymnasium in September. Summer session June—September. Study, out-of-door life. Nature study in field and wood.

J. R. CAMPBELL, Headmaster.

If You Read This Ad You May Be Glad

Send us 15 cents and we will send you a three months' trial subscription to

LEWIS' LIE

an illustrated, 32-page, monthly magazine, containing Humor, Stage Chat, and Paragraphs About People. Breezy, spicy and up-to-date.

Published monthly by Leonard G. Lewis, "the kid publisher." Send right away. You'll never regret it. Address

LEWIS, Rockford, Iowa;

You said

to yourself many times that you wished you were rid of that catarrh, and often times you've sat and blown smoke through your nose in the vain hope of relieving it. But you will continue to breathe with your mouth open and hawk and spit to the disgust of your friends and associates and to your own discomfort unless you are willing to take up some other cure besides wishing and smoke-blowing. Briefly, **Graham's Great Catarrh Cure** will give you relief and in some cases it has been known to cure. For 25c. we will mail you this catarrh cure, and if it isn't perfectly satisfactory to you just drop us a postal card saying so and we will gladly return your money. Write to us today and don't let your catarrh become chronic and twist your face and nose full of wrinkles.

P. Graham Co., Dept. A, 714-716 East 66th St., Chicago, Ill.

Makers of "No-Dandruff Shampoo" and "No-Dysapep."

"This publication has in fact no equal." — *Christian Work, New York.*

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.

A Weekly Magazine of

Giving yearly 3,300 Double Column
Octavo Pages of Matter. (Making
Four Large Volumes) Unequalled in
Quality and Quantity.

FOREIGN
PERIODICAL
LITERATURE

THE ABLEST MINDS OF THE AGE

Contribute to make this periodical

Encyclopedic in Scope, Character,
Completeness, Comprehensiveness

Appeals to every reader of intelligence and literary taste.

Every intelligent reader will find in

...THE LIVING AGE...

Food to Nourish, Stimulate and Inspire Thought.

Published weekly at \$6.00 a year.

Single numbers, 15 cents each.

Address THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, P. O. Box 5206, Boston.

The Living Age for the Summer

SPECIAL TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

SIXTEEN WEEKS FOR ONE DOLLAR

As a special inducement to any who may desire to make a trial subscription, we will send the magazine for **sixteen weeks**, beginning at any desired date, for **one dollar**.

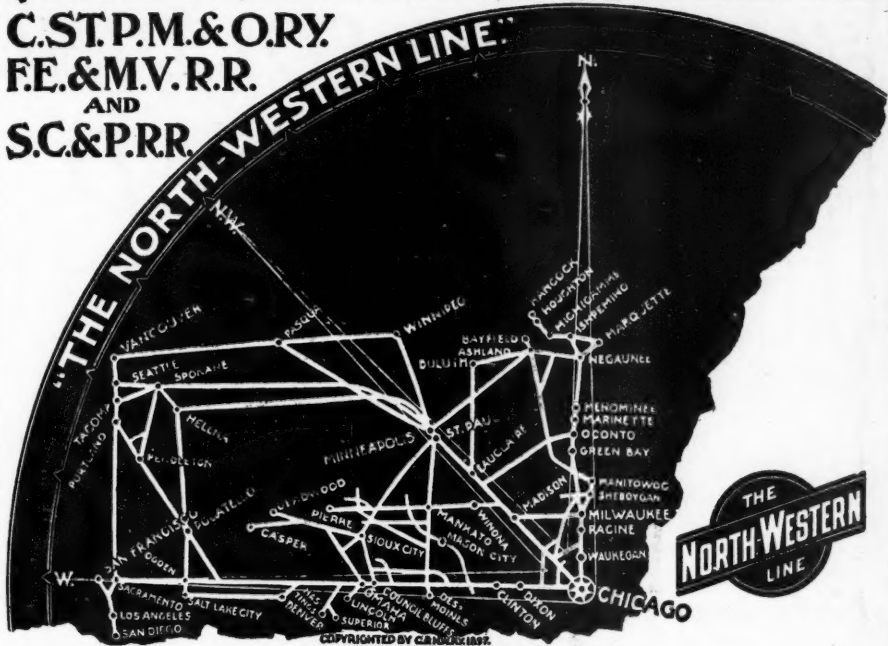
CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

C. ST. P. M. & O. R. Y.

F. E. & M. V. R. R.

AND

S. C. & P. R. R.



THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

FAST TRAINS

The Overland Limited

California in 3 days

The Colorado Special

One night to Denver

The Chicago-Portland Special

Oregon and Washington in 3 days

The North-Western Limited

Electric Lighted—Chicago
St. Paul and Minneapolis

Duluth and St. Paul Fast Mail

Fast train to the head of the lakes

The Peninsula-Express

Fast time to Marquette
and Copper Country

H. R. McCULLOUGH

3d Vice-President

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General Manager

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Gen. Pass. & Tkt Agt.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

The J. W. Pepper
**METALLIC FOLDING
BEDSTEAD**



o. 1. Bed Down and Ready for Use.

Patented in the United States, Aug. 22, 1899.
Also Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Canada,
Porto Rico and Philippines.

*Handsome, Compact and
Convenient
Admired by all who see them*

This bedstead is especially recommendable for its sanitary principles and healthfulness. Physicians and scientific men advise the use of metallic bedsteads in preference to all others.

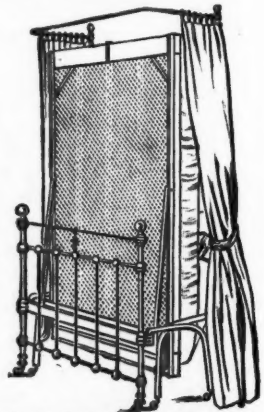
Mechanism is Indestructible and Perfect in All Its Parts

IT IS FIRM, RIGID, BUT EASILY MOVED
OWING TO THE PERFECT BALANCE.

THE J. W. PEPPER METALLIC FOLDING BEDSTEAD requires little or no space when folded up and not in use. The only Metallic Folding Bed in the market which does not look like a Folding Bed when in use. Foot end always remains on the floor, which makes bed perfectly safe.

Any Child Can Operate It

THIS FOLDING BED ATTACHMENT CAN
BE PLACED ON ANY BRASS OR IRON BED.



No. 2. Bed Closed. Same width as Regular Bed but only extends 20 inches from the Wall.

We Fully Guarantee Them

For Sale by all Live Furniture Dealers and Department Stores.

QUAKER CITY METALLIC BEDSTEAD CO.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

MASCHER AND JEFFERSON STS., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



LAST CALL

This is the last offer of 100,000 special outfits, which we have been making during the last three months. On and after July 1st, we can sell no more of these with expressage prepaid. If you are interested and want to save fifty cents to one dollar on either outfit, you must accept this offer during June.

SPARKLETS

HOME SODA WATER FOUNTAINS

No. 1. \$3.00 Regular Price \$5.00

- 1 Wicker Pint Syphon
- 2 boxes Pint SPARKLETS
- 1 bottle Vichy Tablets
- 1 " Citrate of Magnesia Tablets
- 1 " Raspberry Syrup (4 oz.)
- 1 " Strawberry " "
- 1 " Root Beer " "
- 1 " Sarsaparilla " "
- 1 " Ginger Ale " "
- 1 " Vanilla " "

No. 2. \$5.00 Regular Price \$7.60

- 1 German Silver Quart Syphon
- 4 boxes Quart SPARKLETS
- 1 bottle Vichy Tablets
- 1 " Seltzer " "
- 1 " Citrate of Magnesia Tablets
- 1 " Bicarbonate of Soda
- 1 " Raspberry Syrup (8 oz.)
- 1 " Strawberry " "
- 1 " Root Beer " "
- 1 " Sarsaparilla " "
- 1 " Ginger Ale " "
- 1 " Vanilla " "

Instantly carbonate any cold drink, water, milk, cold tea, cider, wine, lemonade or what you will.



Make the Children happy and the Grown Folks, too.

Sent, expressage paid, on receipt of remittance. To points west of the Rocky Mountains, add 50 cents.

Our new booklet, "One Hundred and One Delicious Drinks," packed with each outfit
COMPRESSED GAS CAPSULE CO., 1 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

GRAND TRUNK AT BUFFALO

An official of the Grand Trunk Railway, who has been at Buffalo for the last few days, has returned to Montreal, after having secured space for the railway's exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition. The space secured is one of the most prominent on the grounds, covering nearly 4,000 feet of the walls and 600 square feet on the floor of the machinery and transportation building, which is said to be one of the finest architectural creations on the grounds, and is completed and ready for the installation of exhibits. It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to make a display such as the company has not yet installed in any exhibition, and this will comprise a large selection of its choicest photographic gems, including a number that were awarded the gold medal at the Paris International exposition of 1900. Canada will be represented by numerous typical scenes of the resorts which are reached by the Grand Trunk, and it is expected that as a result of this the influx of tourists during the season of 1901 into Canada will be something phenomenal. The building in which the Grand Trunk exhibit is to be placed is situated in a central location on what is known as "the Mall," reached by the Amherst street gate.

While at Buffalo the Grand Trunk representative made a careful inspection of the entire grounds, and reports that the management of the exposition is making favorable progress with the buildings. May 1, he said, will see the opening of one of the finest expositions that has ever been held in America, which, though not quite so extensive as the World's fair, will exceed in quality anything that has ever been held on the western hemisphere.

THOS. WYNNE, N. E. Agt. Grand Trunk.
306 Washington St., Boston.

1000 WASHERS FREE

We will send to first 1000 persons answering this advertisement 1000 of our celebrated "1900" Ball-Bearing Washers on 30 days' trial, freight paid, absolutely without deposit or advance payment. Easiest, most perfect, highest grade family washer. Saves labor, time, money. No rubbing, no tearing. "1900" WASHER CO., 246 State St., Binghamton, N.Y.

BELGIAN HARES FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.....

Belgian Hare Guide, 25c



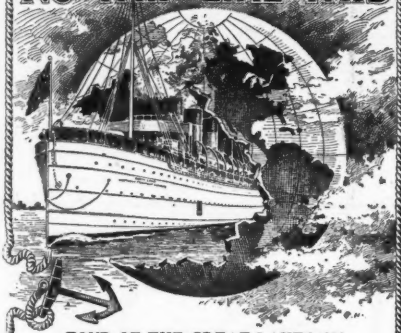
The most beautiful and affectionate of all domestic pet stock; the finest of meat for the table; clean in habits; cost but little to keep; require small amount of attention and space to live in; and are **THE MOST WONDERFUL LITTLE MONEY-MAKERS IN THE WORLD.** We can tell you how to earn \$5000 A YEAR by investing only \$25. If you have a small back yard, a shed, barn, or an empty attic, and will devote one hour night and morning we can start you in an **EASY, FASCINATING AND PROFITABLE BUSINESS.** The finest home employment. We ship stock by express and guarantee safe delivery. Write at once, **The Osborne Rabbitry, 2 Spring St., Everett, Mass.**

Blue Blooded BELGIAN HARES

You can make **ENORMOUS PROFITS** raising Belgian Hares. We start you right with the best thoroughbred stock. Good red bucks or does, scoring 99 points, \$7 each; scoring 93, \$5 each; 94, \$11 each; 95, \$25 each. Write us. **BOSTON BELGIAN HARE CO., 16 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.**

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

IN ALL THE WORLD NO TRIP LIKE THIS



**TOUR OF THE GREAT LAKES ON
THE FLOATING PALACES OF THE**

Northern Steamship Co.

A new steamer and two sailings weekly to **CHICAGO** and **MILWAUKEE** in addition to the **DULUTH** service will be added this season, which opens early in June

Take it in visiting the **PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION**
For printed matter, giving particulars, address
W. M. Lowrie, Gen. Pas. Agt., Buffalo.

A RARE OBJECT LESSON

In the geography of the United States for Schools and Families is **The Dissected and Educational Map**, 24 x 15, of the forty-nine States and Territories, each State a separate piece, and the whole forming a modern and artistic delineation of its subject. As an instructive amusement for children this map is highly desirable. Sent carriage paid for \$1.50. To clubs of ten or more, \$1.00 each. Special terms and territory to agents.

H. J. MOULTON, 80 Montgomery St., Boston.



**MARSHALL'S
CATARRH
SNUFF**

CURES CATARRH

It has never been equalled for the instant relief of Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Headache. Cures Deafness, restores lost sense of smell. Sixty yrs on the market. Price 25 cts. at all Druggists or by mail postpaid. **F. C. Keith, Mfr., Cleveland, O.**



LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE!

Control when you wish. Make others love and obey you. Cures diseases. Makes fun by the hour. New and instantaneous method. Quick as a flash. **YOU can learn it. Success sure. Mammoth illustrated LESSON** and full particulars **FREE!** Send address at once. **Prof. L. A. Harraden, - JACKSON, MICH.**

Rescued From Drink

A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in a coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while a devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send your name and address to **Dr. J. W. Haines, 723 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.** and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food.

DELANGRENIER'S
ARABIAN RACAHOUT



*An excellent food for
Children
approved by the
"Académie de Médecine de Paris"*

At all first class druggists and grocers

BEST & CO
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR



Boys'
One-Piece
Kilt Dress

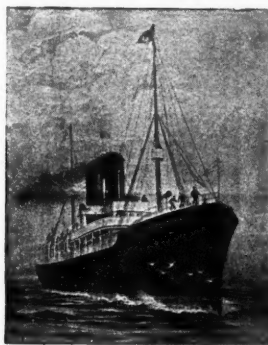
made of fine white pique, the yoke front is neatly trimmed with insertion and hand embroidery, back has four narrow box plaits from collar to bottom of skirt; ages 2, 2½ and 3 years.

\$3.25.

By mail, postage paid, 15 cent extra.

Our catalogue, in new form, listing nearly **2,000 Articles for Children**, more than half of them illustrated, sent on receipt of this advertisement and 4 cents postage.

Address Dep't. 11, 60-62 W. 23d St., New York



**"The Land of
Evangeline"
in
NOVA
SCOTIA**

The ideal vacation land. Beautiful scenery. Delightful climate. The sports man's paradise, with virgin waters and unexplored forests.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway Line

From Boston to Yarmouth, N. S., is the shortest, quickest and best route to any part of the Maritime Province.

In service during present season, three magnificent twin-screw, nineteen-knot steamers, PRINCE GEORGE, PRINCE ARTHUR and PRINCE EDWARD.

Under 13 Hours, Boston to Yarmouth, N. S.

Present service: Prince George leaves Long Wharf (foot of State street), Boston, on Tuesday and Friday at 4 P. M., for Yarmouth direct. Daily service begins July 1.

Write to undersigned for all information as to rates, tours, hotels, etc., which will be sent post free.

J. F. MASTERS, N. E. Supt.,
225 Washington Street, Boston.
F. H. ARMSTRONG, G. P. A.,
Kentville, N. S.

**A SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO
MODERN CULTURE
MAGAZINE ♣ FREE**

**TO THE NEXT 400 SUBSCRIBERS WE
WILL MAKE THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER**

Send us your order for one of the six most popular novels of the day with the regular price of same, \$1.50, and we will send you for six months, absolutely free, what Marion Harland calls "the best dollar magazine in the country."

Eben Holden. Alice of Old Vincennes.
Eleanor. The House Behind the Cedars.
Monsieur Beaucaire. Richard Yea & Nay.

Postpaid, \$1.50 Each.

Will you be "one of the 400?"

**THE SQUIRE—a thrilling romance
of the Underground Railway, begins
in Modern Culture for May . . .**

MODERN CULTURE MAGAZINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

A Special Tour to **ALASKA** in Connection with a Journey

Across the Continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway

The Return over the Northern Pacific Railroad, including the

Yellowstone National Park

Leaving Boston, New York and Philadelphia Wednesday, May 29, and returning Wednesday, July 3, 1901.

Also Tour to the Yellowstone National Park and Return

Leaving Boston, New York and Philadelphia Tuesday, June 11.

PAN-AMERICAN TOURS JUNE to OCTOBER...

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.,

296 Washington Street, (opposite School Street), Boston.

25 Union Square, New York.

1005 Chestnut Street, Mutual Life Insurance Building, Philadelphia.

103 Adams Street, Chicago.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1901 Bicycle. **BEST MAKES.**

1901 Models, \$10 to \$18

'99 & '00 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$12.

500 Second-hand Wheels

all makes and models, good as new, \$3 to \$8.

Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost. We ship anywhere on approval and ten days trial without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE distributing Catalogues for us. We have a wonderful proposition to Agents for 1901. Write at once for our Bargain List and Special Offer. Address Dept. 138 G

MCAN OYOLE CO., Chicago

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines at 1/4 Mrs. prices and upwards.



RENTED ANYWHERE

allowing rental to apply on price, or shipped with privilege of examination.

Write for illustrated catalogue.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM,

202 La Salle Street, CHICAGO.

Ladies! WHEN IN NEED TRY MY PILLS. BOX FREE. MRS. B. ROWAN, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. M. 9, Lebanon, Ohio.

MYSELF CURED

I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address MRS. MARY E. BALDWIN, P.O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

THE

St. Paul Road

(Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.)

**CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS**

The Pioneer Limited

Electric Lighted
Famous Train of the World

All coupon ticket agents show tickets via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

F. A. MILLER, Gen. Passenger Agent
Chicago, Ill.

Blaine's *alter ego* and in 1889, dropping newspaper work for a time, took charge of the arrangements for the International American conference and was the executive officer of that body. He is the

Exposition at Chicago. Queen Christina conferred upon him a decoration and made him a Grand Commander of the order of Isabella the Catholic. In 1892 he was appointed a special envoy to the

MRS. U. S. GRANT



founder of the Bureau of American Republics and was its chief for a number of years. President Harrison made him a special envoy to carry the invitation to the Queen of Spain and to the descendants of Columbus to visit the Columbian

vatican on an important mission. Mr. Curtis has written widely on commercial topics and has gained newspaper honors galore. He is undoubtedly one of the best known newspaper men in Washington, and has a large *clientele* of readers.

Washington as the home of notable men is an everyday thought over the

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH V. GRAFF OF ILLINOIS



country. It does not so often occur to one that it is the city of the notable women of America, whose lives are reminders of Presidents, generals, and

F. P. BAILLIO, OF TEXAS, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION



statesmen. Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield, both widows of Presidents and former mistresses of the White House, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Blaine, and Mrs. George W. Childs are all residing here now within a radius of ten blocks.

Mrs. Grant, now past seventy years and one of the most amiable ladies that ever graced the Capital, lives quietly in her house at 2111 Massachusetts Avenue, surrounded by hundreds of relics of her distinguished husband. A little woman in stature, bent with advancing years, but

LYMAN J. CARLOCK, RECENTLY APPOINTED ONE OF THE JUDGES OF COURTS OF FIRST INSTANCE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



not rotund, she extends a cordial democratic greeting to all her callers. It is her deepest misfortune to be practically deprived of her sight, but her secretary, an orphan girl, whom she calls "my eyes" and who is known to Mrs. Grant's friends as "Miss Mary," writes her letters and attends to the details of a large correspondence. Mrs. Grant is now engaged in writing her memoirs, which, to the feminine world at least, will be fully

as interesting as were the memoirs written by her husband in his last years.

Her house is a museum of Grant relics and she loves to live in the memories of them. Every visitor not only finds her accessible, just as was her great husband, but is permitted the enjoyment of viewing these wonderful mementoes, frequently under Mrs. Grant's personal guidance. One of her proudest keepsakes is a small rug, which Gen. Grant bought for her when they first began housekeeping. Mrs. Sartoris, her only daughter, and several grandchildren live with her.

* * *

Eight squares down Massachusetts Avenue resides the widow of another President, Mrs. James A. Garfield. She spends less time in Washington than Mrs. Grant, usually about four months in the year when she comes to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. Stanley Brown. Mrs. Garfield is quiet, unpretentious, well preserved in spite of all the sorrow she has endured. Financially she is better off than Mrs. Grant, whose chief income is from the royalties on her husband's books. Mrs. Garfield has the income of \$250,000 presented to her by the people of the United States, and an annual pension of \$5,000 voted by Congress, the first pension of the kind ever granted.

In walking from the residence of Mrs. Grant to that where Mrs. Garfield is an annual guest, one passes the fine Louise Home, where Mrs. Harrison Lane Johnson lives. She was the mistress of the

White House during the incumbency of her uncle, James Buchanan, and has many stories to relate of ante bellum days.

MISS SIGSBEE DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN SIGSBEE OF THE ILL-FATED "MAINE"



Quite a different type of woman than either of the wives of presidents just mentioned is Mrs. Irene R. Sheridan, widow of the dashing cavalry hero of the Civil War. She knows little of American politics, such as is common to women of the middle west, where Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield spent many years, proving valuable political allies to

their husbands. Mrs. Sheridan is a typical army woman, but she married following the War. She is lithe and vivacious, a society favorite, and to this day finds keen enjoyment in cards, horseback riding, and social entertainments. Her home on Rhode Island Avenue, three blocks from Mrs. Garfield's, is the mecca of a gay circle, in which her daughter, Miss Sheridan, is a prime favorite.

* * *

Still farther down towards the White House, on K Street, live Mrs. Childs and Mrs. Blaine. For some years they were next door neighbors but lately Mrs. Blaine has rented a three story brick house, one door farther east. Troubles have not come singly to her. The death of Mr. Blaine a decade ago has been rap-

idly followed by other bereavements and sorrows in her immediate family and she

ADELIE RITCHIE



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE



lives a very quiet life, with her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Beale, and her son, James G. Blaine, Jr. Mr. Blaine died a very wealthy man and left all his property to her, including extensive real estate holdings in Washington. Recently she has sold all her property here in Washington. In summer she goes to her cottage at Bar Harbor, where Mr. Blaine was wont to go in summer for recreation and to breathe the pure air of the pines

Mrs. Childs lives in Washington four or five months of the year in a magnificent mansion on K street, which is one of the show places of the city. She is more of the grand dame than her distinguished neighbors. Gray hair, an erect, somewhat slender figure and fine, intelligent face, enhance the impressive figure. Mrs. Childs rather shuns publicity and is accessible only for a warm circle of friends. She often presides at exclusive entertainments, for which her house has become quite famous. She does not keep up a summer place but spends a portion of the heated term at Bryn Mawr and also at Newport with her nephew-in-law and niece, Lieutenant J. J. Hunker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hunker.

* * *

Philander Chase Knox, the new attorney-general, is not putting on any airs over his new honors. Success has not spoiled this little man, who would be overlooked in a crush of big men because of his diminutive stature. I saw him recently at his hotel, the Shoreham, dining in the public restaurant, just like any other citizen and they tell me that that is just the way he dines every day. He has a round, almost chubby face, dresses well, but not dudishly, and one of his chief delights is to get behind a pair of fast flyers and give them plenty of road. He has a span of thoroughbreds, with an unofficial record of 2:10 1-2 to the pole, in his stables at Pittsburg, but he will not bring them to Washington till next fall. They get a little exercise each week from the attorney-general, for he

leaves Washington every Friday night and returns the following Tuesday morning, spending the interim in Pittsburg. Mr. Knox sits on a rubber tired four wheel sulky, and knows how to guide the road pair to their swiftest gait.

MRS. RIXEY, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIAN



Thus far the attorney-general has not brought his family to Washington but his young son, H. S. Knox, occasionally comes down to the Capital with him. They are chips off the same block and it is difficult to say which one most enjoys the delights of existence. Mr. Knox is one of the most affable men in the

cabinet. He is democratic in his recreations and can talk current events as readily as he can give legal advice in a million dollar case.

* * *

Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, whose birthplace was in far off Asia, once jocularly remarked that his birth in a foreign land had often given him no end of worry, because of the possible hitch it might make in his ascension of the ladder to the presidency, but he had finally succeeded in passing off the tre-

mendous mental struggle. He was recently married to Miss Mott, of Vermont, and a happier bridegroom never rejoined the Benedictine corps.

* * *

Those wonderful speeches that the late President Harrison used to deliver were the product of a vast amount of travail. Representative Alexander, of Buffalo, who has been in Washington since Congress adjourned, talked to me while the smoke of fine cigars was scenting the atmosphere of his room with its bou-

quet, and told me some of his experiences with the little general. Mr. Alexander was General Harrison's bosom friend and warm admirer, and went through the campaign of 1888 with him. "He often used to think out those wonderful gems of patriotic speech," said Mr. Alexander, "in the darkness of his dining-room. Shutting the big doors he would tramp back and forth as he studied sentence after sentence. Woe to the man who dared to break upon the sanctity of his meditations."

* * *

The recent trouble at West Point, culminating in the peremptory dismissal of several cadets, recalls the last letter ever written by Washington, addressed to Hamilton, December 12, 1799—or only two days before his death—and which refers to the establishment of a military academy. As bearing in a general way on the wisdom of the maintenance of such an institution, the last words of the first president may be found timely and interesting at present.

JUSTICE BREWER OF THE SUPREME COURT, WHO WAS RECENTLY MARRIED



Sir:

Mount Vernon, Dec. 12, 1799.

I have duly received your letter of the 28th enclosing a copy of one which you had written to the Secretary of War, on the subject of a military academy.

The establishment of an institution of this kind, upon a respectable and extensive basis, has been considered by me as an object of primary importance to this country, and while I was in the chair of the government, I omitted no proper opportunity of recommending it in my public speeches and other ways to the attention of the legislature. But I never undertook to go into a detail of the organization of such an academy; leaving the task to others whose pursuits in the paths of science and attention to the arrangements of such an institution had better qualified them for the execution of it. For the same reason I must now decline to make an observation upon the details of your plan, and as it has already been submitted to the Secretary of War, through whom it would naturally be laid before congress, it might be too late for alterations if any were suggested.

George Washington

* * *

The one criticism of the Porto Rico decision is that it holds Congress to be a bigger man than the constitution—the created superior to the creator. But as that Brooklyn congressman of convivial memory once observed, “what’s the constitution between friends?” It is well to remark, however, that this historic compact has survived all of its critics in the past, and is likely to resist the assaults of the future.

In 1827, Daniel Webster made the following prediction to a Philadelphia friend:

“Sir,” said the god-like senator, “if General Jackson is elected, the government of our country will be overthrown,

the judiciary will be destroyed, Mr. Justice Johnson will be made chief justice, in the room of Marshall, and in half an hour Mr. Justice Washington and Justice Story will resign. A majority will then be left with Mr. Johnson and every constitutional decision heretofore made will be revised.”

SENATOR FAIRBANKS OF INDIANA



About the only thing he intimated which did take place was the election of Jackson, and as far as heard from both the country and the constitution retain their respective positions.

* * *

President McKinley’s Harvard College degree is already written and properly rolled and ribboned for delivery to its distinguished recipient. In clinging to precedent, the college honors itself as

well as the president. When the fame of was at its height in 1777, he also received the young French patriot, Lafayette, an honorary degree from a "New Eng-

A FAMILIAR SCENE AT THE FAUCET ON THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS



A BROKER EAGERLY RUSHING TO GET AN AUTOMOBILE DURING THE LATE PANIC



land college," presumably Harvard, and Baron Steuben, that stiff German soldier, was greatly displeased over the affair. The baron ridiculed the idea of a military man receiving purely literary distinction. At some subsequent period, Steuben appeared at the college town with his body guard of troopers. Before entering the main street, as the story runs, the general halted his small detachment and made a very funny speech.

"You should spur der horse vel, and ride troot the town like de debil, for if dey catch you dey make one doctare of you."

* * *

The Crystal Palace Exhibition opened at New York July 15, 1853, was the first affair of this kind in the country, for which foreign exhibits were solicited. The "big show" began with a procession in which President Franklin Pierce,

mounted, was a conspicuous feature. The hero of the day rode a mettlesome steed and while proceeding up Wall street, the presidential head-gear, a new silk hat of the prevalent style, was incontinently tumbled to the pavement. Another horse recklessly stepped upon the unfortunate tile, crushing it out of the semblance of itself, besmearing it with mud—real Wall street mud. What was left of the misshapen and bedaubed hat was worn by the president to the great amusement of the spectators until a substitute could be secured.

* * *

Names, as well as history, repeat themselves. In the three congresses ending with the Nineteenth in 1827, Thomas B. Reed was a senator from Mississippi. Among his colleagues were Senators McKinley of Alabama, Horatio Seymour of Vermont, Hendricks of Indiana and a real Chandler of Maine.

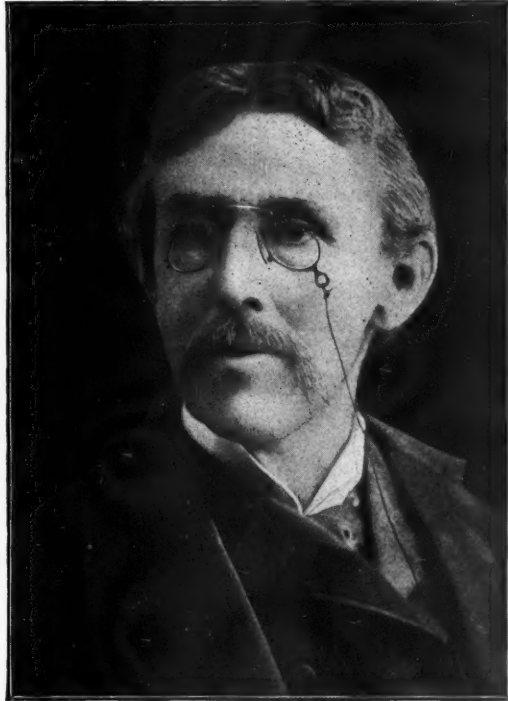
* * *

A statement, as yet uncontradicted, is going the rounds of certain publications, to the effect that at least seventeen states of the union are permitting aliens to vote for state officials. Here would seem a direct violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the federal constitution, and the anti-administration people can find here a field for the exercise of all their talent in the line of objecting to "the powers that be."

* * *

The original race for the cup around the Isle of Wight in 1853 was participated in at the start by eighteen competitors. Any old craft with a record for speed was pressed into service, and a des-

THE LATE MAURICE THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES"



GEORGE H. DANIELS, G. P. A. OF THE N. Y. CENTRAL



perate effort was made to lower the colors of the audacious British yachting lion in his den. On the last leg of the course, the American yacht was bowling merrily along near the shore and not a competing craft below the mainsail in sight. "Who's ahead," came a hail from the interested spectators.

"The American," was shouted shoreward.

"Who's second," asked the searcher for news.

"Nawthin'," was the reply in the unmistakable nasal dialect of a Maine fisherman.

* * *

The sleeping girl now and then comes to the front with her prolonged slumbers of several days' duration, and one is reminded of the feat of Franklin as he himself tells it. The philosopher in this case is entitled to public confidence. But an unknown witness would not be credited.

"Monday, July 25th, at Southampton,

I went at noon to bathe in Martin's salt water bath, and floating on my back, fell

JAMES BALL NAYLOR



asleep, and slept for over an hour by the watch without sinking or turning over; a

THE LIBRARY AT THE WHITE HOUSE



thing I never did before nor should hardly have thought it possible. present Princess of Wales, who was the late Duchess of Teck:

In another place the wise man of his day and generation had something to say regarding a class of people, that is numerously represented at the present time.

ATTORNEY J. W. COMBS

"There are croakers in every country boding its ruin. Such a one lived in Philadelphia, who said the city was a sinking place, the people half bankrupt and new buildings and rents high for the most part, being fallacious. At last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for a house as he might have bought it for when he began croaking."

* * *

The world's tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall is not attracting the attention from the American public that the royal pair will receive when they reach Canada. A secretary of state in Washington thus refers to the birth of the mother of the



Uncle Job says he can travel with the best of them these days



"He, Mr. Canning," brought with him a letter from the king of Great Britain, addressed to the United States of America, which he said, being of rather an old date, he would request me to take charge of it to be delivered to the president, rather than ask him a special audience. It was merely the notification of the birth of a daughter to the Duke of Cornwall."

* * *

There is some consolation for Secretary Hay in this incident:

John Quincy Adams, under date of November 10th, 1824, wrote in his diary:

"Mr. Crawford (secretary of the treasury) told twice over the story of President Washington having at an early period of his administration gone to the Senate with a project of a treaty to be negotiated and being present at the deliberations upon it. They debated it, and proposed alterations, so that when Washington left the Senate chamber he said he 'would be damned if he ever went there again.'"

There has never been a president present at such deliberations since, and this incident probably largely determined the dignified forms of communication now existing between president and Senate. * * *

Printing a complete magazine on the grounds is a feature of the Pan-American exposition. It is a project that has never been previously attempted, and we are gratified to record the fact that

"The National Magazine" is the first periodical to carry out a project so essentially American in its achievement. It was an undertaking of no small proportions and necessitated crowding four weeks' ordinary work into one. There were the cases of paper to be shipped, which were to be transferred into magazines for over a hundred thousand readers. The Merchants' Despatch fast freight rushed the labeled cars through at almost the pace of an express train. The handsome array of Meihle presses in the Graphic Arts workshop were ready for the task, and the superb work of their presses under any circumstances is a delight to the printer's heart. The Dexter folders and feeders and the binders were near at hand to complete the work. The production of a magazine is of interest to American people, because no country in the world reads more magazines—and popular magazines are a modern evolution of American life.

CARS LOADED WITH PAPER FOR "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE" EN ROUTE TO THE EXPOSITION



PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE crowning glory of the Pan-American Exposition is the nightly illumination. It seems like a glimpse into another world, or at least a foretaste of the glories of another century, when those gorgeous and delicate lines of light stand out against the sombre sky that overhangs Lake Erie. The outlines of the buildings traced in the rows of electric lights; the softening colors and brilliant play of glass and gilding, and the reflection of this fairy land in the surrounding waters; the jewelled spray of cascade and fountains, and the almost spiritual beauty of group and statue, form a picture that can never be forgotten. Standing on the triumphal bridge as the darkness closes, and looking upon the scene—the effect is thrilling.

The expression of admiration when this array of electric gorgeousness is thrown upon the heavens, is always spontaneous and unanimous, and is the most lavish display ever known, possible only because of the enormous power utilized at Niagara, where there is more power concentrated than could be furnished by all the coal mined in the world in a single day.

Yet even this pre-eminent distinction does not indicate the potential voltage of the Pan-

American Exposition. It is a magnet which attracts people, and it is the gathering together of men and women that brings forth the permanent fruitage and advancement of trade, art, industries and science, the coming together inspires co-operation and concentration of effort, and every line of industry represented, and the stimulation of new movements and industries.

* * *

At the Elmwood gates, the quiet landscape view is a fitting prologue at the most striking vistas of the exposition. Here, as at other points, the

well-defined plans of its projectors have gone awry. The main entrance has not proved the popular ingress, it is not as convenient to the car lines, and developed conditions and circumstances which can never be quite accurately foretold until actually tested. At the Elmwood gate, the splendid group, the chariot race, gives a sense of force and motion, and on the first day of the exposition, the smooth greensward, gorgeous array of tulips, hyacinths and narcissus gave a welcome suggestion of opening spring. Through the walks and on to the Triumphal Bridge we sauntered, the prismatic color effect gradually unfolding.



At first view, the gorgeous yellow of the band stand and the orange of the stately pillars are rather disappointing, as one recalls the pure white and the brilliant glare of the "White City." The blue-

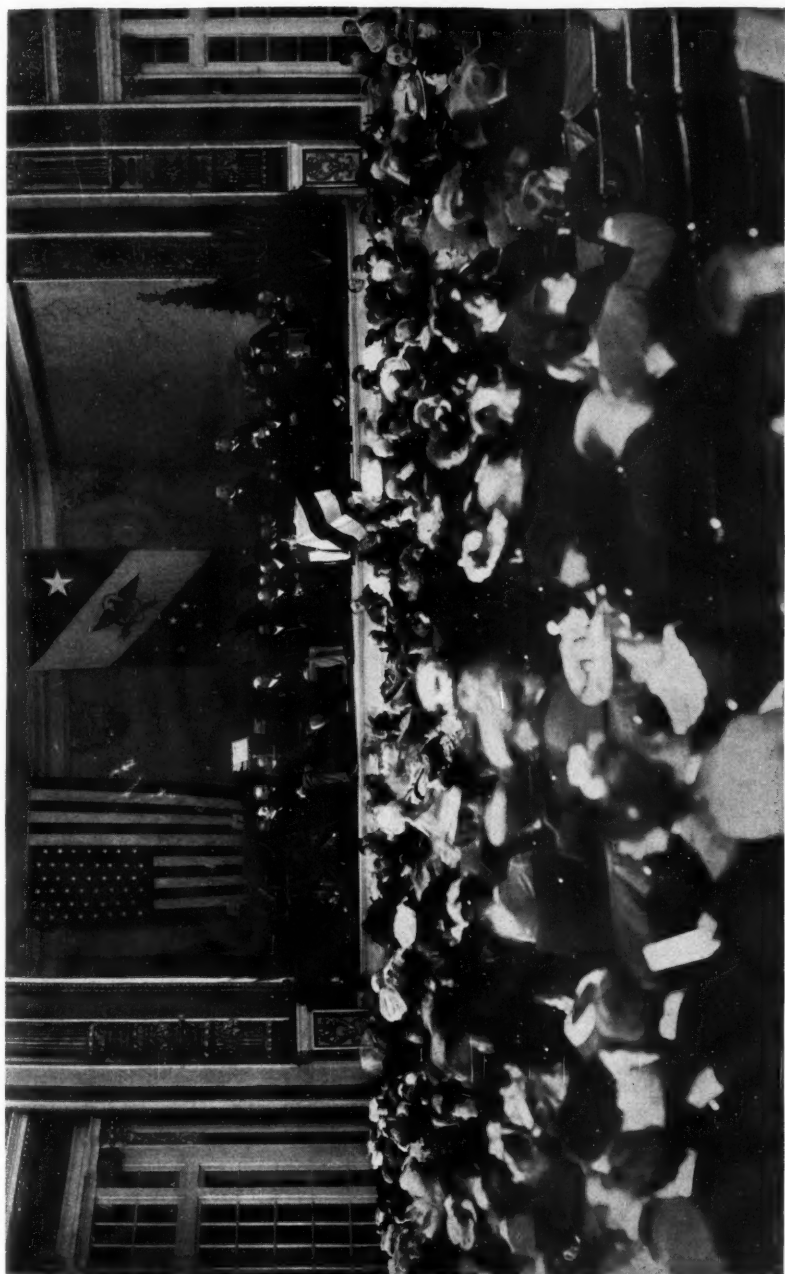
The throngs gathered on the bridges about the fountains and through the grounds are an inspiration in themselves; as an officer of the German army with me remarked, "There is

MARK BENNETT, SUPERINTENDENT PRESS BUREAU



tinted domes soften and blend together as the day passes, until a sense of restfulness and the symmetry of the scene dissipates every trace of any disappointment that may have been felt.

nothing quite so interesting as a crowd of American people." The contrasts in the crowd are so marked that a host of individuals appear in the sea of faces, as plainly as in the varied colors



PRESIDENT MILBURN OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION INTRODUCING SENATOR LODGE
IN THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC ON DEDICATION DAY

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of the lillies in the pool nearby. . A sturdy father, whose bright, winsome daughters, with dainty ribbons and coiffure, manage their skirts as gracefully as an empress; in another group the keen, alert agency of some great industry, the unassertive but forceful official and scholarly student, the mother and her sturdy sons; these reflections of typical American life were pointed out by the foreigners as the basis of our national greatness.

would finally and formally become a fact and an achievement—in the dedication exercises. In the front seats were gathered representatives of all the nations of the Western hemisphere, smartly uniformed with a lavish display of gold braid. Swarthy faces and keen black eyes emphasized the representatives of a Latin civilization, and a descent from the early Spanish explorers and conquistadores. Back of the speakers was the Stars and Stripes, flanked on

SHAM BATTLE, INDIAN CONGRESS, OPENING OF THE STADIUM

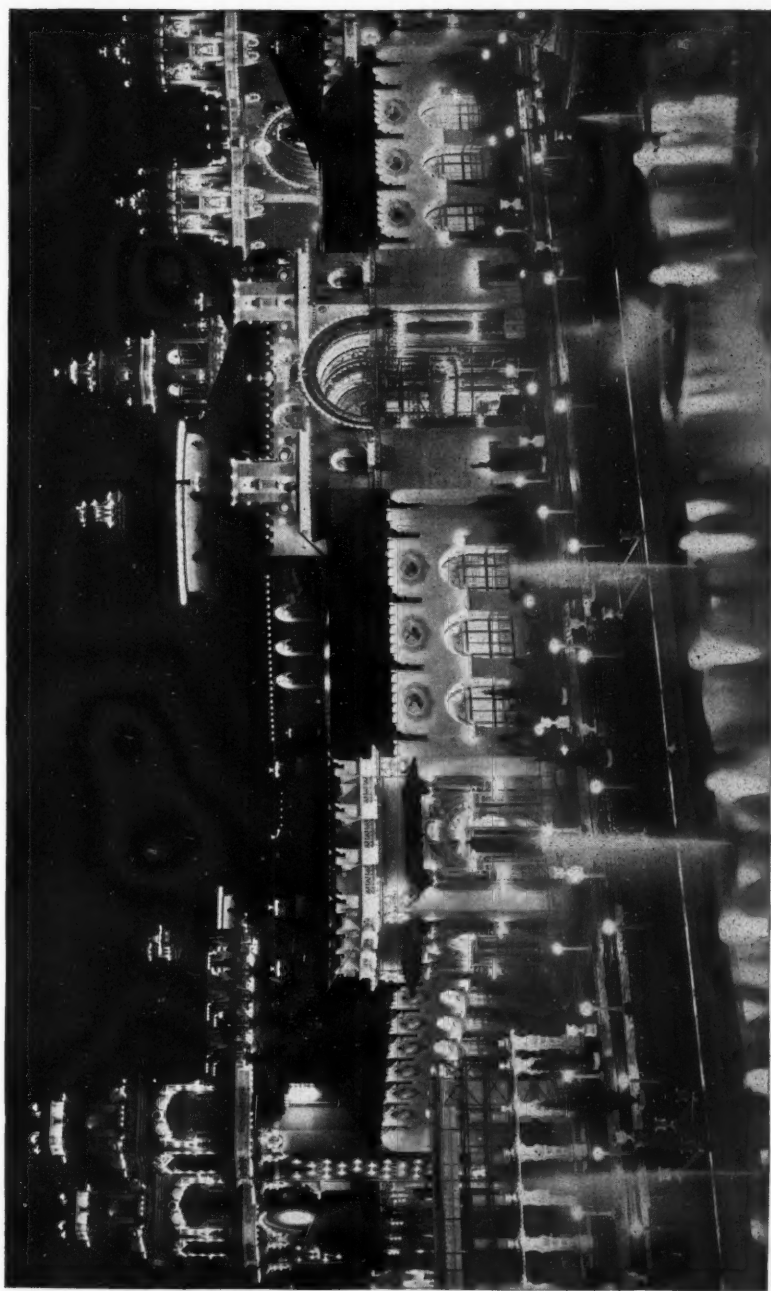
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While I should make no invidious comparisons, the Temple of Music is my favorite building. Near the towering pillars of the Bridge of Triumph, its dainty and chaste colorings and classic simplicity appeal to me. It was here that the opening exercises were held. The circular auditorium and galleries at the side were soon filled, and there was a keen air of anticipation as the moment approached when the ideals, and aspiration of a long-continued effort

either side by the special flags of the Pan-American Exposition. When Vice-President Roosevelt entered with Senators Lodge and Hanna, there was a hearty American greeting—but a new auditorium is like new machinery—it has to be gradually attuned to its purpose, and there was a just a bit of creaking in the initial outburst of enthusiasm.

The greeting read by President Milburn from our President, William McKinley, dispatched from the Pacific



MACHINERY BUILDING

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coast, and those from other nations of the Eastern hemisphere were significant expressions, in view of the existing international relations.

The prayer and poems were eloquent, the speeches stirring in their reiteration of the Monroe doctrine, but the most interesting numbers on the program to the auditors was Sturm's "Salve Libertas," by the male chorus, and the baritone solo from the prologue of "Pagacci," sang by Emilo de Gorgorza.

crossed his leg once during the music, while it was a steady exerciser the balance of the time. Vice-President Roosevelt's address was keyed to the occasion, and altogether a masterly effort, reiterating the sentiment of the mottoes on the facades of the building. His peculiarly characteristic gestures—coming "straight from the shoulder"—at first startled some of the foreign dignitaries in front, but they were soon won by the earnestness and sincerity of the speaker. The

ETHNOLOGY BUILDING

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To me this fact was significant in indicating that music is the one universal method of expression. The fixed attention to the music of the distinguished people on the stage and in the throng in contrast to the spirit of restlessness during other portions of the program, is certainly suggestive to the student of American life. Even Senator Hanna's attention was fixed during the music while otherwise he wiggled his cane. Vice-President Roosevelt frequently blew his nose—except when the music was under way. Senator Lodge only

restless crowd was restrained by Senator Lodge, whose address was significant in its appropriateness—and American spirit—putting another strong knot in the Monroe doctrine—to say nothing of a twist of European feathers—which was heartily applauded by the gold-laced auditors in front. Governor Woodruff also gave a strong address, but after all, I must say that it was the music that fascinated the people.

* * *

Excessively formal functions are tiresome at best, so there was relief when



A PORTION OF THE PROPYLEA—WHICH ENCIRCLES THE ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN

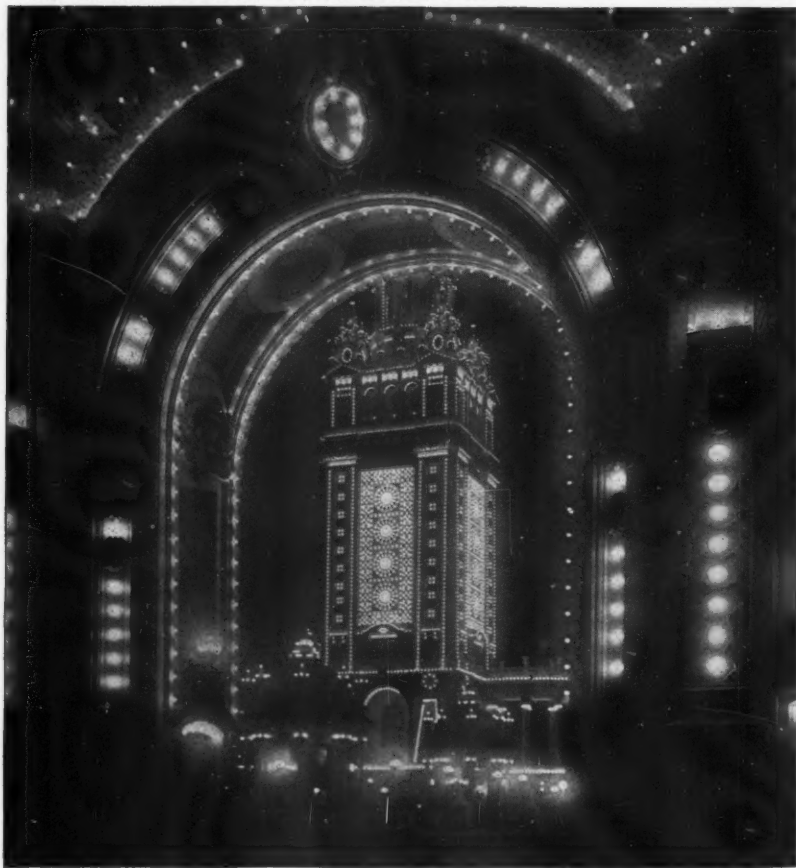
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the throng poured from the Temple of Music—direct into the Midway. For, deny it as we may, the Midway still has the same old charms. It was here that I met Senator Hanna, and the staid Senator Lodge relaxed into smiles,

Hawaiian dances, the plantation rag-time, the animal show; well, all the same old fascinating features appear, with a Trip to the Moon and the Johnstown Flood as something new. In "Old Nuremberg" the German band was drawing

VIEW THROUGH THE ARCH OF THE ELECTRIC TOWER

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jostling among the throng as the "spielers" were orating over their attractions and roasting the other fellows.

The gigantic dream face at the end of the Midway suggests an Anglo-American Budda. The familiar old Streets of Cairo and its unearthly strains, the

multitudes, who sat down at the little tables and sought solid comfort in continental fashion. That night the lights went out with hundreds of hungry ones still unfed, but they were bound to stay to see the illumination in all its fascinating grandeur—and it was like a

dive into a grab-bag—no telling what species of sandwich or piece of pie you were consuming in the shadows.

and the program man, the guard and the wheel chair—all there.

The tall, angular poplar trees are be-

ELECTRICITY BUILDING

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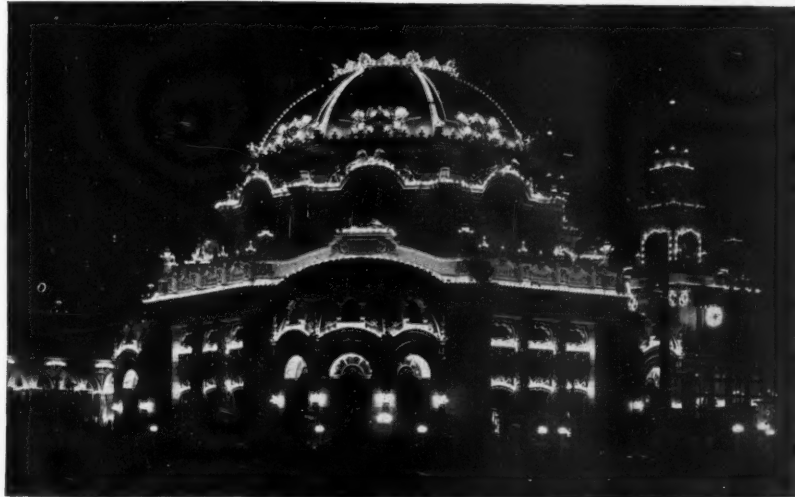


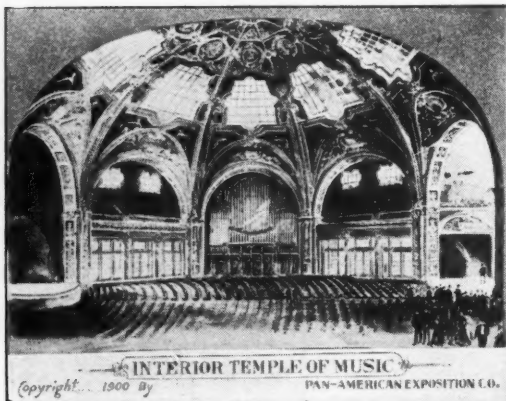
Yes, the gondola and the Japanese rickshaw are everywhere in evidence. The Wild West was wild-westing in ancient fashion from the improvised cliffs,

coming graceful as the leaves come out, and the effect of Sicilian gardens between the buildings with the white statuary peering through the foliage, under

TEMPLE OF MUSIC

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the witching glare of the arc lights, and the beams from the scimitar-like new moon. All these, with the talk and laughter of over 100,000 sightseers, mingling with the music of the bands, made the dedication a day on Memory's tablet, and indicates how the sovereign royalty of American citizenship enjoy the im-



world in railway equipment. The new monster locomotives reveal a change in style, in stack and tender, quite as fluctuating as the fashions in women's hats. It is interesting to notice how the crowds will concentrate about an exhibit that has a keen and timely American interest.

* * *

The Pan-American Exposition is a comprehensive glance of American life. The sod-house, imported from Nebraska, furnished and reproduced exactly as it was in 1884, had to me a unique interest, for I have lived in one—on fried bacon and potatoes—with the prairie winds to lull me to sleep at night. Such cubes of earth as this have sheltered many a sturdy pioneer family. Inside



there is often found a piano. On the walls are pictures, and books and papers are never wanting. They are cool and refreshing in summer, and cozily warm in winter. The sod house is quite as much a feature of prairie pioneering as the log house in the forest. And there was the log house, too, and the adobe hut, the primeval settler's dwelling, typical of much that is distinctive, sturdy and romantic in the development of the western hemisphere and the two

A GRIM SCENE AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE



Americas. familiar portraits of Admiral Dewey.

The exhibit is upon a miniature stage and suggests a scene from "Pinafore." A glance at the throng pouring over the models of war ships shows a lively interest in the navy of the new world power.

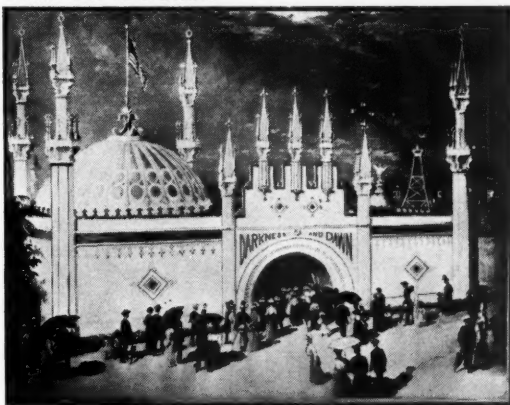


The grading and decorations around the Dairy building were the last to be completed, as the farmers'

The government exhibit is much the same thing as usual, except that a phonograph adds interest to the wax figures representing the soldiers of America at different periods. To me, the tall hats worn first previous to and then after the Mexican war are more interesting than the cocked hats of the stately colonial days and continental uniforms. The naval exhibit discloses the deck of a flag ship with officers in the proper uniforms and position from the admiral down to the seaman. One wax figure closely resembles the

exhibits were not expected until after "seeding time" was over. The walks

DARKNESS AND DAWN



and drives were slow in being completed; in fact many of the walks put down this winter had to be relaid, as staff does not weather our vigorous climate and much of May was devoted to patching up broken lines and injured ornamentation.

* * *

In the service building sits a gentleman whose remarkable ability of concentration and mastery of details has enabled him to solve the problem of building great expositions at short notice. Wearing a yellow rose *buttonaire*, with an elaborate bouquet of lilacs on his desk, Director-General Buchanan, with a massive blue pencil, follows and directs the work. Continually wrestling with a host of objections, he listens to complaints and the claims of



JAMES LONE ELK
OGALLALA, SIOUX.
AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

THE ORIGINAL AMERICANS ARE IN EVIDENCE



conflicting interests and then tenders his decision in a deliberate and judicial way that is usually final, because of his evident comprehension of all the issues involved, and a just and fair spirit in dealing with them.

The architecture of the Forestry building suggested to me the early days of Abraham Lincoln and other rail-splitting heroes of American pioneer life.

The trunks of the trees, used in constructing the building, are laid as in some styles of rail fences, and not at right angles, as is usually the custom in log



houses. The interior exhibits many specimens of American wood, and notably those varieties whose lumber products alone exceed in value the crude wheat, corn products of the United States. When it comes to figures, lumber gives us much of our prestige in the industrial world.

One of the most delightful days I recall at the Columbian exposition was a day at the Welsh Eistedfoddt—the day of the song contest. There were about a dozen young lady contestants from all parts of the country. They all sang the same song, "O Loving Heart," by Gottschalk, and each one had her own accompanist. Of course, they were all bright and comely American born girls, of Welsh parentage. But they evidenced the love

of the folke song of Wales, which is always so fascinating. There were fair haired lassies, dark haired lassies and auburn haired lassies, and perhaps you might have included the Welsh carmine hue. The various tempos and expression given that one song was an indication of the range of possibilities of a single ballad. The fair contestants, some timid and shy, others confident and defiant, gave Gottschalk's song a wide interpretation. The accompanist in some cases were the teacher, indicated by the appealing trustful glances from the pupil. In other instances—evidently a sister or a brother who presided at the

piano. The judges, grim and immovable, occupied a position near by and every shade in the rendering of the song, as well as the general stage presence, was





PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.
EAST BUILDING OF CITY BUILDING.

considered. The judges did not award the prize to the one whom I thought sang best, and it is safe to say that the sentiment of "O Loving Heart" was not so popular after the decision was rendered. My favorite was perhaps lacking in finish, tone and shading, perhaps the technique was all wrong, but in her last sweet phrase, "O Loving Heart," there was a touch of soul expression that thrilled and was sung direct at the

I will venture that their hearts went out to the little girl with the blue ribbon

swarthy man at the piano, whose playing was faulty, but whose heart was with the singer.

No, I did not follow out the investigation. But that song brought tears to my eyes and thrilled me with its touch of filial devotion. There were errors in the musical technique and in the reading of the score that the judges could not overlook, and be just—and yet



who effaced all the faults of the opening measures by the devotional final phrase, "O Loving Heart, trust on—trust on."

This incident comes vividly to mind because the Welsh Eisteddfodt are to be held again at the Temple of Music on the exposition grounds some time during September, and there will be likely another song contest. The events are interesting and fascinating, not for their musical value alone—but the touch of the best and loftiest in human nature, which they express. These girls represent homes, counties, aye states, and while there may be variation in tempo and theme, music is the one great universal expression of the soul, and in those thousands of isolated homes throughout the land, there are lonely hearts, who have found solace in the hours with their music. It may not be the superb and grand work of the masters—but it



One of the Prizes - ELECTRIC BUILDING.
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

is music, where the spirit of Apollo reigns. The piano or some musical instrument is now essential to an American home.

* * *

The floral calendar will be marked by blooming roses during every month of the exposition in the same way as that followed in the Public Gardens at Boston. The best view of this display is from the Elmwood gate, and the exposition will undoubtedly emphasize the need of more flowers in the parks of the smaller cities. The esthetic influence of these beautiful floral displays cannot well be measured, for they speak to human hearts, of innocence and beauty in a language which all understand. The Pan-American exhibits will demonstrate how flowers in public parks and lawns may form a con-

DR. A. L. BENEDICT



EDWARD HALE BRUSH

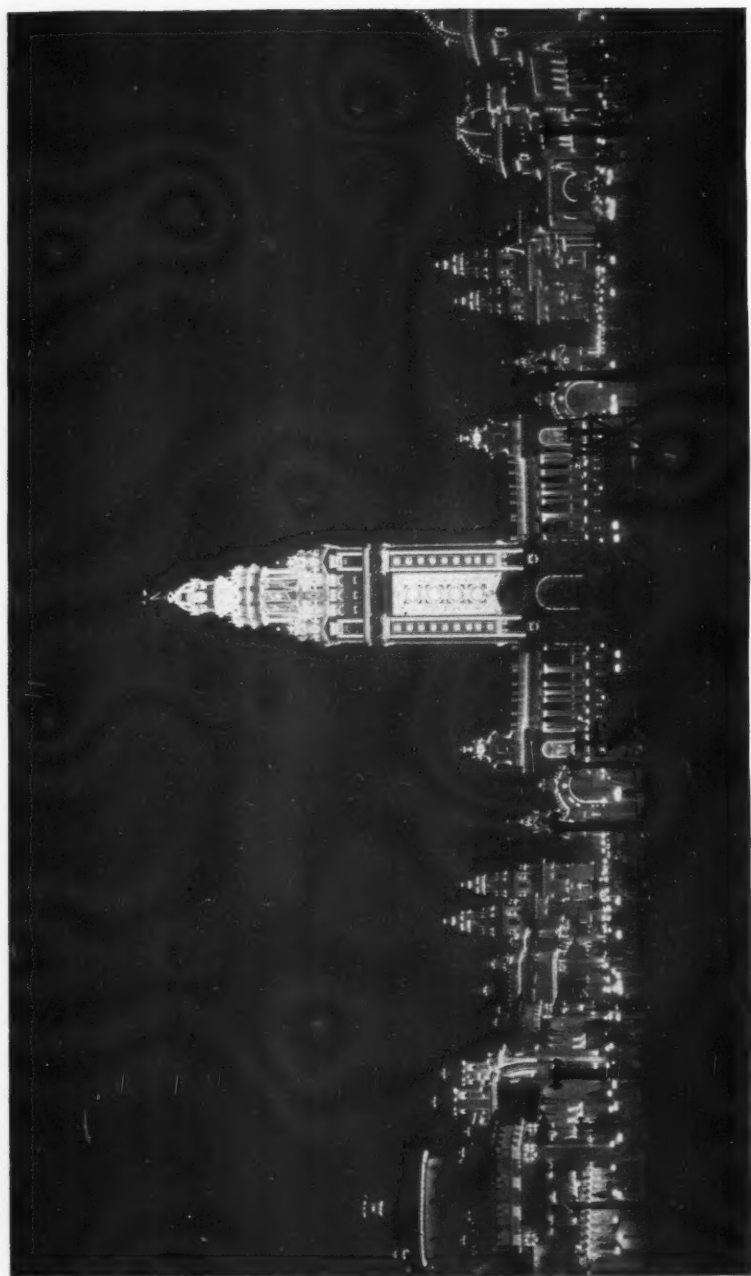


tinuous floral calendar.

A glance at the tea exhibit from a South Carolina plantation; the tropical fruit exhibits from Florida and California; the coffee display from plantations in Porto Rico, and the general display in the agricultural building impresses one with the boundless agrarian resources of the United States. When one further views the products of the

South American republics, the Western hemisphere appears to possess about every good thing which this terrestrial firmament has to furnish for the welfare and sustenance of the human race. These happy days of sightseeing at the exposition should furnish the American people with most valuable material for future study and practical use.

Perhaps I should write more about the exhibits, and paint in glowing word pictures the splendor of the Pan-American Exposition, but I confess my controlling impulse is to tell more about the people. Here is a composite study of American life, such as can never be enjoyed elsewhere. And it is that unity of spirit and keen observance of others that has given America pre-eminence in the industrial and commercial world.



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A VIEW SHOWING A GENERAL OUTLINE OF THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS DURING AN ILLUMINATION

THE FUTURE OF LATIN AMERICA

By John Vavasour Noel, Chief, Latin-American Press Section

CENTURIES ago sturdy emigrants, full of faith in the new world, and anxious to shake off the fetters of a practical slavery, navigated the seas and established colonies in the western hemisphere; others, of an adventurous nature, and moved by the spirit of greed, came in search of gold; in both cases the result being to-day many distinct political entities of varied importance, area, population and wealth.

In the greater portion of the western hemisphere the Spanish conquistadores and their descendants settled, ruled and gradually killed off the aborigines. Guided by topographical reasons they established different provinces which afterwards became the eighteen distinct and independent political entities of to-day, and for several centuries the Spanish oppressed not only the descendants of the Indians, but also those of their own race, whose valor and daring had made it possible for them to be enjoying the great riches of those lands. Toward the early part of the last century the spirit of revolt, long kindled and goaded to exasperation, broke forth, and

the history of the trials and hardships of these early revolters to free themselves from the oppression of the mother country, form a series of bloody annals. They had to deal with a cruel and traitorous foe who respected neither women nor children, and knew not the meaning of fair dealing or of keeping the faith. The heroes or liberators of Latin America, Bolivar, Hidalgo, Juarez, Miranda, San Martin and others, were subject not only to the ferocity of their opponents ending in a

cruel death, but were ever vigilant in order to balk the intrigues of their own fellow citizens. Bolivar, the liberator of five republics, was obliged to issue, at Trujillo in the Andes of Venezuela, his famous manifesto of "la guerra á muerte," meaning "war to the death," driven to it by the cruelty of the ferocious Boves and his co-militants.

When Spain finally withdrew her troops and the inhabitants became free, the task of forming a republic upon the basis of the ancient Spanish regime, became a formidable one. Hundreds of years of Iberic tradition and training was not apt to fit these people for self-govern-

A STATUE ON THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE



ment, and out of the confusion caused by throwing all classes into one heterogeneous mass there exist to-day various forms of government which are yet far from satisfactory, either to the people themselves or the strangers within their gates. The words democracy, republic and liberty are on every tongue and interpolated in every speech, but they have a mocking sound in their mouths.

adventurer, who has nothing to lose but his life, with a handful of men raises the standard of revolt, gives a specious political excuse, in order to appear as the champion of a wronged people, and as the acts of the *de facto* government are not flawless, he often secures misguided adherents. The lack of transportation facilities help him, and the vast plains, dense forests and

CROWDS AT THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC ON DEDICATION DAY

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The freeing of the slaves and their political equalization also helped to complicate matters; and the governments of the Latin-American countries are a curious mixture of old Spanish ideas, fragments of French and American principles of liberty with a sauce made of local traditions and characteristics.

Another reason, which excuses to a great extent the unrest of some of those countries, is the facility with which unscrupulous leaders can defy the existing governments. An intrepid

barren mountains provide a wide battlefield, and the struggle becomes merely a guerrilla warfare. In time the rebels either gain or lose strength. In the former case the leader finally gives battle, wins or loses, and in the latter case flies to some neighboring country until the excitement has passed. Thus political unrest causes commercial stringency, paralyzes all trade and frightens the investment of foreign capital and immigration.

This dark picture has its bright side,

ON THE ESPLANADE, LOOKING TOWARD THE ELECTRIC TOWER

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VIEW LOOKING OUT ON THE MALL



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HARBOR VIEW, BUFFALO



however, as many of the republics of Latin America are gradually being placed on a fairly substantial basis, and the restless ones are feeling the influence of those great agencies of modern development, improved transportation facilities and telegraph and cable lines. Where the romantic burro trains are being frightened by the locomotive whistle, revolutions and counter-plotting

must perforce disappear.

Great opportunities exist for the display of the energy of the hardier northern races and for the employment of capital from the United States. Gradually inherent prejudices toward the Latin-American countries are being removed by closer contact, and, as in the instances of Mexico, Cuba and Porto Rico, United States push and concentration of energies are changing conditions that have existed for centuries.

LIFE SAVING STATION, BUFFALO



LAFAYETTE PARK LOOKING SOUTH DOWN MAIN STREET.

Our vast manufactures will soon need markets for their products, and it is imperative that our rising generation be trained to meet these issues. The Pan-American Exposition, which is now taking place, will be a valuable school for the manufacturers and investors of the United States, and the first national beacon to light up the way to success in the commercial expansion of this great republic.

THE GROWTH OF A CUB

By Jeannette Scott Benton

THE wide veranda rounded out close to the boulevard drive. It was almost closed in with potted plants, and sitting among them, her elbows planted on the rail, her small dusky head and face with its scarlet lips and long sleepy black eyes framed in by a flaming mass of color, sat a girl, nodding occasionally with an air of grave dignity to the occupants of the passing carriages; an air which sat upon her as well as her grandmother's cap and spectacles might have done.

Reclining indolently in a chair just at her back was a big handsome boy with an incipient brown mustache. He was dexterously abstracting the hair pins from the mass of hair piled on top of her small, unconscious head.

"O, Bruce," she exclaimed eagerly, "there comes the Warring's new drag. Now don't act especially interested, because every one thinks we haven't a particle of dignity."

Pursuant to her own instructions she straightened up with a stately little bow. The motion was all that was needed to loosen her great coil of hair. It unwound its length like a sleek serpent and spread over her face in wild confusion.

There was a stare, then an instant appreciation of the joke and a shout of laughter from the gay company on the drag, while the furious little figure sprang from her chair, tearing the obstructing mass from her face.

"O, you abominable brute," she cried, beating at him with her tiny clenched fists behind the safe shelter of the palms.

"Hold on," he said, grasping both impotent fists in one of his, "or I will have you arrested for husband beating."

She stamped and raged, even biting at the strong retaining hand, while he viewed her with intense satisfaction, for he was not out of the insensate brutality age of a boy when there is nothing so gratifying to their sense of mastership as causing mental anguish in either brute or human.

Dick Fernall had said of the pair that "it was the marriage of a mischievous half grown cub to a freakish scratchy kitten; when the couple grew up it might still be a cat and dog sort of life, but then, one couldn't tell. Bruce Ballister was a pretty fair sort of boy, and Lulu—well, Lulu had Bruce's money," and Dick Fernall ought to have known because he was Lulu St. Albans' brother-in-law.

So far it had been a cub and kitten sort of existence. The two had played and scratched their way through several inconsequent months of matrimony; the big boy hectoring and teasing, until the whole soul of the girl, which in spite of her youth was older and more wicked than the boy's, revolted at it.

This morning she was more furious than ever, and consequently in her husband's eyes more charming. Suddenly she became quiet and looked up at him with still scorn from under her long sleepy lids.

"I am tired," she said, "I will pay you for all these silly things."

He laughed a great hearty boyish laugh and swung her from her feet.

"What will the old lady do? Put ice down my back, shave my chrysanthemum head, or what?"

"Bah," she said, "you think I am like you. I shall do something. I shall

—” she paused a moment, then said deliberately, “go to the Bal Masque at Antonia’s to-night.”

“Yes, won’t she, though,” he laughed again. “Who’ll she go with? There isn’t a servant in the house who would risk her respectability at Antonia’s. Now she mustn’t keep her little mad up so long. I won’t let down all her pretty hair in public again, so I won’t.”

She shook free of him and went swiftly down the corridor to her room.

He looked after her with an admiring little grimace; then picked up his hat from the veranda floor and went whistling down the stairs.

At dinner that evening Mrs. Ballister had quite recovered herself and was all smiles and sweetness. In her soft pink gown she looked like a dainty pink-rose bud.

Bruce looked at her in deep delight.

“She is a regular daisy, by Jove,” he thought, admiringly, and the chivalrous in his boyish heart stirred with a little shame. “I am a bit mean to her and that’s a fact, and I am going to stop it; but she’s such a darling when she’s mad.”

When dinner was over and they were out on the cool veranda with the breath of the sea in their faces, he sat and talked without tickling her neck, pulling her hair, or indulging in any of his ordinary amenities, but she seemed nervous and uneasy, flashing back and forth like a restless bird.

“I am sorry, Lulu dear,” he said finally, rather deprecatingly, for the small personage’s thumb rested rather heavily sometimes, “but I have to go down town to-night. Mr. Hollister said he wanted to see me an hour or two. Something about those Brooklyn houses, I suppose. Let me order the carriage and you go over to the Hardy’s this evening.”

“O, don’t think of it, Bruce. I really am tired. I’d rather just stay home and

go to bed early,” she said, smothering a yawn, “so you can run along and talk all the business you want. Too awfully sweet of Mr. Hollister to try and talk it with you, you have got such a head for it,” and she rumbled his brown locks affectionately.

It was between ten and eleven before Mr. Hollister was through with him. The boy was not in the habit of leaving “the old lady,” as he facetiously expressed it, by herself, so he hurried up the steps a little breathless.

The cozy veranda had no pouting occupant to greet him with reproaches as he entered. The brightly lighted parlors were silent and unoccupied. Above in his wife’s room the same blank stillness reigned.

He rang the bell sharply. The maid appeared with suspicious alacrity.

“Where is Mrs. Ballister?” he questioned.

“At the Bal Masque,” she replied with a quick curious glance at his face.

“Antonia’s?” he almost shouted.

“Yes, sir.”

“When did she go?”

“About an hour ago, I think, sir.”

“In the carriage?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Is James back?”

“No, sir.”

“What did she wear?”

“The scarlet and black she wore at the Spencer fancy dress ball last winter, sir.”

He turned hastily to the door.

“I beg your pardon, sir, but if you intend going would you not wish to wear these?”

The maid picked up from a chair a long Spanish cloak, sombrero and mask.

“Mrs. Ballister said you would probably not wish to go to Antonia’s unmasked.”

He uttered an imprecation.

“Get out of here,” he remarked ungallantly, as he snatched the things from the girl’s hand.



"He was dexterously abstracting the hair-pins from the mass of hair piled on top of her small, unconscious head"

Ten minutes later he stood in front of Antonia's. He was young and foolish and rich, but he was a clean souled boy, and it was almost with a shudder of repugnance that he stepped from the entrance into the dazzling brightness, the unspeakableness of Antonia's Bal Masque.

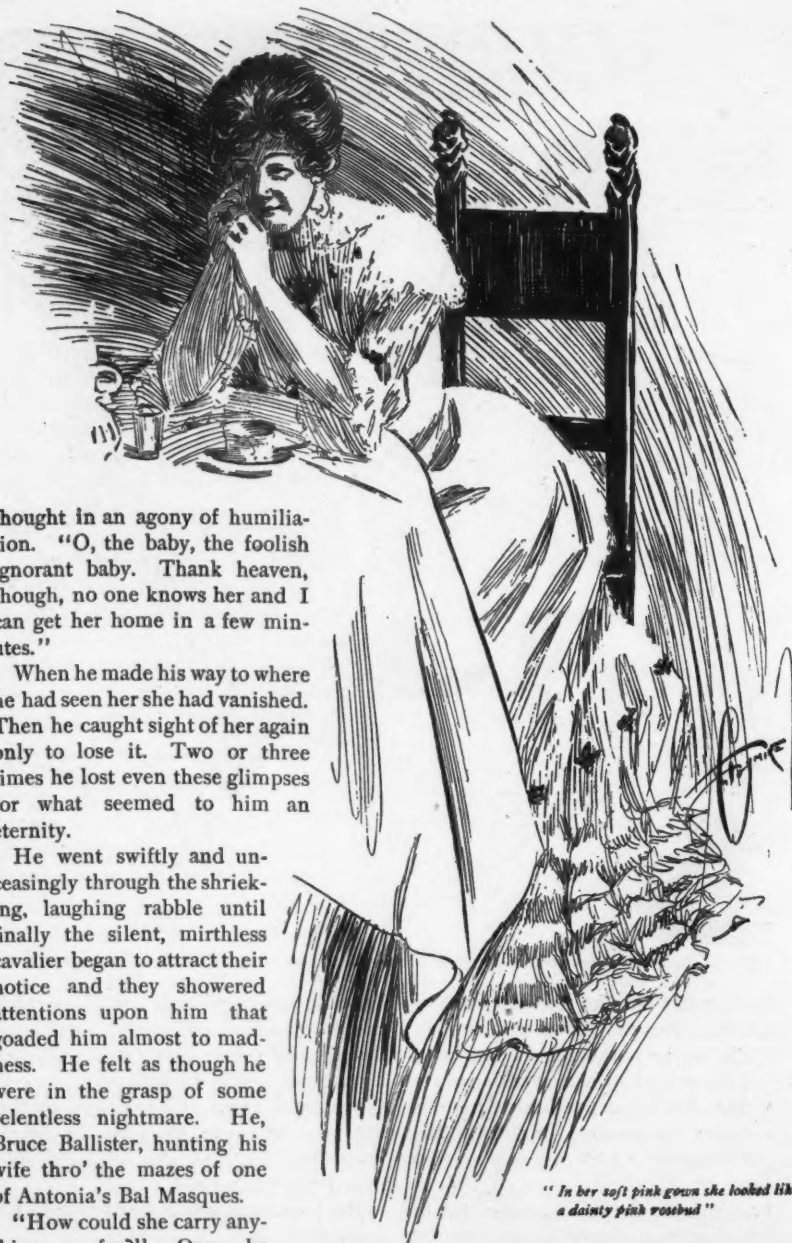
Outside he had seen nothing of James and the carriage; inside he strained his eyes for the flashing black and red costume. The great floor was a whirl of

dancers; banks of artificial palms and rubber plants lined the sides, and through them were glimpses of gaily be-dizened alcoves and corridors.

A minute more and from among the dancers, far up in the room, a figure floated into his sight, airy and sprite-like in red and black.

His breath came in a gasp between his teeth.

"That creature she is dancing with may be anything under heaven," he



thought in an agony of humiliation. "O, the baby, the foolish ignorant baby. Thank heaven, though, no one knows her and I can get her home in a few minutes."

When he made his way to where he had seen her she had vanished. Then he caught sight of her again only to lose it. Two or three times he lost even these glimpses for what seemed to him an eternity.

He went swiftly and unceasingly through the shrieking, laughing rabble until finally the silent, mirthless cavalier began to attract their notice and they showered attentions upon him that goaded him almost to madness. He felt as though he were in the grasp of some relentless nightmare. He, Bruce Ballister, hunting his wife thro' the mazes of one of Antonia's Bal Masques.

"How could she carry anything so far?" Once he thought desperately of going away and leaving her there; of going away and

never coming back. As the time began to creep toward morning his anxiety

"In her soft pink gown she looked like a dainty pink rosebud"

grew almost to the point of insanity.

In the momentary seclusion of some palms he laid his hot head against the wall and groaned shuddering.

He felt a light touch on his arm, and turning like a goaded animal brought to bay, he saw the little red and black figure.

"Lulu," he cried, "my God, Lulu—"

She raised her masque and the face of a stranger confronted him.

She laughed a merry, mocking laugh and left him standing there dazed and bewildered.

He made his way to the outer doors and flung himself into a waiting hack. Just a hint of summer dawn glimmered into its window and the breath of the cool night cleared the taint of sickening perfumes from his nostrils.

The horses thudded loudly through the stillness of the streets. He felt as though they were stepping on his nerves. His face looked gray and tired; all the boyish immaturity had faded from it. The boy had gone forever in that night's experience, and the man sat there, waiting with the sense of suffocation still in his throat.

He let himself into the silent house and trod softly to the chambers above. Every pulse in his body was beating in feverish anxiety.

He opened the door and from the bed two plaintive eyes and a lugubrious face confronted him.

"O, dear," a sobbing voice said, "have you come? How could you do any thing so dreadful as to stay out until nearly morning?"

The terrible tension snapped, leaving him weak and unstrung. He sank into a chair, buried his face in his hands and slow sobs shook him from head to foot.

"What in the world is the matter, Bruce?" Mrs. Ballister cried, forsaking her injured tone and precipitating herself upon him in alarm.

"Tell me," he said sternly, "what it all means. As you know I came home last night and found you gone. Sara said you had gone to Antonia's wearing your red and black masque and expecting me to follow. I found, as I supposed, you there, but you eluded me until half an hour ago; then I discovered a stranger in your dress. Now, explain yourself."

"O," the girl said, nonchalantly, "how very trying. How could Sara have been so mistaken. The fact was, you see, nothing but my dress was going. I had a maid once who would be pleased to go to Antonia's for a consideration, and she went, in consideration of my dress—and other things. I have been abed and waiting for you hours and hours, and you have been trying to catch a red and black dress at a bal masque at Antonia's. Celeste dodged you for three hours or more, did she? She's a good one."

Mrs. Ballister giggled in high enjoyment, then changed her tone.

"O, now," she said, soothingly, "don't keep your little mad up. The next time you let my hair down on the front veranda or any of your tricks, I'll think of something else."

He lifted his head; an almost uncontrollable desire to take her over his knee and administer corporal punishment seized him. He looked at her a moment, then took her face between his hands and kissed her. He felt immeasurably older.

"Yes, dear," he said gently, "but don't think of anything like that again."

She jerked her head away, and there was a note of scorn and surprise in her voice.

"Good gracious, Bruce," she said, "I hope you are not going to turn into a Molly."





By Charles Tenney Jackson

THE old man came slowly out upon the north porch and sat down in the big cane chair. The morning air was cool and buoyant and very still; the tender top spires of the young pine trees in the back yard pointing straight upward, and the broad oak over the road, its lower leaves tipped with the burden of unshaken dew, marked, with its irregular outline, a wide expanse of undampened dust under the foliage. From the brown barn the horses champed at their oats; under the quiet trees of the cow lot, the deepening music of the milking came clearly back. Beyond the hillside the orchard lay, its boughs hung low with swelling apples; full-breasted in mature strength of matronly August. The sun was above the high ridge to the east, the vagueness of the last earth shadows crept into the far hollows of the hills, but the old man could not see so far. The gossamer on the gray clods under the fruit trees showed in the sun, line and angle of spun silver, with here and there a delicate streamer caught upward on an apple bough where it quivered like a shadow of a sunbeam entangled in this evanescent web of dawn. The old man's eyes rested a moment on the orchard path, then he closed them to

listen to the birds in the trees and on the mossy well roof.

From the barn came the hired man. He placed the pail of milk upon the swinging shelf above the expectant kittens, and then washed himself in the tin basin by the door. He poured dippersful of the cold water about his head and face, stirring the fluid with well-soaped hands as the old man arose upon his cane.

"Breakfast's waiting for you, Albert," said he.

"All right, Grandpa!"

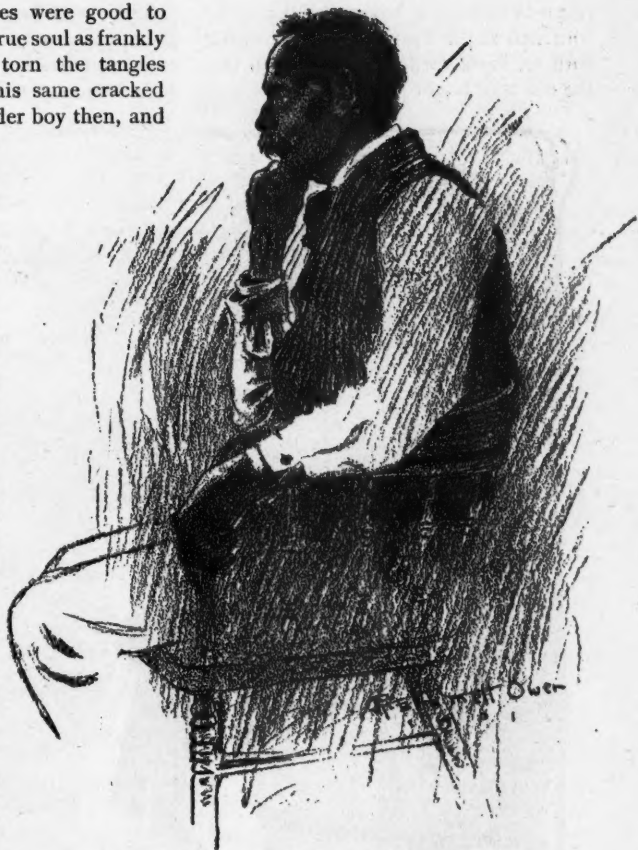
The hired man knew this. He had prepared the meal himself, before the old man had arisen and before the chores were done, many, many times in summers past, but he always cheerily responded, "All right, Grandpa," as though to the old man's kindly hospitality.

An angular portion of an old mirror hung by a shoestring upon the white-washed wall between an almanac and a bunch of gray sage. Before this, with a broken comb, the hired man tugged at his black hair. There were traces of gray upon the hired man's temples, his burned face had more than the lines of toilful years, and his back was a trifle

bent, but his dark eyes were good to look upon—spoke his true soul as frankly as when he had first torn the tangles from his hair before this same cracked mirror. He was a slender boy then, and now the temple curls were tipped with white and he could not walk quite erect as of old.

They sat opposite each other at the table in the hot little kitchen where the cook stove still glowed. The hired man ceased to swing his paper fly brush while the old man muttered over his plate. It had been years since the hired man could distinguish a word, but when he was much younger and the others had been at the table, the old man said, "God bless this food to us; let us thank Thee for the gifts of thy grace this day." Then in later years, when these two had been alone, the old man came to add "and bring our loved ones in safety to their home." The hired man wondered but was glad at this. Year by year Grandpa's head sank lower above the table and the words came falteringly and then all but unheard, and the hired man thought often, as he bowed his head, if the old man still whispered about the loved ones and home.

He waited patiently for the preliminary shuffle of the old man's slippers, as he swept the kittens carefully from under the table, and then they ate, mostly in silence, for of late years, especially this summer, it had been difficult for the hired man to talk with his companion.



"His burned face had more than the lines of toilful years"

The snowy head nodded in forgetful assent alike at the younger man's kindly jests and suggestions about the day's work, and then queried of some bygone matter that caused the hired man to look at him in earnest solicitude.

"I dreamed of him last night, Albert, I was thinking of him the whole night long!"

"Did ye now? Well, I wonder!" exclaimed the hired man with an air of surprise, for at last Grandpa's eyes were raised to his—wide blue eyes seeking assurance and attention like a child's. The hired man had said this many, many

times before, even before his hair had whitened at the temples, always pausing with his knife uplifted to his mouth that the old man might note his interest, and

After breakfast, Grandpa sat again on the north porch smoking his pipe. The hired man piled the dishes upon another table, saving the food, then he fed the



"The older ones knew of a girl who had waited years and years while the hired man worked the Gardner place on shares and wage"

feel his sympathy and devotion, for otherwise the hired man could not express these emotions.

cats. He paused in the soft whistling which he knew always soothed the old man, for the latter started from his doze

when the end came, to say: "Now, Grandpa, can you'n' Towse keep house 'til I get back?"

That was the hired man's invariable morning pleasantry. Grandpa nodded while Towse, gray lipped and pudgy-limbed, looked up from the cat's pan of food. Grandpa smiled. That Towse should steal the cat's food was a piece of rare humor and as inevitable as the hired man's chuckle as he called the felines to another spot to conclude their meal.

The old man watched the dusty horses in creaking harness disappear behind the leafy orchard as the hired man went to his work. Then he dozed again until the high sun glittered upon his beard and the indolent kittens clambered down from his breast to seek the cool recesses of the cellar steps. Towse sought the shady well curb until the sun swung into the great oak above the north porch and it was noon. The hired man came back to feed and water the tired horses and then, without rest himself, he was busied over the hot stove in the little kitchen.

The neighbors were wont, when they saw the hired man at work in the lower field, to stop him with friendly banter about his lateness of hours in getting at his tasks of a morning, or to jocularly ask him about the housework and "Grandpa Gardner's" mended socks. The hired man would then laugh in frank good humor and say, "Oh, I'm jest takin' it easy, lookin' after th' old man's place this summer while th' boy's away. Tain't much—putter'n 'round helpin' th' old man batch; get a feller in trim to get married!"

This last was again the hired man's pleasantry. The neighbors smiled and drove on, for the older ones knew of a girl who had waited years and years while the hired man worked the Gardner place on shares and wage. But that was long ago when the hired man's hair was all black and curly, his back was not stooped, and "Miss" Gardner was alive

and "th' boy" was still "a middlin' young one." That was all long, long ago and the hired man's jest about getting married was as familiar to the neighbors as was the old man's dream of "him" to the hired man. There had been years when the Gardner place did not pay; the lower forty on shares was a bad proposition, and his wage work far in arrears. The hired man said nothing at these times, his jokes were more frequent, and the old man smoked in peace the summer days on the north porch and in winter behind the stove with his feet upon the warm woodbox.

"Albert, I dreamed of him this morning," said the old man, as they sat at



dinner, "seems as if I keep thinking of him more and more, today."

"An' I just expect he'll show up one 'o these days, with you settin' here and me gittin' dinner—homelike, with old Towse wallerin' with th' white kitten."

The old man looked pleased. The hired man had said something like this to this same observation for a matter of some years, but Grandpa never failed to brighten visibly at the suggestion and whistle quaveringly to Towse, expectant at his knee.

He sat very quietly all the long afternoon upon the north porch. Summer by summer the back of the cane bottomed

chair sagged out in a swelling curve, fitting to the old man's shoulders, but it was very comfortable.

In the mid-afternoon the hired man, while the horses were resting, toiled up the steep hillside and stole softly to the north porch. The old man was very still. The blazing sun was aslant of the west side of the house and its checkered beams, through leaf and lattice, fell upon his blue-veined hands, soft as a woman's, and upon the white beard that stirred in the slight breeze. The kittens played lazily about his slippers, regarding the intruder with sleepy interest. The hired man listened above the calm face and sighed gratefully as he went back to the field.

"Might git one 'o his heart spells with me 'way down yonder," he said, and wiped the creeping sweat from his eyebrows. The breeze was sweet with the warm breath of grain and orchard, but to the hired man it was very hot. The hired man had done this every day of his toil and always, as now, the old man slumbered. And all the drowsy afternoon the sound of his mower, a soft far click-click-click, half smothered in the hay, floated up through the orchard, but the old man knew it not until the sun was low, and he awoke to stir the kittens from off his slippers.

In the pleasant evening he sat quietly while the hired man started the supper to cooking and then went about the chores. They sat again about the table where the shadows made everything uncertain, and the hired man bowed his head as grandpa muttered over his simple prayer.



"Somehow, I kept dreaming of him all the afternoon, Albert," said the old man, "dreaming of him—that he was back follering you to the barn to drive with the line-ends, and his mother at the door."

"Well, now I really expect he'll do that yit, sometime," replied the hired man joyfully, for Grandpa's face was aglow with such satisfaction as the former had not seen since before the last bad "heart spell."

The sun was below the western hills and the opalescent splendor of the August sky was changing to deeper tints. The leaf-arched avenues between the apple trees held dim shadows; the dust films down the road blended with the quiet dusk. The chickens about the barn door were querulous and reluctant, hearing the tired horses from the inward gloom crunching their grain. The little red cow in the oak shrouded lot, stood patiently while the hired man rested his hot forehead against her smooth flank. He was very tired and the accumulated dishes of the day and the beds remained to be done in the house. But with the rhythmic cadence of the milk upon the foam-flecked pail, something like a murmur—a song—arose to his lips and kept time with the singing streams, for a day's work done.

The old man from his chair upon the north porch heard the milk music mingle with the voices of crickets afar off and in the cellar steps. A drowsy cow-bell sounded from the enpurpled dusk of the hills above. He could not see so far, though all the sky beyond the crest was astir with tremulous beauty.

A man came across the front yard, around the corner of the house. He was tall, clean-faced, erect with strength. He opened the screen door and looked

into the kitchen, then softly closed it. He saw the back of the arm chair over which strayed a wisp of white hair. He came across the porch and placed both arms upon the chair back, one hand upon the old man's head.

"And you don't know me, dad?" He laughed foolishly, with a voice bashful in its feeling. The old man raised his eyes and clasped the other's shoulders with his soft hands.

The two were talking, the old man in quavering questions, and the stranger in subdued responses, when the hired man came down the path with the pail of milk.

"Why, I was telling Albert to-night, that I dreamed of you—kept thinking of

you all the long afternoon," cried the old man exultingly, "Albert, look here; my boy's come home!"

The stranger ran to grasp the hired man's crooked hands.

"Albert! You still here upon the old place? Stayed right here since mother died, Dad tells me! You seem as natural as the day I ran away; you were always so big, and good to me! Why I was a little chap, then; now, I'm thirty-five!"

The old man laughed softly to himself from the dusk of the north porch, and the son turned with a smile to note his face again.

The hired placed the pail of milk upon the bench and then, in confusion, he laughed with them.



ABSENCE

THERE is something sad in the swaying pines,
There is something sad in the sea,
With you not there,
My own, my fair,
Not there with me!

Will you not come, beloved, and bring
The gladness back to the sea?
To the pines the vernal mirth
Of the earth,
And the old heart-joy to me?

Clinton Scollard

AMERICAN LIFE—THE LIFE OF ACTION

By Herbert W. Conn, Ph. D.

Professor of Biology, Wesleyan University

IT chanced to be my lot to be upon the European continent during our recent short contest with Spain, and the opportunity therefore was presented to me for seeing that contest as it appeared to European eyes. The surrender of Santiago was perhaps the greatest of the many surprises of that short war. For a day or two the European journals could hardly credit that curious proposition connected with the event, the agreement on the part of this country to send back to Spain, at its own expense, all of its captured prisoners. Absolutely unique was such a procedure, but after a few days thinking upon the subject and realizing the extreme shrewdness of the action the European journals solved the problem. This new episode in warfare was called "*eine ganz Amerikanische praktische Idee*," which in the European mind accounted for it satisfactorily. In 1887 the Austrian foreign minister, Count Goluchowski, startled the European thinkers with the public announcement that the time was not far distant when all Europe would be forced to combine in a commercial union against the United States. This suggestion, made four years ago, has been to a certain extent taking shape, and in a recent meeting of the leading industrial association in Austria delegates from a wide industrial territory have been considering the formulation of an international commercial alliance against the American republic.

The United States is jumping with enormous strides into the world's affairs and has become recognized as a factor which must be reckoned with in all matters concerning the nations. Brother

Jonathan has become the business man of the world, and his European cousins no longer laugh at his dollars, but realize that his dollars and what they represent are coming to rule the world. The rapidity with which this country has been taking the markets of the world is one of the surprises of the day, and Pierpont Morgan has greater power in his hand than any monarch. Not only in commerce is the United States coming to be a recognized force, but international problems can no longer be settled by ignoring the opinions of this country, and the time has now come when the voice of the United States in influencing a decision which rules the world politics is regarded as second to none. No one is more surprised at this than we ourselves. The republic which for a century has been complacently ignored as a child on the European continent has suddenly become a grown giant and is respected and feared. Brother Jonathan, who has been looked down upon as interested only in the almighty dollar, has come to be feared as the force that is to dominate the history of the twentieth century.

To us Americans, of course, and to any one interested in the trend of history it becomes a matter of intense significance to inquire why it is that this country has attained such a promise in world affairs.

To one who has had the opportunity of spending some time in Europe and getting somewhat familiar with the conditions and relations of the people, the ambitions of the youth become of especial significance. Tell me the ambition of the youth and I will tell you the

future of a nation. The young man is ambitious everywhere, but in European countries he has very few directions in which he can satisfy his ambitions. He may be born to nobility, and, if so, his ambitions may be easily filled by simply inheriting the prominence which his ancestors have transmitted to him. But the majority of youth are not born to pre-eminence, and if they are to obtain the honor of their fellows they must win it. That is true the world over, hardly less in a European monarchy than in an American republic, but in Europe the possibilities which the youth has of renown are very few. To a young man, who we will suppose is endowed with a high degree of ability and with a great ambition, there appear to be practically only two lines open in which he can develop his energies. The surest method is to go into the army and become an army officer, for the officer is given the nation's plaudits. If this be not his choice he must perforce enter the university and eventually enter in one of the learned professions. All else is by the nature of society closed to him. To enter business or any industrial pursuit at once shuts from him the possibilities of the higher circles. If he has not the physique for a soldier nor the mind for a savant, his case is hopeless. If his family is noble they may even disown him if he enters commercial pursuits. No matter what may be the success a man may reach in industrial lines he is never able to regard himself, and is never regarded, as quite upon the level of a far inferior man who has devoted his life to the process of learning to kill his fellow men or to manipulate a company of soldiers.

Ambitious youth will inevitably turn toward paths of highest honor and power, and as a result the bright young men are attracted either into the army to become officers, or to the university and thus to a professional life. The

significance of this fact leads to action. The army officer, however brilliant he may be in his profession, accomplishes nothing beyond defending his country or aiding in making conquests; the professional man, recognizing as naturally I must the value of his life, lives generally a life of stagnation. He is frequently a man who lives in the past, is confined to his study and is one whose ambitions are narrow. He is not a man of affairs, and is almost universally inclined to let the affairs of the world run themselves, looking upon his own world as separate from and perhaps a little superior to that of the rest of mankind. It is not such men who advance the world. If anything, they hold it back.

These different attitudes of mind have permeated the educational systems of the two types of civilization. The universities of the European countries commonly have one of two aims, either they endeavor to make the investigator, who can carry on research and advance the total sum of knowledge, or they aim to make the cultivated gentleman. The German aims to make the investigator, and the whole system of the German higher education is founded upon the desire of stimulating investigation and research. This has made the German university the home of higher education, and has made Germany the source from which other nations have drawn inspiration. In the English university the aim is to make the cultivated gentleman rather than the investigator, and this has given many of the peculiar characteristics of the English society. Nowhere among the educational systems of Europe do we find attempt to develop the man of action.

In great contrast are the conditions of life in the American republic. Compared to the outlook for the European youth what a contrast opens before the American young man or woman. Not two or three lines of life but an indefinite

number are open to his ambitions. Here more than elsewhere man must achieve his own success, and the highest laurels are awarded neither to the soldier nor to the professional man. The American does not lose caste when he becomes a business man or turns his attention to industrial pursuits and, provided he achieves success, his rewards are equally high with the professional man. His family is not ashamed of the American youth who has become prominent in the affairs of the day, indeed we award our highest praises and greatest admiration for the man of action. The kind of life which in European countries are the only openings for the ambitions of youth are not in this country given the highest rewards. By the mass of American people the army officer is rather looked down upon than looked up to as he is in Europe. With all honor to the learned professions, these do not offer the American youth who is full of a desire for action the highest outlet for his ambitions. To the American, with his love for action, there are scores of other possibilities more attractive for his energies, any one of which is likely to produce even greater power, greater influence and greater honor than the two which chiefly attract the European youth.

To the American youth the greatest attraction is a life of action, and to him the comparatively stagnant life which in these modern times the army officer or the university professor must live, is not especially attractive. The very essence of the American is his love of action and his dissatisfaction in a life of stagnation. A life of action may take a score of different directions, to the young man in our republic who has high ambitions and high intelligence, it is the demands of commerce and industry which offer the greatest attractiveness. These promise to give the greatest power and honor; and these lines of industry have in the recent years been drawing toward

themselves more and more the whole energies of the best minds, the most ambitious natures of the youth of the American republic. As a result the bright American youths are drawn to the lines of intense activity involved in the general term Industrial. It is these active men engaged in affairs that advance the world and make a rising nation. Do we not see here a great reason for the rapid growth of our country?

In sharp contrast to this has been the aim of the American college whose highest purpose is neither to make the investigator nor the cultivated gentleman. Whatever be said of European education American colleges have to-day become imbued with the spirit of the new science of biology. Modern zoology differs from the earlier sciences of zoology and botany in the fact that it studies life from the standpoint of dynamics, while the scientist of earlier days studied it from the standpoint of statics. This change in attitude has been brought about by the modern doctrine of evolution, which has permeated all branches of learning until it has become a part of, and we may almost say the foundation not only of science but of philosophy and history and theology. The result has been to bring us to the position of studying living things as active objects constantly undergoing modification. It has taught us that each age is new. It has taught us that to-day is not like yesterday, but is the product of the activities of yesterday, and has taught us that the morrow is to be the product of the action of to-day. It has taught us that we cannot understand the present wholly in terms of the past, because each age offers new phenomena, shows the application of forces under new conditions and presents, therefore, new conditions and new phenomena. Each age, each generation is therefore unique by itself. It has taught us that to-day is built out of the wrecks of yesterday. It has taught us

that the individual or the nation that is content with the past is stagnant; nay, doomed by clinging to a breaking wreck. The lesson from the biological study of the last fifty years has been that the secret of success in nature is constant action. It is only the active organism that succeeds. The moment that an animal or a plant becomes passive, that moment it begins to degenerate, descending at once to a lower grade of existence and thus taking one step toward extermination.

As a natural result the last half century, and more particularly in the last quarter century, has seen a gradual turning away from much of the education of tradition and the rapid construction of a system which is new and unique. The introduction of the elective system into our colleges has produced a revolution in education. This elective system, coupled with the great desire for an education leading to a life of action, has dethroned the classics from the position which they formerly enjoyed as the chief studies of higher education. The rapid growth of scientific departments in colleges and the wonderful development of the scientific schools clearly voices the demand in the United States for an education which fits the youth for the active participation in the affairs of the world, instead of one which delegates him to the study or the class room. It is the purpose of the American college to make a man who may be a hunter in the plains of the West, or a sheriff among the cow punchers on the Western plains, or returning again East to his own home, a commissioner of police in the greatest city in our nation, or assistant secretary of the navy, or the colonel of a regiment composed of cowboys and millionaires' sons; and finally, against his will perhaps, the vice-president of the country. But in every sphere a magnificent success because equipped with the necessary power and training for action in whatever circumstances he is

placed. Whether or not we agree with him in politics Roosevelt is the ideal American because the man of the most intense action and integrity.

When we remember these facts, the wide range of ambition and the tendency of our education to train men of action, we have a large part of the explanation for our rapid advancement in world affairs. The practical application of science to life is the most characteristic feature of the last quarter century, and our social customs and our education furnish the men who bring about this application. Our industries, using the word now to cover practically all lines of life except the army and the professions, obtain the services of the brightest minds, since they offer to the American the highest rewards, and each year the expansion of our education furnishes these men with wider, though perhaps not deeper, training.

The twentieth century into which we are entering, is clearly to be one of industrial development. The evolution which is to take place in the next few years is to be neither military nor philosophical, neither scholarly nor theological; but industrial. No one who reads the signs of the times can fail to see that the coming forces which are to rule the next few years are those which the gigantic organizations are collecting and placing in the hands of a few men. Into an industrial century we are entering.

The great opportunity open to the American college is based upon the lack of traditions which trammel our development. We refuse to consider anything as good simply because it is old, and insist that the object of education, even the college education, is to fit a man for life, drawing the conclusion that as the conditions of life change education must also change. Because of this heritage we have been able to adapt our education to the growing demand for action.

Our success in the future will depend upon our continuing to be recognized as parts of the American civilization. So long as we continue to train men who by action can guide the nation, so long will the American college hold its own, but we should in wisdom remember that we shall hold our position only as we make ourselves a part of the American civilization. If we separate ourselves too much from the rest of the nation and its purposes, we shall have the chagrin of seeing the other institutions of learning which realize, as the colleges do, the imperative demand of the American people for an education which fits its youth for action, leaving the colleges hopelessly behind.

In this eastern section of the country there is today a manifest tendency for the college community to try to make a little world of its own. We are trying to adopt the gown, and little by little take steps, which lead us to an exclusiveness in which we do not want to admit the outside world. This is a little thing it is true, but let us not forget that the genius of the American education should be that the educated men are part of its active population, and the college can continue to succeed only as it continues to send men in active life, and not wholly into the study or the professions or even into a little exclusive world of college graduates. Let us not allow colleges to become like the European university, an institution which creates an exclusive clique. Let us embrace everything which makes closer the bond of sympathy between the college and active life, and let us use our influence against all that tends to separate us from the great body of American citizens.

My second plea is to the college graduate himself and for his recognition of the immense opportunities offered for him in the service of the industrial army.

We have too frequently a feeling that the college graduate who goes into busi-

ness and thus enters into industrial life has taken a step down from the place that we hoped he should occupy.

We give our highest approbation to professional life. But the American nation does not, and if we are to look for the good of the future, if we are to expect our country to hold its own in the evolution of the twentieth century in which it has so well started, if we are to hope that the development of these new gigantic forces in the future shall be directed in right channels for the benefit of the world in general, we must believe that the highest, the greatest, the grandest opportunity that is opened before the American youth who has received his college education is in the line of industrial pursuits.

The bright and ambitious young people will be attracted to the life which offers the highest rewards and in United States these lines are those of action. It is this stimulus upon our youth which in large degree, in my opinion more than any other factor, accounts for the extraordinary development of American industries and American commerce in recent years, and explains how it is that the nations of the old world, who have not yet waked up to the fact that the twentieth century is an industrial century, are becoming alarmed at the advance of the younger nation who has placed the highest awards in the hands of those who devote their lives to action, and who do not give its highest rewards to those who simply inherit nobility or who have trained themselves to destroy their fellow man, or who have chosen a professional life which at best must be largely one of stagnation.

Let us all remember that the whole evolution of the past tells us that the world's destinies are to be guided, neither by the scholar nor the soldiers, neither by the men of noble rank nor the uncultivated gentleman, but by the man of action, action, action.

MISS RAE

By Elmore Elliott Peake

A FEW hours ride out of Charleston on the South Carolina Railroad, into old Barnwell County, and then a three-mile drive over one of the loveliest old roads in the southland, brought me to the deserted plantation of Colonel Wat Addenbrooke. Before me stretched a noble avenue of trees whose interlocking tops formed a lofty, gloomy archway, from the dome of which hung the sombre Florida moss, in mournful clusters. The tottering gate to the grounds could not have been closed for years, for it was firmly anchored ajar by a tangle of creepers. One of the deeply corroded hinges formed the foundation for a wren's humble home.

The dilapidated gray fence on either side had a weary, aged air, as though it were stooping to be received back into the arms of mother earth, to be put to sleep in decay. The fields were choked with a dense growth, impenetrable by any human being except possibly a cane-field negro. As far as the eye could reach, on every side, lay an unbroken stretch of inexpressible desolation. Here and there a lonely laurel or live-oak lifted its green head in a dispirited way above the rank surface. The atmosphere of the past lay over all, breathing the pensive story of a unique industrial organism forever stilled, of a picturesque civilization crushed under the pitiless wheels of Progress, of a hospitable people now crumbling to grave-dust.

Upon reaching the old houseyard, after nearly half a mile's ride under the ancient trees, I tied my horse and went on a-foot. A wild, razor-back hog, followed by her litter, suddenly charged out of the thicket. Her little red eyes

gleamed maliciously, and the hair on her sharp spine rose threateningly. As I made no aggressive move, however, she continued her way across the road and plunged into the bushes again.

On my left stood a little square brick building, the first of a row just like it. Windows and doors had long since succumbed to the great destroyer, and of the roof nothing was left but a few rotting, vineclad rafters. Even the doorway had crumbled into a mere jagged hole, half-choked by a wild growth of rosebushes. This little hut was once the home of a slave. Some old "Tom," or "Jerry," or "Possum Joe," had sat beneath those rafters and told hair-raising stories of the hooded angel that haunted Bullsake Swamp. Some old black Dinah or Chloe had once filled that doorway with her generous proportions, arms akimbo and turban on head, as she cast a sharp eye on the pickaninnies playing in the sandy road.

The old mansion, in plain view from where I stood, was a square structure surrounded by spacious, hospitable porches. The doors hung wide upon their hinges, open alike to wind and rain, owls and bats, toads and spiders. Close to the south wall grew a few stunted orange trees, laden with little, bitter fruit. Further on, as melancholy as the house, were the great stables with their sunken roofs and tottering walls—roofs and walls that had once sheltered the best horseflesh in South Carolina, for old Colonel Wat was a lover of fine stock. Here, on birthdays, Christmases, and other festive occasions, the young bloods of Barnwell and Hampden used to stride up and down, critically eyeing

one another's stock, flourishing raw-hides, swapping cobs, and laying bets on coming races, accenting it all possibly with more forcible expletives than would have been permissible in the house, where delicate ears might overhear.

As I sat beneath a magnolia, lost in romantic and melancholy reflections, the strains of an old melodeon floated to my ears. Startled though I was at this evidence of life, I did not move. A voice out of the past was speaking. I closed my eyes and listened to the tremulous, halting melody. Soon the spell of the place laid hold of me. The plantation lived again. The fields smiled with sugar-cane and cotton, and through the drowsy summer air came the faint hum of darky melody. The slave-quarters were noisy with light-hearted blacks. The horses neighed and stamped in the stables. The canal that led to the Savannah river was again bankful, and on its bosom floated barges white with the southern King. The vaulted roof of the trees rang with the sweet laughter of youth. A company of young people on horseback came dashing down the driveway; and I heard a sweet, girlish voice claim her wager from the young cavalier whom she had beaten by a yard. Then darkness fell—in my dream—and the windows of the old house released floods of light. From within floated the wail of the violin, and with rhythmic movement the couples glided before me. All this I saw and more, until with the last sad notes of the melodeon the fairy scene grew misty, the phantoms faded away, and—I was still sitting under the magnolia.

Curious to find what human being lived where there was so much of death, I walked toward a low roof that lay in the adjoining thicket. Following a shadowy path, I suddenly found myself upon the edge of a little cleared plat, dotted with beds of cabbages and tomatoes, and bordered by rows of sweet po-

tatoes. Imbedded in the edge of the thicket, with its front toward the garden, was an old weatherbeaten, tumbledown shanty. A tall mulatto woman sat in the doorway, with a clay pipe in her mouth. Her chin was buried in her hands, her eyes rested dreamily upon the ground.

As I stepped into view with a warning cough, she glanced up in a startled way and hastily concealed her pipe.

"Never mind, aunty," said I, smiling. "I don't object to smoke."

"Mebbe not, suh. It's not that, suh," said she. "Neither do old Marse Wat. But ef he seen Sugar with a pipe, he'd knock it out of her teef, suh. He and Miss Rae done taught her better'n thet."

"But Colonel Addenbrooke can't see you now," I suggested. "He is dead, you know. He died long years ago." I perceived at once that she was under some hallucination, so common to her age and class.

"Yes, he's dead. I just been dreamin' and clean forgot. Of cose he's daid, or he'd be heah now. But Mister Bob ain't daid. He's a-comin' back. He promised Miss Rae he'd do it, and he *will*. When I fust cotched a glimpse of you, suh, I made shuh it was Mister Bob. You didn't see him no'ers on the road, did you?" she asked, anxiously scanning my face with her purblind eyes. "'Tain't likely, though, 'cause he'd a-beat you heah. No hoss like Firefly in *this* country. Gray mare, from Virginny, suh."

"No, I didn't see Mister Bob," said I. "But I heard you playing a little while ago."

"Yes, suh, juss playin' a little tune for Miss Rae. The poor child do get so lonesome in that little dark room, all by hersef. She's used to better quatahs. But she knows Sugar never go away from her—no, never, never, *never*, twell Mister Bob come and take the child, and then Sugar's work done."

"And who is Miss Rae?" I asked, willing to humor her.

"You muss be a stranger in these pahts!" she exclaimed. "Miss Rae is ole Marse Wat's child, and she's engaged to Mister Bob. And you never seen her! Well, well! Come right in now, suh, and see the child." She arose briskly and knocked the ashes out of her pipe. "It would breck her hot, suh," she whispered, softly, "ef she knew I smoked thet pipe. But it's *seeb* a comfort, when I'm dreamin'."

Considerably mystified at her invitation, for I knew the story of Miss Rae in part, and knew that she had been dead for years, I bent my head and entered the low doorway. Everything inside, from the tiny stove to the tin cups on the wall, was as trim as a Dutch garden. Several clusters of dried sweet-corn hung from the low ceiling, and a bunch of swamp-flags adorned one corner. I had no time to observe much, but my attention was attracted by a miniature on the clock-shelf. The broad forehead, fearless eyes, proud lips, and dignified poise of the head, would have arrested any eye. I asked who it was.

"Ole Marse Wat!" explained Sugar, pleased at my interest. "Never seen but one face could beat thet. Thet was Mister Bob's. Guess there's nothin' much on this uth to beat Mister Bob's face." She paused with her hand on the knob of a door opening into another little room. "Don't speak of Mister Bob befo' Miss Rae," she cautioned me. "She's a-waitin' for him an' a-waitin', an' he'll come; an' she knows he'll come; but sometimes she gets drefful despondent."

We stepped into a darkened chamber. Old Sugar moved forward a few steps; then turning to me with a low bow, love lighting her aged eyes, she said in a voice in which pride and respect were curiously blended:

"*Thob* Miss Rae, suh!"

I stood face to face with the full length portrait of a proud Southern beauty. So I had heard her called by the reminiscent old cavaliers that sat around the balcony of the Charleston Hotel. She may have been proud, but she was angelic, too. The chaste, soulful beauty of her eyes, the noble lines of her brow, the sweet, sensitive lips told me that.

Old Colonel Wat's only child! Those stories of the old Charlestonians about Colonel Wat's appalling grief at her death no longer seemed strained. Mister Bob's sweetheart! No wonder Sugar thought he would come back. Old Sugar's little mistress! It was not strange that the faithful old slave stood there with eyes beaming love and pride. It was one of those faces that make a man's heart cleaner; that restore his youthful belief that all the angels are not in heaven. Yet in those girlish eyes there was something very human, something to warm one's blood. As I looked I half expected to see them flash in merriment, I half expected to see the pretty lips part and whisper, half roguishly, half indignantly, "It is not polite, sir, to look so long." But in the same moment the merry light died away, and gave place to a great, patient yearning; the corners of her handsome mouth settled rather sadly, and the lips seemed softly to repeat old Sugar's question, "Have you seen Bob, sir?"

The poor demented Sugar gave me a chair, and then sat down herself at the melodeon to play Miss Rae and me a "tune." Such music! It was never written anywhere but on that faithful old woman's broken heart. It was only an expression of her daily thoughts and nightly dreams. When the wierd, pathetic improvisation was at an end, her faded eyes were radiant with a strange, faraway light; her mind was back, away back in the happy past. For some minutes she sat as though oblivious of my presence, and then she murmured

like one communing with herself:

"She and Mister Bob Singleton been engaged since they was so high. Marse Wat engaged 'em. Marse Wat loved Mister Bob from the time he was a little boy, and Mister Bob over heah mo' 'an he was his own pa's. Marse Wat teached him to ride, and when Mister Bob come dashin' down the ca'ge-way, like the debil himself, Marse Wat laffed and slapped his laig, and made little Missy Rae kiss Mister Bob. Then Marse Wat say:

"'Bob, what you goin' to be?"

"'Rae's husband, suh,' says Mister Bob.

"'Is you good enough for her?' says Marse Wat.

"'I am not, suh,' says Mister Bob.

"'What for you goin' to marry her, then?' says Marse Wat, a-laffin'.

"'Because no man is good enough for her, suh, but I'm as good as they is,' says Mister Bob.

"'Then ole Marse Wat laff and say, 'Go to the haid of yo' class, suh.' Then he say to Missy Rae, 'What *you* goin' to be some day?"

"'Bob's wife, suh,' says she, so sweet.

"'And why you goin' to be Bob's wife?' says he.

"'Because I love him, and want to make him happy,' says she.

"'And how you make him happy?' says Marse Wat.

"'By lovin' him,' says she, lookin' like an angel.

"'Then Marse Wat took 'em bofe on his knees, and tole 'em about Missy Rae's mother, and how she loved him and made him happy, twell the Lawd called her away.

"'Those two chil'ren played together all the time, suh, twell they growed right up, and Mister Bob was a big strong boy. He was'n afraid of any hooded apgel in Bullsake Swamp! He go after the angel once and lay in the swamp all night. When he come back in the mawnin' he

say, 'Kunnel Wat, that's a damn lie about that angel.' Marse Wat looked aroun' a-laffin' and say, 'Hush! Theh's Rae a-listenin'.' But she done hud him swear already, and she say, 'Bob, didn't you promise me never to swear?' Mister Bob turn red, then, and say, 'I did, but it juss slip out.' Then she say, 'Doan let no mo' slip out.' And Marse Wat laffed twell the tears run down his face.

"'When Mister Bob was growed up, he go away to Virginny, to the big school at Cha'lottesville. Miss Rae cried when she kiss him goodbye, and I think he did, too, but he ride away so quick I could'n rightly see. All the fust year he write her every week—big, fat letters. Doan see how he could write so much in a week, but he did. Marse Wat always give me the letters to teck to her, and she always used to say, laffin' low and sweetlike, 'Sugar, you rascal, have you done read this letter 'thout my knowin' it?' Cose I could'n no mo' read than a hawg. Then she laff again and say, 'What you suppose thet triflin' boy got to say *this* time?"

"'He did'n come home when the summer came, as he been writin' all the time he would. He say his uncle in England want him to come there, and he have to go. He say it nearly breck his hot, but he have to go. Miss Rae say to me, 'Sugar, he juss say thet, 'cause he thinks *my* hot's a-breckin'. But it ain't.' And she draw herself up so proudlike, and then she laffed, juss as though she did'n care. I guess she did'n, too. She thought Mister Bob too young and foolish for her, 'cause she allays like to read and he did'n. At least, he did'n seem to.

"'Then the trouble come. I never could zackly understan' it, though the Lawd knows Miss Rae tole me enough times. It was after Mister Bob come back from England, and goin' to school again. He sent a newspaper home, what had his name in it, marked aroun' wif ink. Miss

Rae explain it to me. *She* understood it, bein' able to read, but I could'n. It was somethin' about the States havin' the right to go out o' the Union. Anyway, Mister Bob say, right in print, they *ain't* no right.

"When Marse Wat open the paper and read that, he say, 'My God! is the boy turn traitor?' And he called Miss Rae to come quick. 'Read thet,' says he, so loud I was half scared to death. She read it clean through, and when she laid down the paper her beautiful eyes was flashin' and her cheeks flamin' red.

"'In a Nawthener,' says she, slowlike, 'that would be unjust. In Bob, it's dastardly. If there should be a wah, papa, I doan want a husband that will leave me to join my country's enemies.'

"She set up a long time writin' Mister Bob a letter, though it seemed to me it was a mighty shawt letter, too. Then she say to me, 'Sugar, send Choc over to the pos'-office with this the fust thing in the mawnin'. You won't have to send him over with any mo'—to Mister Bob.'

"Marse Wat looked mightily tired and woan in the mawnin' at breckfast. He tole Miss Rae not to be too quick; and he kep' sayin' it over, not to be too quick, twell she say at last, kind of white in the face:

"'Papa, I've already written him.'

"'What you tell him?' says he, in a low voice I never liked to heah.

"'What I tole you lass night,' says she.

"Marse Wat jump up from the table like he was shot, and I did'n see him no mo' thet day. After thet they did'n talk about Mister Bob no mo'; and shuh enough, no mo' letters come from him.

"Then, one lovely day in June, who should come a-ridin' down the lane but Mister Bob! He looked mighty bad, though, and when he spoke to me, he did'n smile like he used to. Marse Wat set still a minute and then he run down and grab Mister Bob's hands and say,

'Forgive us, Bob. I doan know but you ah right. But yo' ah as thin and pale as a ghos'. What they feed you up theh?'

"Mister Bob say he guess it was hard study, and just then Miss Rae come down the steps. She give him her hand, too, but she did'n kiss him, like she did when he went away. I don't suppose she would, anyway, but Mister Bob was turrible stiff with her.

"Anybody could see he was different. He was more like a man. He had a powerful fixin' eye when he looked at you, and still it seemed to be a-thinkin' all the time, too. He stayed home all summer, and I guess ef he and Marse Wat did have any trouble about them States and the Union, they made it up, 'cause he used to ride over to see Marse Wat three or fo' times a week. They use to set on the poach and smoke and talk twell long after midnight. I never seen Mister Bob and Miss Rae together no mo,' alone, for any length of time, an' it did seem as ef Marse Wat tried to leave 'em alone, sometimes. But when he did leave 'em alone, they never talked much. It was'n nothin' like ole times. I declare, I never could understand it—and all about that triflin' noos-paper with his name marked aroun' in ink.

"Marse Wat and Mister Bob used to talk politics mos'ly, and Miss Rae would sit aroun' and listen. It was easy enough to see she did'n think Mister Bob too much a boy, then. No, indeed! He could talk Marse Wat down anytime. Sometimes Miss Rae say somethin' about the politics, too, and Marse Wat would listen and look at Mister Bob, as though he was sayin', 'How's that, Bob, for a girl?' But Mister Bob would juss look down at the poach and say, 'Thet's ve'y true,' or 'I think you is right, from you' stan'-point,' or somethin' like that did'n mean nothin'. Then he'd go on talkin' with Marse Wat.

"Marse Wat was kind of sad to see

Mister Bob treatin' Miss Rae in that no-count fashion, and one night after Mister Bob had gone I heard him say, 'Rae, is Bob ever spoken of the pass?' And she say, kind of low, 'No, father.'

"Then he say, drawin' a long breathe, 'I suppose it's juss as well. When he fust come back, I could have sworn he was suffering, but I guess I was wrong. Your ole pa's dreams was only dreams.'

"Miss Rae at that jumped up and run into the house, and when I went upstairs to undress her she was layin' on the bed, cryin' like her hot would break. Then she say to me, chokin' up, 'Sugar, ef you ever tell, I'll kill you.' I guess she would, too, 'cause them Addenbrooke's all mighty proud, and mighty hot-headed, though they was so soft and easy mos' of the time.

"The lass night Mister Bob was home on his vacation, he and Marse Wat and Miss Rae was on the poach where they always set. The frogs was a-croakin' in the swamp, and it was so kind of lonesome I slipped into the pahlor where I could hear 'em talk. After awhile Marse Wat say, 'Bob, ef you'll excuse me I guess I'll juss go down to the stable and look at Romeo's lame foot.' Romeo was Miss Rae's hoss. So he went, and then I did'n hear nothin' for sometime. But they was sittin' in the moonlight, and I could see Mister Bob lookin' at her so steady-like, and her a-lookin' down on the poach, kind of queer and blushin'-like. Then she look up at him, and smiled a little, and say:

"'Bob, is theh anything unusual about me for you to look so hahd,' and then she laffed a little.

"'I was juss wonderin', Rachael,' says he, sober as a judge, 'if you did'n love me a little yet.'

"I seen her bite her lip, and the blood come and go in her face, and her hands twiss together, twell I thought the pore child was goin' to faint.

"'Because I love you as much as ever,' says he.

"At that she give a little cry, and says, 'Bob, I never loved you like I love you now.'

"And, bless you, when Marse Wat come back theh she was with her beautiful head a-layin' on Mister Bob's shoulder, and her face turn in so he could'n see, and they never stirred. Shoo!"

Old Sugar smiled a little for the first time in her story. The bravery of her two idols in not "stirring" had been with her all these years.

"No, suh, they never stirred, not even for Marse Wat. He juss stood and looked at 'em, and then he say, 'Thank God,' and went into the house.

"Mister Bob went back to school next day, and then the letters come again, thicker than befo'. Miss Rae was so happy. I declare, she was singin' like a mockin'-bird all day long, it seem, and a-laffin', and a-talkin' to herself, and gettin' mo' like an angel every day, twell I juss nachally knew how hahd she love Mister Bob, and how happy he done made her.

"Then—then—O Gawd!" Her voice broke and she paused for a moment, wiping her eyes. "I was out in the yahd one day, when Majah Singleton, Mister Bob's pa, come a-ridin' in like mad, his hoss white as foam. But I did'n pay no attention, 'cause all them Singleton's pow'ful reckless riders. When I come into the kitchen after awhile, theh was old black Penelope wringin' her hands, and moanin' 'O Gawd, O Gawd.' When I asked her what the matter was, she on'y shook her haid and tole me to go 'way. Marse Wat was in the liberry, pale as a tombstone, and with terrible eyes in his haid. I did'n dare ask *him*. So I went upstairs a-lookin' for Miss Rae. Theh she lay on the baid—pore little angel!—as white as the pillowcase ole Sue washed herself. But she was'n cryin' and she

was'n sayin' a word, on'y still and white as though she was daid. Ef her eyes had'n been open, I'd a-thought she was daid, for shoo.

"'Miss Rae,' says I, clean upset myself, 'for Gawd's sake tell me what it is.'

"'Sugar,' she says, pattin' my cheek, while her voice trembled as though her hot was a-breckin', 'Mister Bob is killed a man.'

"Well, I juss drop down on my knees and prayed it was'n true twell the supper bell ring. I doan know how it happen, but I know Mister Bob could'n kill no man 'cept he had good cause. There was a quoll or something, and then Mister Bob shot—and he never miss when he shoot. I wish now he did.

"He did'n write no mo' then. For days and days it was juss the same, as though somebody was a-layin' daid in thet house. Everybody speakin' low and shufflin' around, niggahs and all. It seem as though I could'n stan' it no longer, but *she* did, and so did Marse Wat. I tole Miss Rae I thought Mister Bob ought to write her another letter, and she say, 'Hush, Sugar. Maybe he's a-hidin' in some swamp to-night, where they ain't no paper and ink.' The poor child used to walk about makin' no mo' noise than a shadder, a-singin' no mo', and doin' nothin' no mo'. Marse Wat juss set in his liberry all day and read and read and read twell I used to think his eyes muss ache. But sometimes he'd hole a book all afternoon and never turn a paige.

"One night me and Miss Rae was sittin' in the little summerhouse, with the roses all aroun' us. Miss Rae was layin' back with her eyes close, like she got to doin' all the time, and the tears a-stealin' out. Juss then I seen a man step out from behind a rosebush, an' hole up his han'. His clothes was that dirty and torn, but, before Gawd, it was Mister Bob!

"'Missy, fo' Gawd's sake, open yo'

eyes,' I whispered. And when she did, she neveh moved. She could'n. Mister Bob juss took her in his arms and kiss her and kiss her and kiss her. Not fass, but so slow and solemn—it seem as though he could'n stop.

"'Poor, poor boy,' says she, pushin' his hair back. 'God help you, Bob, God help you.'

"'He has no cause to desert me,' says he. 'He knows, if man does'n. As long as you believe in me, sweetheart, I can stan' it.'

"And all she done was to wrap her ahms aroun' his neck as tight as though she was goin' to stay right theh on his breast forever. But he whisper somethin' in her ear that made her turn pale—somethin' about ossifers of the law—and then he kiss her juss once more and start to go. Juss then Marse Wat come up, Mister Bob stopped and straightened up like a pos'. I thought they never would stop lookin' at each other.

"'Bob,' says Marse Wat.

"'Kunnel Wat,' says Mister Bob. Then they took hold of hands again and look at each other.

"'Bob,' says Marse Wat, 'this is the saddest hour of my life. Have you promised the little one to come back?'

"'Yes, suh,' says Mister Bob.

"'Come, Bob, when you can teck her away with honor, not befo',' says Marse Wat, and at thet Miss Rae done faint. 'Thet's her due,' says Marse Wat. 'She would flee to the end of the yeth with you, Bob, and I would let her, for I believe you innocent. But that would'n make her happy. She'll be mis'able if you leave her; she'll be mis'able if you teck her. Misery is hers, an' yours, an' mine, and may Gawd help us all. Come when you can with honor, Bob, but not befo'. Give me you' hand on that.' And Mister Bob did.

"'He ain' come back yet,' continued old Sugar, wearily, 'but he's a-comin', an' Miss Rae is a-waitin'. She been

waitin' a long time, but he's a comin'. Gawd help ole Sugar to wait with her missy, twell he comes, and then she go. She gettin' ole, and have bad dreams. She dream once she seen the niggahs goin' away and leavin' ole mass'r. She seen some sogers come, in blue clothes, and they guns, and mahch right into the ole house, and eat in the pahlor, and breck the furniture, and steal the spoons. She dream everything goin' to rack and ruin. And then—that was the mos' terrible—she dream that Miss Rae git paler an' paler and paler, twell she die. O Gawd! An' then she dream Marse Wat die too. And then they come for the furniture in a wagin, and I run out, after dark, and took Miss Rae's pickshuh off the wagin, and hide it in the awchud twell they go.

"I dream that mo' than once, suh, but I know it woan come true. Miss Rae say dreams doan come true, and on'y ignorant niggahs believe in 'em. But I do wish Mister Bob would come. I doan know what keeps him so long."

I left the little cabin with the hardest lump in my throat that has been there for many a day. But before I went I took one more look at the sweet Southern girl in the great gold frame. Again her sensitive lips, in my fancy, wreathed themselves into a little sad smile, as she asked, "Have you seen Bob, sir?"

I could not leave the grounds without one peep at the family graveyard. I found it guarded by an almost impassable thicket of brambles, shaded by a group of ancient magnolias. The graves were matted over with a wild tangle of rosebushes, and the mossy stones were wound round and round with these rugged garlands of nature. The larger stone was in memory of Colonel Walter Addenbrooke and consort Mamie. The smaller "To the angel that for a brief time was lent from Heaven—Rachael Dorothy." How venerable it all seemed,

how sacred. How the gray slabs gave the last touch to Sugar's sad story. I could not restrain my tears.

As I was wondering if in all the years gone by any stranger's foot had before profaned this hallowed soil, I heard a rustling, and a man stepped from the bushes on the other side. He had evidently retreated there at my approach. His figure was tall and rather stout, and he had a foreign, military air. His black hair and mustache were streaked with gray, but otherwise Time seemed to have been kind to him, for his step was firm and his bearing lofty.

"Are you related to the dead ones here?" he asked, in a deep, sympathetic voice, noting my emotion.

"No, sir," I returned, "save that they have suffered and I have suffered. I have just heard their story."

"From whom?" he asked, with a start.

"From an old ex-slave by the name of Sugar, who yet lives on the place."

"Would you be kind enough to take me to her?" he asked, after a moment's thought, and we walked away together.

Old Sugar was again in the doorway with her pipe, lost in meditation. As we came up she politely arose, concealing her pipe as before. Suddenly, as she looked at the stranger, her dull eyes brightened, a deadly pallor overspread her face, and she shrieked shrilly, "'Fore Gawd! 'fore Gawd! Miss Rae, little missy, come quick, come quick! Mister Bob done come back! Mister Bob done come back. Bless Gawd, Mister Bob come back at lass!"

As she sank, Mister Bob caught her in his arms and reverently kissed her. For a moment she lay in a trancelike state, looking straight up into the clouds. Then she whispered softly, "She'll be so happy, so happy, Mister Bob. Teck good care of her, Mister Bob, 'cause Sugar—is—a-go'in'."

And when Bob laid her gently down, a moment later, she had gone.

THE RECKONING

A Story of Mexico Under Maximilian

By Mark Lee Luther

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

General Ravenscroft, overwhelmed by the downfall of the Confederacy, is attracted to Mexico in the hope of bettering his fortunes. He is accompanied by his daughter, Mary, and is shortly followed by his young cousin, Tom Sanborn, a civil engineer. The General's dreams of peace and plenty prove chimerical and he finds Maximilian's empire a hornet's nest of dissension. Sanborn, however, obtains employment in the construction of the new railroad from Vera Cruz. Among the new acquaintances of the Americans are Philip Strang, of the Imperial household; Don Hernando de Velasco y Rojas, a Mexican whose foible is his illustrious descent; and Isabel, his beautiful, but selfish daughter. By Strang's invitation the Americans visit the palace of Chapultepec in the absence of the Emperor and, by a feminine manoeuvre practised upon Sanborn, Isabel includes herself with the party. She is discovered rummaging among the Emperor's papers by Strang and is summarily ordered from the palace. The political situation grows more threatening and the Emperor falls under the domination of Father Fischer, an intriguing priest. On learning of the insanity of the Empress, he retires to Orizaba, meditating abdication. Sanborn meets him and at the instance of Strang represents the disquiet he has observed among the people. The Emperor determines to remain in Mexico without the support of the French, and Strang returns to the capital where he accepts an invitation to join the Ravenscrofts at their Christmas dinner. Sanborn develops symptoms of jealousy. The French make a spectacular exit, and the week following their withdrawal Philip Strang comes to the Ravenscrofts' in search of Sanborn.

IX.

By Request of the Emperor

WHEN the two men were left to themselves the Englishman came directly to his business as was his wont.

"I searched for you at the 'Bacchus' and at your lodgings, and then came here," he said. "I have a matter of importance to broach to you. It is a request from the Emperor."

"A request from the Emperor," repeated Sanborn blankly.

"He asks that you call at the National Palace to-night at a quarter before eleven o'clock. He wishes to talk with you. Shall you be disengaged?"

"What in the name of"—Sanborn began in a tone of amazement, and stopped. "I'll come, of course," he went on, "but"—

"But you are naturally surprised and reasonably curious? Quite so. I am not charged with more than the simple

request to come, but I will drop you a hint. His Majesty will ask a favor of you."

"Oh," said Sanborn dubiously. "A favor."

Strang perceived his flagging interest and took measures to goad it.

"A favor which you are free to grant or to refuse," he added emphatically.

"Oh," rejoined Sanborn hastily, "a request from the Emperor is equivalent to"—

"A command? No, that truism does not signify here. His Majesty is too democratic for such notions and, moreover, you are an alien. You are under no constraint."

"Very well," assented Sanborn. "You may count on me."

"Ah, you will come? Now, a word of caution. Don't present yourself openly at the Palace. I will name a rendezvous. Meet me on the half hour near the cathedral. We will say by the tower where the Aztec calendar stone lies. I will then conduct you to the Emperor."

The young fellow's eyes widened, brimming with questions, and he laughed uneasily.

"Had n't I better come disguised, too?" he demanded jocosely.

"I think you had," Strang answered seriously. "Yes, I think it would be wise. You have a long Spanish cloak, have n't you? I think I saw you in such a garment one evening."

"Yes."

"Wear it, then, with a sombrero. Muffle yourself like a Mexican."

"See here," exploded the youth.

"What does all this mean? What am I getting into?"

"It means that this is a matter concerning which we have no desire to enlighten Juarist spies. You are getting an interview with the Emperor; nothing less, nothing more. I have told you that he will ask a favor; I have assured you that you are a free agent; if you wish to reconsider your promise just given, you may do so."

"Certainly not," Sanborn retorted with spirit. "I stand by my word."

"At ten thirty then."

"At ten-thirty."

Strang took a hurried leave of the Ravenscrofts, reluctantly resisting their invitation to dinner.

"Don't, don't," he protested laughingly, as Mary Ravenscroft sought to entice him with visions of warm biscuit and strawberries, and certain wonderful meringues called "nuns' sighs" made according to the recipe of the Senora Ramirez. "Do you think it an easy thing to say no? Half the time of late I have had to snatch a tortilla and be thankful. And yet you talk to me of nuns' sighs."

Sanborn saw him depart with a feeling of relief. He wanted opportunity to think over this new entanglement out of reach of Strang's puzzling influence. He wished to weigh matters dispassionately. He was preoccupied throughout the meal and left for the city as soon as he decently could. As at Orizaba, a politic regret attended cool reflection, and he felt vaguely apprehensive of being drawn into some intrigue detrimental to his interest. This wariness was becoming habitual, despite the retarding ratchet of impressionable youth, lending to his character, in transition, an odd complexion; a compound of the cautious and the rash. In this particular affair, curiosity dulled the edge of prudence, for Strang had fingered responsive strings. Secrecy, disguise, lurking danger, plot, counter-

plot, all these terms appeal in some degree even to the most prosaically middle-aged; to Sanborn's adolescence they were magical and beckoned as potently as hints of buried treasure, caverns, buccaneers, and kindred mysteries invite the ravished soul of boyhood. Accordingly he donned his inky cloak and rakish hat with a delicious thrill, and essayed a pose or two before his mirror. His century seemed to him not so unromantic after all. Mexico redeemed it from the dead level of prosperous commonplace and gave uncommon men their opportunity. He entertained no disturbing doubt of his own superiority to the common run; thereby proving his kinship with the normal man. It is the balance wheel of sanity. To push self analysis to the point of recognizing one's own hopeless mediocrity is to coquette with madness.

So Sanborn thought well of himself, and admired his romantic dress prodigiously, and stole with ecstatic cautiousness to his rendezvous, and awaited in a pleasurable glow of excitement the coming of his fellow conspirator. The cathedral loomed darkly above him as he lurked in its shadow, and a passing breeze wafted from an open window a pungent odor of stale incense eloquent of Ave Marias and Pater Nosters without end. To his left stretched the long monotonous facade of the National Palace, its roof-line cut sharp against the brilliant southern heaven. Far across the dusky plaza the keepers of the petty booths under the portales were putting an end to chaffer for the night, and their flaring lights winked out one by one. Scarce a dozen forms dotted the plaza; the sentries hard by the Palace; a priest hurrying to a deathbed with holy oil; a peon, zarape-shrouded to the eyes, reverently doffing sombrero as he passed the sanctuary; a maudlin roisterer, his unsteady steps dogged by a woman, these were all he saw. Then Strang

came leisurely through the shrubbery.

"Hello," he said. "Been waiting long?"

The matter of fact greeting dashed Sanborn's strained romanticism.

"No; not long," he replied. "Did you know me at once in this rig?" he asked with a hint of bashfulness.

"The mother who bore you would n't know you at first glance," Strang assured him laughingly. "You look fit to scale Juliet's balcony, play *Hernani*, or sing in opera. I hope you haven't put yourself to discomfort. I urged precaution more to guard against espionage within doors than without. That is why I asked you to meet me here. I wished to make sure of the Palace itself and secure you against any idle gossip or suspicion of imperialism. Everything is propitious."

They struck down a side street and approached the Palace from the rear, gaining entrance through a little-frequented passage near the soldiers' quarters. They met no one save a sentry—a Mexican—who pocketed a surreptitious cigarette on perceiving them. Strang shrugged his shoulders.

"The Great Frederick's iron father himself could not discipline them," he said sententiously, and led a devious way through the long chambers and corridors of the rambling pile. "Blithesome, isn't it?" he remarked as they threaded one particularly sombre passage. "Of course you know the tradition that no ruler over Mexico can live in this place and escape disaster or sudden death? That adds to its charm."

Reaching a sort of ante-chamber, Strang left Sanborn to himself for a brief interval. Through an open door leading to a connecting room, he could see the Emperor writing at a table heaped with papers. The lamplight shone full upon his face which stood out from the comparative obscurity of the chamber with the haunting pallor of a Rembrandt. Even Sanborn failed not to remark the

imprint of some subtle change. The pitiable weakness and vacillation of Orizaba had vanished; the sad, mild mouth and eyes were almost firm; and the whole man, nerved to confront his destiny, seemed to have taken on an undreamed of resolution. The descendant of Charles V. remembered his lineage.

A new directness, too, characterized his greeting and the subsequent conversation, although his accustomed suavity of manner appealed to the youth with all its old persuasiveness. There was no pretence of ceremony and the flattered American found himself seated before an emperor and no whit ill at ease.

"You, sir," said the Austrian in his imperfectly accented English, "were once so kind as to show for me a certain disinterested friendliness, the recollection of which emboldens me to ask a service of you. It is a mission for a friend, yet, I will say frankly, a mission which the times render inexpedient that one of my known adherents should undertake. It is a journey to Puebla."

He paused reflectively. Uncertain what to reply, Sanborn said nothing; nor did the Emperor seem to expect a response.

"I have no need to comment on the state of affairs in Mexico," he went on, "or to tell you that the Imperial government stands in urgent necessity of funds. That unpleasant fact must be patent to everybody. Nor will you be surprised to learn that this Puebla journey has to do with money. Money—or the lack of it—is our nightmare. We think of nothing but money. Is it not so, Strang?"

"Nothing but money, Sire," assented Strang. "We even count coppers."

"Yes, we even count coppers. Now of our scant resources there is a certain sum in Puebla—not much, some £800 in English gold—which is sorely needed to further our cause at Queretaro. It was concealed, buried, in fact, during the recent panic, and then overlooked. Where

it is, it is safe, but it is also useless. An order bearing my signature will suffice to unearth it. There only lacks a fitting messenger."

"You wish me to fetch the money from Puebla," Sanborn said slowly.

"One moment. Do not decide yet. You have not heard the difficulties. The route to Puebla has never been wholly safe. Now it is overrun with guerillas. Eh, Strang?"

"The hills swarm with them, Sir."

"Nor is the way alone precarious. Puebla itself grows daily less accessible. The route to the coast is virtually closed. Am I not right, Strang?" he appealed again, stroking down his luxuriant beard.

"The dissidents have occupied each town evacuated by the French, your Majesty."

"Yes. Now you see, sir, we do not err on the side of optimism in presenting this project. It is hazardous, but in proper hands, in your hands, we believe it feasible. You are a civil engineer. Your business has taken you over this territory before. Nothing more natural than it should do so again."

A shadow of a smile played about the Emperor's mouth as he spoke, which won a like response from Sanborn.

"I understand," he said. "I think it could be done."

"Will you, then, do it? The empire has no claim upon you and we do not ask this service on public grounds. It may prove a thankless task. And yet, should better times befall, it may be in our power to reward you as you shall deserve. But let us not speak of rewards. We are gentlemen. I appeal to you as one gentleman to another; as a friend to a friend."

"In which spirit I consent," said Sanborn, his voice trembling a little. "I will do my best."

The Emperor extended his hand with simple dignity. "Thank you," he

said. "No one could expect more."

The talk which followed was pitched in a key less tense and dealt with the ways and means of Sanborn's undertaking. By midnight it was at an end and Strang led him to the street by the circuitous route through which they had come. The young man lingered a moment in parting.

"I understand the importance of secrecy," he said with some hesitation, "but I should like to hint at this business to the Ravenscrofts. They are my good friends and—and this is a risk, you know."

Strang wondered curiously why he included both members of the Ravenscroft family. It was surely sufficient to inform the General.

"Very well," he answered. "I can see no harm in that. Anything which you may see fit to tell General Ravenscroft—or Miss Ravenscroft, will be in safe keeping. But be careful. Tacubaya is a dangerous neighborhood. Limit your P. P. Cs."

"What do you mean?" asked Sanborn suspiciously.

"Just this. Give the *Senorita de Velasco y Rojas* no inkling of it."

The two men had come beneath a swinging lantern and by its yellow rays Strang saw that Sanborn's face had reddened angrily.

"I demand some explanation," he said unsteadily.

Strang touched his arm.

"Not so hot, not so hot," he answered calmly. "You shall have it. Trust my word and respect my confidence when I tell you that the *senorita* is a Juarist spy."

X.

A Habit and What Came of it

There chanced to be a sequestered corner of Don Hernando's edenic garden, quite under the lee of the dividing wall beyond which lay the Ravenscroft domain, wherein Ysabel was accustomed to

find a daily haven of retreat. It was not her habit to read in this idyllic nook, for she was no reader; nor did she come to commune with nature, for her tastes were emphatically not pastoral; nor yet was her errand meditation, although she sometimes thought here and to some purpose; she came to smoke cigarettes. Could King James of pedantic memory by some prophetic vision have foreseen that a degenerate age would dawn when a young woman, endowed with such pomp of lineage as was the *senorita's*—not to mention a pair of cherry lips, should incontinently practise and unblushingly enjoy the rites at which she stood priestess, that monarch's ineffectual "Counterblast to Tobacco" had swelled to a trump to shake the spheres. Ysabel found the keenest satisfaction in this peccadillo. She had acquired the trick from an Indian nurse and, discovering, as she grew older, that other women of her own race not infrequently coddled the same secret vice, she saw no reason why she should deny herself. This resolution was clinched by the opportune uncovering of the *Senora Ramirez's* nakedness; and the knowledge of one another's frailty served to unite the two sinners in an alliance to hoodwink Don Hernando, who, so far as women were concerned, was unequivocally of the faction of King James. So it fell out that in one particular, at least, Ysabel paid some heed to the wishes of her father; she had no notion of foregoing her tobacco, but she took scrupulous care that its aroma should elude the paternal nostril.

Now it came to pass on the morning following Sanborn's visit to the National Palace, that Ysabel sought her retreat below the dividing wall with ruffled temper and jangling nerves. Jerking from her pocket a dainty case of silver filigree, she hurriedly rolled a cigarette which she lighted with the same impatience, inhaling great hungry mouthfuls of the smoke.

It had been an unpleasant morning. The *Senora Ramirez* had been inexpressibly wearisome; Benita had tried her sorely with her stupidity; while the acrimonious scene with the maid had scarcely spent its force when Don Hernando came to worry her with talk of Cuernavaca and his financial straits at the very time she was planning to coax him for money.

In his gentle way he had told her unpleasant things. It seemed that he was contemplating giving up this Tacubaya home of theirs. He had bought it encumbered; he despaired of lifting the incubus. He had taken it to please her and had never felt confidently equal to the maintenance of two homes. She had glibly suggested that he abandon the ancestral one at Cuernavaca; she did not want it. He had answered her almost sternly, so it seemed to her, that it had been the despised hacienda alone which had so far floated this Tacubaya extravagance. To put it away was to exchange a stanch ship for a waterlogged pleasure yacht. His manner had awed her a little and her ever-brimming tear ducts did pathetic execution. Her father had sought to soothe her and had promised that the coming exile should be postponed to the last moment possible.

She felt, however, as she drew at her cigarette amid the foliage, that what she had gained was but a respite, and she racked her brain for a deliverance from the impending calamity of a bucolic life. She saw but one resource—marriage; and she rapidly passed in mental review the little throng of suitors who elbowed one another at her carriage door as she drove at sunset in the Paseo. They appeared woefully impecunious thus canvassed; fortune-hunters themselves. She made one exception; it was young Sanborn. He alone seemed to possess the fitting wedding garment of eligibility. She briefly recalled the innocent General's tribute to his compatriot and with un-

ceremonious despatch determined to marry him. Furthermore, with the promptitude which distinguishes great strategists, she instantly set herself to formulating her plan of campaign.

At this interesting juncture, Ysabel was not unnaturally startled to hear Sanborn's voice proceed apparently from the earth beneath her feet. Prone to superstition, for an instant she shrank as from the supernatural. A glance, however, explained the phenomenon. The sound came from the moss-grown channel of a little brook into whose murmurous current, which underran the wall at this point, she had been wont to toss her smoldering cigarette at a hint of danger in the garden. Kneeling noiselessly among the fern fronds, she placed her soft cheek close down against the rough masonry and eagerly, painstakingly, unblushingly, listened.

"I brought you to this out of the way corner, Molly," Sanborn was saying, "because I have something highly important to tell you; something for your ear alone."

Ysabel gave an ecstatic wriggle and framed a futile wish that they would only speak Spanish. It was so hard to follow, that English. It was so rough, so choppy. Yet she would try; she would try.

"I am about to undertake a hazardous mission for the Emperor," Sanborn announced impressively.

The listener pressed her rose-pink ear yet closer to the stones, making a wry face as she caught Molly's surprised response.

"Silence, doll of a Cream-face," she breathed. "Who wants to hear your chatter?"

Then Sanborn with no little complacency related how he had been summoned to a secret audience with the Emperor who had begged him, as one entreats an equal, to aid him in his time of need. He dwelt fondly on the interview's details, revealing the latent spirit

of the tuft-hunter which, deny it as we may, lurks somewhere in all of us. There was a redundancy of "I said" and "the Emperor said," and an historic portrait, limned to the life, of Maximilian of Mexico and Sanborn of South Carolina fraternally clasping hands. With cunning skill the narrator played upon the femininity of his visible listener, touching the possible risks of the enterprise suggestively, and then permitting himself with masculine bravado to make light of them.

"I shall manage the affair in this fashion," he said, coolly appropriating the credit of Strang's planning to himself. "I shall take my instruments as a blind, and if anybody seems over-curious as to my business in Puebla and its neighborhood, I shall survey a bit. Not such a bad idea? I am to take a servant with me; a man who has often dragged my chain down near Vera Cruz. I shall travel only by day and intend to wear my shooting-irons where they can't escape being seen. Once in Puebla, I have only to show an order bearing the Emperor's signature, which I have here sewed fast in the lining of my coat, to an old priest connected with the cathedral—a prebendary, Quero is his name—and the money will be placed in my hands. I forgot to tell you that the stuff is buried. It is snugly stowed away under the pavement of an old convent whose name I don't know. I am simply to give the order to his reverence and he will superintend the disinterment. It all sounds rather romantic and out of the ordinary like everything down here. Convent, buried treasure, priest; it's all romance until it comes to me. There's the pinch. I must conceal the money somehow—I should have told you that it is in gold, English gold, and awkward to carry—and the scheme for that is clever, too. I've a place for the pretty gold-pieces in my luggage that the Old Harry himself wouldn't suspect. That taken care of it

only remains to get back to Mexico, and the trick is done."

"Splendid!" Ysabel heard Molly exclaim. "How fine it is to be a man."

There followed a deal of what the eavesdropper considered inconsequential talk on the part of the Cream-face in which various rhapsodical and obscure expressions about "unselfish service" and "ideals" played conspicuous part. It ended with a gleam of sense, however, for Molly asked when he purposed to set out.

"This very afternoon," Sanborn answered. "I have come to say goodby and ask you to wish me godspeed."

There was a reply which Ysabel lost, and some low hurried words of Sanborn's which were equally indistinct. Then the speakers inconsiderately moved away, and the listener heard no more. For several minutes she sat motionless upon her little heels beside the brook, concentrating her thoughts with the application of a Brahman ascetic. Then a step in the neighboring path aroused her and Benita's brown arm thrust aside the trailing vines which screened the entrance of the bower. Ysabel scrambled to her feet and wrathfully pinched the intruder.

"Why do you always come to me so cat-like, huzzy?" she cried. "Why do you spy upon me?"

The girl rubbed her aching flesh and whimpered a denial. She had come to announce a caller; the Senor Rafael Nunez.

"Nunez," said Ysabel, her manner changing. "Why did n't you say so at once? Does anyone know of his arrival?"

"No, senorita."

"Where is the Senora Ramirez?"

"In her own room, senorita."

"And Don Hernando?"

"He has ridden over to the city, senorita."

"Send the Senor Nunez out here in

the garden. Not to this place," she charged with a glance at the telltale wall. "Send him to the arbor and fetch me my writing desk."

The maid started to obey.

"And Benita," added her mistress recalling her. "Should the senora chance to observe the Senor Nunez on his way to the garden, you will privately inform her that I shall not require her society. Do you understand? I do not want her. There, go now, Benita. You are a good girl. Don't startle me again as you did. I was looking for—for something. How you did frighten me."

The interview with the Senor Nunez which followed, was regarded by that gentleman as one of the most illuminating episodes of a lifetime's study of women. Not without guile himself, the Cuban now paid admiring homage to superior craft and tossed away the shattered fragments of a cherished theory that Ysabel was a bright being peculiarly and solely created for the worship of man. She had begun with an assayment of himself which so faithfully mirrored his rascality that he laughed at the likeness and gave the argument by default. His depravity assumed, she shaped her appeal to meet it, succinctly sketching the object, manner, and method of Sanborn's journeying, and pointing out how it might easily be turned to the advantage of Nunez and herself. She would furnish the plan, he the performance, and the profit should be equal. Nunez kindled at the notion of spoils, but balked momentarily at the labor which should compass their winning. He was not a swashbuckling rogue. He preferred to rob at the gaming table.

"No violence, Senorita," he stipulated.

"The Senor Sanborn is an amiable man. He is my counselor, my friend. I would do him no harm."

"Rubbish," she ejaculated. "Who speaks of harm? Do you take me for a brigand? The Senor Sanborn is my

friend, too. He is to be outwitted, not waylaid. Furthermore it is not really the Senor Sanborn whom we are to outwit. It is clearly the Senor Strang who has planned this business."

The Cuban struck his breast dramatically.

"Enough," he cried. "If we are to befooled the pig of an Englishman, I am wholly yours. He has heaped insults upon me; ME, Senorita."

"All the better," she rejoined. "It will spur you to a livelier interest. This is our plan: the Senor Sanborn leaves this afternoon for Puebla; he will travel only by day. You also will leave this afternoon for Puebla; you will travel by day and by night. Naturally you will arrive in Puebla first and secure the money."

"But the order? The Emperor's order?"

"Did you think I had forgotten it? You shall have the Emperor's order and an order from Juarez, too. The one will pass you to the money, the other will se-

cure you against molestation by Liberal troops."

Nunez's eyes threatened dislocation.

"You are surprised, Senor? Then must you remain so. You shall have the orders; let that suffice. I cannot safeguard you against every roving band of guerillas on the hills and you must therefore disguise yourself when you return. You must be a *pulque-vender*."

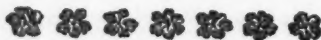
"A *pulque-vender*?"

"The same. Who would dream of looking for gold at the bottom of a pig-skin full of *pulque*?"

"Genius," exclaimed Nunez admiringly. "It is genius that you have."

"Brains, Senor, brains," she answered smilingly. "Now you must go. I must have time to obtain the Emperor's order. You cannot remain here. You must meet me somewhere. The Alameda—no, the church near the Alameda; that will do. An hour past noon I shall be at the church. I will kneel in the chapel on the left. Do you kneel there, too, Senor."

(To be continued)



IN HAWTHORNE TIME

NOW, when the hawthorne buds are breaking
And the blue day deepens to purple night,
I stretch my arms t'ward the old delight,
The peace of the later day forsaking.

As a child that sleeps without dream of waking,
Backward—backward I turn my sight,
Now when the hawthorne buds are breaking
And the blue day deepens to purple night.

I have forgot that my heart was aching,
Forgot my tears when the joy took flight;
I but remember Love's face was bright,
Not the grief of his own hand's making,
Now when the hawthorne buds are breaking.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison

SCENE ON CROCKETT STREET, BEAUMONT—WAITING FOR THE TRAIN



THE TEXAS OIL FIELDS

By Addison Clark

POLITICAL postulates and industrial theories go crashing when they come into collision with the selfish interests and wants of individual men. The best constructed moral and legal arguments serve but feebly to restrain the universal ambition of men to get. For after all, the dollar is the mighty thing. We are gamblers by instinct, and if the majority of us refrain from the passion, it is because ordinarily the risk is disproportionate to the chance of gain. Give us a sure thing, a reasonable assurance of getting something for nothing or much for little, and moral and legal quibbles are quickly disposed of.

Witness the metamorphosis of Texas. A few months ago the whole state was in arms against the money evil, through its

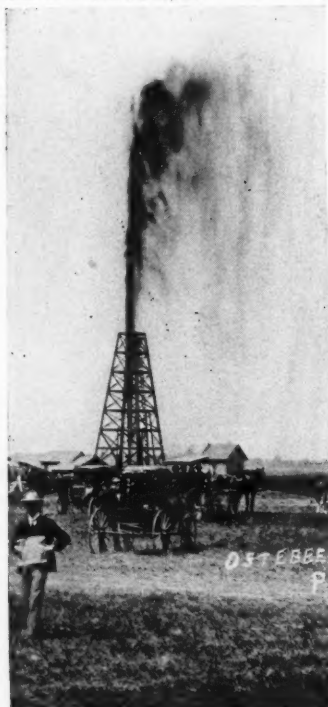
legislature, judiciary, and executive waging aggressive war against the trusts, the railroads, and bogus corporations; frowning upon foreign investments; relentlessly squeezing the water out of inflated stocks; resolving, memorializing, legislating, and injoining. Now, as by the turn of a die, it has been transformed into a frantic mob of speculators, stock gamblers, and land boomers. The trust bogey has fled; the "encroachments of capital," which has been the favorite shibboleth of politicians for years, is no longer a potent watchword; the dread of wild cat corporations is gone; and the state is being flooded with irresponsible companies with enough water in their stock to float a navy. Even the ponderous ex-Governor Hogg, one-time apostle of poverty, inimitable

trust-smasher and octopus-eater, has turned capitalist, and is pocketing the dollars with as much unctious as he was wont formerly to appropriate the votes. It is the dream of the dollar; the intoxication of the gambler's passion. What matter politics or parties, platforms or paramount issues, so the purse be full?

Oil is the potent word that has unlocked to the people of Texas the doors of a new and splendid prosperity. In the county of Jefferson, on the Southern Pacific railway, eighty-four miles east of Houston and eighteen miles from the Gulf of Mexico is situated the small city

of Beaumont. There is nothing beautiful or attractive in its natural setting. It

NATIONAL OIL CO. WELL, BOUGHT FROM THE BEATTY CO. FOR \$1,250,000



THE BEATTY GUSHER, CAPACITY 50,000 BARRELS A DAY



lies in the swamp country, where the big mosquitos flourish and malaria germs thrive the whole year through. The land around it is low and flat and wet, fit only for rice culture, with an occasional variation of mesquite prairie, where cattle graze, and of woods of elm, pine, and live oak, draped with melancholy gray moss. It has something of the dreamy charm of the great Gulf country, but more of the mephitic atmosphere of the swamp lands. A year ago it was like the ordinary overgrown southern village which is beginning to aspire to urban manners. Its ideals were cotton and rice and cattle. But in a day all was changed. Shrewd men, spying out the

land, suspected the existence of greater resources of riches underneath the ground. They sunk a hole twelve hundred feet through the yielding sand, pierced the cap rock that guarded the treasure, and there came gushing up a vast resistless stream of wealth.

It was on the 10th of January, 1901, that the first well, the now famous "Lucas Gusher," began to flow. For ten days it shot its turbid current two hundred feet into the air, and falling back upon itself covered the surrounding area, till the land ran with veritable streams of oil. A million barrels escaped before the helpless operators, dazed by their unexpected discovery, found a way to check it. Then to add a lurid impressiveness to the magnificent find, the oil that had escaped took fire and burned for many days, blackening the woods and the prairie. People came to view the flowing well and the burning lake of oil, but few who saw appreciated the magnitude of the discovery. They thought of nothing except that a great deal of oil was being wasted. But in a few weeks another well was sunk, and it too sent a strong black current spouting into the air. Then the people began to awake. The excitement spread, like a malignant fever, to the surrounding towns. There was a wild rush for options and leases. Every foot of land within miles of the wells was exploited. Values sped skyward. A single well sold for a million and a quarter dollars, and a million was refused for another. An acre of land near the Lucas well sold for

\$90,000, and the seller was considered foolish for asking so little. Forty and fifty thousand were common prices for land inside the oil circle.

Each succeeding well that was brought in added to the excitement. Men from every profession, trade, and department of activity, from over all Texas, and from other states left their business and hurried to Beaumont to plunge into the fas-

STAR & CRESCENT WELL, NO. 1, SPOUTING 200 FEET INTO THE AIR THROUGH 6-INCH PIPE



inating game of speculation. Here was the sure thing; everybody was making money. Farmers abandoned their cotton and rice fields to delve for richer crops. Cattlemen deserted the range and the slow profits of the long-horned steer to water a different kind of stock. Lawyers, attracted by the prospect of litigation, flocked like buzzards to the new oil city. Speculators, adventurers, mer-

chants and professional men, men with fortunes to make or to lose, conservative women and children have given up the savings of years; one poor woman sold

OIL RESERVOIRS OF GUFFY AND HEYWOOD WELLS



men as well as irresponsible visionaries—all alike caught the infection. Such scenes of intense excitement, and such a wild scramble for wealth the country has not known since the California gold fever of '49.

A few feet of miasmatic swamp, anywhere within a dozen miles of the wells, was sufficient basis for the organization of a company with hundreds of thousands of capital stock. In less than four months more than three hundred companies have been organized, with an aggregate capital of over a hundred million dollars. Many of these, of course, are the wildest of wild-cat schemes, with not the remotest chance of finding oil, even if they had any intention of prospecting for it. But everybody is into one or the other of them. Hoarded dollars have come forth from their hiding places;

her cow that she might invest in oil. Men who not long ago spoke reverently of a dollar, now began to talk glibly of thousands and tens of thousands. It was the brief unrestrained revel of the imagination, wherein everyone saw himself suddenly become immensely rich.

In a few weeks the population of Beaumont grew from ten thousand to three times that number. Streets, alleys, by-ways, plazas, hotel corridors, every place where there was a foot of available standing room was crowded with jostling, noisy, excited men. They stood on the street corners, on goods boxes, on barrels, on anything they could find, shouting their unparalleled bargains, their sure things, their magnificent propositions. Conditions have gradually become more settled; speculation in land became unprofitable when the top notch

ROW OF SHANTIES PUT UP IN A DAY TO ACCOMMODATE REAL ESTATE BROKERS—BARBER SHOP ON END TWENTY FIVE CENTS FOR SHAVE—BOY SELLING MAPS IN FOREGROUND



of prices was reached. The crowds have disappeared from the streets, but in other outside the locked doors of hotel dining rooms and each awaits his turn.

HIGGINS WELL AND TANK, WITH TENTS FOR EMPLOYEES



respects the congested condition continues. Office room can still hardly be had at any price. A hundred dollars a month is paid for a space scarcely large enough to contain a desk and chair. In booths erected on the sidewalks and in the streets, in show windows, in all sorts of small nooks and corners the promoters, stock brokers, and real estate men sit and barter with the people who come and go. The town has been utterly unable to handle the crowds. Hotels and boarding houses, and even private houses are overwhelmed. Men sleep anywhere—on cots stuffed six and eight into a room; in tents and shacks hastily erected, in closets, on door-steps; or failing to find beds of any kind, as many of them do, they are compelled to seek comfort in the surrounding towns, or walk the streets all night. They eat what they can get and when they can get it, and pay whatever exorbitant price is asked. They barter and scramble and fight for chances at the lunch counters. They form in line

Yet in spite of the strife and jam, the insufferable heat and dust, and countless other physical inconveniences, the crowd has remained constantly and boisterously good humored. They laugh and joke, and rally each other with the exuberant jollity of children. And nobody is in any particular hurry, save the frantic lunch room attendants. With all the bickering and bartering, the buying, selling, organizing, promoting, and developing, everybody has time, with true southern deliberateness, to smoke over it and drink over it, and talk over it—yes, eternally to talk! talk! talk! It is the good fellowship of a common hopefulness, buoyant, extravagant; the comradery of men intoxicated with dreams of fortune.

Such an hysteria of speculation and indiscriminate investment will inevitably bring a sudden and painful reaction. The crash must come sooner or later. But when it does, and the debris of insolvent companies and bankrupted indi-

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OIL FIELD, SHOWING MORE THAN TWENTY WELLS IN PROCESS OF DIGGING



viduals is cleared away, it will be found that something substantial underlies all this abnormal excitement. Whatever fortunes may be lost and failures recorded, the fact of the oil must remain. It is indisputably there, in such quantities as the world has not seen before. The magnitude of the discovery has been but feebly realized by the people of the country at large. A brief study of the figures is sufficient to elucidate the situation and suggest the far-reaching effects of the discovery. The oil product of the United States was in the year 1900 about 58,000,000 barrels. Of this, 5,000,000 barrels came from the California field; 1,000,000 barrels from the Corsicana (Texas) field; and the remainder from what is known as the eastern field—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, etc. The oil product of Russia for the same year was about 68,000,000 barrels. The capacity of the ten wells already sunk in the Beaumont field is over 100,000,000 barrels a year. These ten wells, to say

nothing of others that may be successfully sunk, are sufficient to transfer the oil center of the world to southern Texas, to triple the oil product of the United States, and double the entire oil out-put of the world. A single well in the Beaumont field, the Lucas Gusher, filled a 35,000 barrel tank in less than twelve hours, thus showing a capacity of more than 70,000 barrels a day, which is 20,000 barrels a day more than the largest well in Russia. At such a rate this single well is worth something like \$28,000 a day, or over \$10,000,000 a year. It is little wonder that with this vast wealth suddenly bursting upward from the earth the soil around Beaumont should have become like dust of gold, or that men should have gone wild in the scramble to own a few square feet of it.

But the value of a discovery of this kind does not depend altogether on the amount of oil the field can produce. It depends quite as much on the facility with which the product may be trans-

DAILY SCENE IN FRONT OF CROSBY HOTEL—WAITING FOR DINNER



ferred to the markets of the world; or specifically, on the nearness of the field to tide water. In this respect the Beau-

announced that all the engines of the Southern Pacific system will be supplied with oil burners; and no doubt other

BEAUMONT OIL EXCHANGE



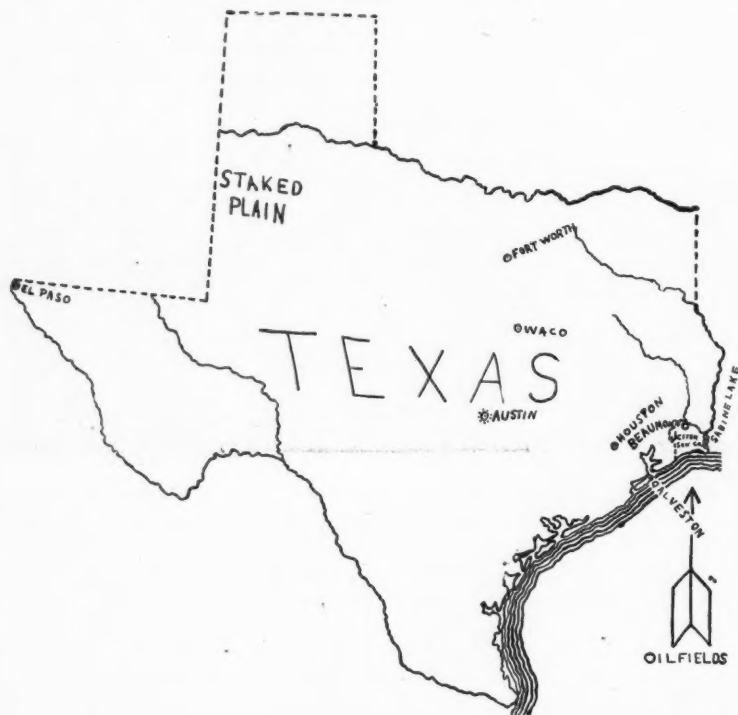
mont wells are very fortunately situated. The field is only eighteen miles from the Gulf. The oil can, at a merely nominal cost, be piped into tank steamers at Port Arthur, and thence be distributed to all the markets of the world. Mexico, Central and South America, and the West Indies will be able to consume considerable quantities of Texas oil; and the market will be gradually enlarged. The value of oil as a fuel is only beginning to be appreciated. As its advantages over other fuels become better understood, the demand for it will increase. Its cheapness, the ease with which it may be carried and handled, and its superior cleanliness, render it in every way preferable to coal as a fuel, and must lead eventually to its substitution in all railway and steamship transportation, and elsewhere where fuel is required for steam production. Already it has been

companies will adopt the same course as they become impressed with the superiority of oil as a fuel. With the increasing demand for fuel oil, the value of the Texas wells will be correspondingly increased. The state that can produce more oil than all the rest of the country combined can not fail to become an important factor in all the commercial and industrial enterprises and concerns of the nation.

It is impossible yet to determine how extensive the oil area is. Each well that is sunk, whether an oil producer or a "dry hole," serves to delimit the field. The net results after four months of digging are ten oil producers and six dry wells. The oil producing wells are situated three miles south of Beaumont, on a slightly elevated plat, and are all contained within a circumference of a few hundred yards. While every foot of

land within miles of the wells has been advertised as valuable oil property, such representations have slight basis of ascertained fact. No oil has yet been struck north, or east, or west of the town; and its existence outside the small known circle is entirely problematic. Inevitably a large number of the

Gulf. The existence of oil in considerable quantities at Corsicana, two hundred miles north of Beaumont, tends to corroborate this theory. It seems probable that when the limits of the oil area can be marked with some certainty it will be found that early conjectures and estimates have under-measured rather



hundreds of companies that have been organized will find their lands valueless; indeed many of them were incorporated for no more serious purpose than to tempt guileless investors to purchase their treasury stock, and will confine their operations entirely to paper transactions. It is the opinion of oil experts, however, that the appearance of oil at Beaumont is not merely a local phenomenon, but that an oil belt extends across the state from the Red River to the

than over-measured the resources of Texas as an oil producing state.

The first effect of the oil find upon the interests and enterprises of the people of Texas will doubtless be hurtful rather than helpful. The unusual prosperity which the country has enjoyed for the past year has rendered the people especially susceptible to the infatuation of speculation; good fortune not infrequently stimulates men thus to financial recklessness, and such folly always brings

temporary embarrassments. Furthermore, until a market is created for this vast quantity of oil, and a way provided to get it to the market, the value of the wells must be largely prospective. But in the end a market will be provided, and a means secured to transfer the oil to market. Then the influence of this discovery upon the development of the vast natural resources of the state will be eminently helpful. It will transform a slow agricultural people into a commonwealth of busy, energetic commercialists. It will lend a wonderful impetus to the reaction that has already begun in favor of industrial enterprises, cotton mills, factories, and manufactures of every kind. And finally, it will necessitate the abandonment of the state's repressive policy toward foreign investors and the adoption of a policy of sane and healthful encouragement of all legitimate employments of capital. The people will be given new ideals, new watchwords, and new standards and tests of business and commercial excellence.

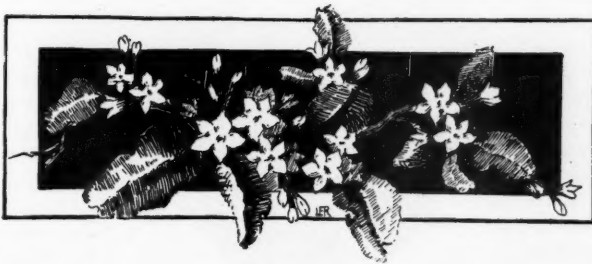
Along with the valuable results may come others not so desirable. The successful development of natural resources so vast as those of the Beaumont field, even should its limits be not greatly extended, will require the employment of a large capital. The tendency will be for the six or eight companies that now own wells to combine into one gigantic

corporation. The future only can determine whether this will mean the Standard Oil Company, or some equally

STAR AND CRESCENT WELL NO. 1, BROUGHT IN MAY 5, 1901



powerful organization. In either event the people of Texas, instead of solving the trust question, as they have been zealous to do, will, through the contriving of nature, have greatly complicated it.





COLOR THE ESTHETIC FEATURE OF THE PAN-AMERICAN

By Herbert Shearer

*The wild red rose that grows
In the green hedge rows; who knows,
From whence it comes, or whither it goes,
Or where does it get its color?*

BEAUTIFUL decorative color revels in every section of the Exposition with the abandon of perfect freedom. From the deep blue of the lake in the park, to the white crowned tower intended to mark the progress of electrical science, the whole plan is permeated with color. Combinations of light and shade are accentuated by tinges of lurid fire which are in places carried by various gradations through many shades of red, yellow and amber to the mildest tones of old ivory. While softly subduing severe conceptions, it adds life and variety to prosaic compositions; merging all into one grand harmonious lustre.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL WM. I. BUCHANAN



Stealing away from its original domain in the beautiful floricultural department and entering the spirit of the thunderbolt, it radiates at night through this mysterious medium in all the gorgeous attire known to the science of electricity.

Assisting the architect, it mounts the pilasters and sides and roofs of the great buildings where it spreads a warm mantle of red over the heavy old-fashioned tiling. It decorates the numerous loggias and balconies and climbs to the top of the highest dome or minaret. Playing hide-and-seek among the consols and corbels of the wide and picturesque old Spanish cornices, it

finds its way in through window and grill, and darting about mid the bunting until it brightens the building from rafter to sill, and nestles among the exhibits, where it lends its delicate beauty to the intricate handicraft of the artist and artisan in countless forms and variations of decorative and utilitarian productions.

This has been made possible through the untiring zeal of succeeding generations of enthusiasts. Color secrets have been wrested from nature by means of the most persistent botanical and chemical research, analytically and synthetically studied by means of the most thorough and exhaustive experiments. The love of color and the natural desire to reproduce at will this artistic adornment of nature has led the exper-

imenter a merry chase. Jack o'lantern fancies have been followed far into the bog of fatal despair, only to be caught by a future generation and bound into a volume of secret receipts to be jealously guarded and handed genealogically down for hundreds of years.

Textile coloring represents one of the most artistic departments of color study. A bit of color, a tinge or hue, of scarlet, pink, or a quiet blue, adds beauty and grace to the form and face of woman as well as nature. Because woman admired the warm tints of the sunset, man, her

natural slave, toiled without ceasing until he had captured the prizes, one by one, and gave them to her to weave into the fabric of her dress and the decorations with which he surrounds her. As nature's autocrat, she accepted all and demanded more, and the task is not completed.

Botany long ago refused to divulge more of nature's color treasures, but man would not be denied. Calling to his aid the dark demon, chemistry—an offspring of the marriage of alchemy to science—he pene-

trated the darkest minerals and divided the atoms of liquids and solids. Diving repeatedly into the depths of poisonous vapors, he emerged at last, bringing an inky black substance wrung from coal during its fiery transition in the retort, where its breath is converted into illu-



minating gas and its organic composition into coke. This sweat he named coal tears or coal tar. Peering into the mole-

JOHN N. SCATCHERD, CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



foundest secrets, the beautiful mauveine. He was satisfied but for the moment. He knew intuitively that this mysterious

JOHN MILBURN, PRESIDENT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



cules of this black exudation, he discovered, hidden as one of nature's pro-

by-product from his wonderful analytic furnace contained other colors. Prying



TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE PAN-AMERICAN-EXPOSITION CO. R.

apart the dark folds and separating the atoms into other divisions, he was enabled, after years of persistent effort, to produce both magenta alizarine.

Man, with all his ingenuity, has never invented a color. He is but a copyist in the beautiful art gallery of nature, stealing and borrowing with a prodigal hand, seeking to perpetuate the fleeting sunbeam and the delicate blush of the rose.

He has extracted the juices from shrubs and plants and torn their roots from the earth to secure their secretions. He has distilled, condensed, mixed and diluted the dyes obtained in this manner until he has practically exhausted their resources. When the pigments refused to adhere to his fibre, he resorted to mordanting to compel them to do so. This consists in treating the threads with a substance which adheres to the fibre and possesses great affinity for the color pigment. By using different mordants on the thread, he has even produced different colors in the cloth by using but one dye.

In all this study and labor man has

been busy enough in following the copy placed before him. It is only because



the practical results are so numerous and surround us in such increasing volume that we fail to appreciate these achievements at their true value. It is brought home to the Exposition visitor in the great variety of color decorations throughout the grounds which collaborate in such an entertaining manner with the interior decorations and exhibits.

The variety of the color scheme at the Exposition fixes a pleasant and lasting impression. No one can come within the radiance of the "Rainbow City" without intense admiration for the perfection of this phase of the Exposition which has made it distinctive from all others that have preceded it. When the sunrise first kisses the scene or when the radiant hues of sunset linger, or even in the noon-day glare, the triumph of color at the Pan-American proudly asserts itself.



THE RISE OF THOMAS W. LAWSON

By Robert G. Anderson

SOME one of an inquiring turn of mind some years ago, after a long and careful study of the speculative situation, and its possibilities, came to the conclusion that the chances for the speculator to make money in the stock market and keep it were so small as to be almost infinitesimal, providing, of course, that he really and seriously went into speculation as a business and kept at it long enough.

He also found as a result of his researches, that, on the other hand, the operator, who can seldom be properly called a speculator, rarely lost his money unless through exceptional and unforeseen occurrences. For the same reason, the general and other executive officers in control of armies most always live to a green old age and die very comfortably in their own homes.

The speculator in the stock market occupies the same position towards the operator as does the private toward the general, the point where the analogy is incomplete being that the private in the ranks, on the field of battle is not required to take the initiative, and if he loses his life he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he was at least acting under orders.

Now, in the case of the speculator, he realizes that his superior officers, the big operators, are constantly evolving new field tactics, but not for his guidance. He is left to figure out the moves to his own satisfaction, and it is there that he loses, for it is his guess against the others' knowledge.

Some years ago a very bright State street man came to this conclusion after mature thought, much experience and the

loss of several tolerably large fortunes, that is to say, large from the view-point of the ordinary man, but of rather insignificant proportions from his. Realizing that in order to be a potent influence in the world of finance it was necessary for him to become a maker of markets, this man, with characteristic energy, mapped out his program and started to work upon the business of making himself a power among his fellow men. His progress was at first necessarily slow, for, not finding opportunities, he made them. He had many friends, and they were good friends; but not powerful enough in themselves to help him carry out the ambition of his life. He accordingly extended his circle and by degrees gathered around him many of the most powerful men of the times. They were mostly men of a greater age than himself, but they realized that in this comparatively young man lay a power fully equal to their own in many respects, while in others there was a subtle something that gave him a grasp on certain situations that was superior to their own. They realized that in this man was personified speculative finesse; that he was a born leader of the stock market and that through the combination of his unique speculative abilities with their solid knowledge of affairs and executive ability, birth to great results might be given. The man in question, it is almost needless to say, was Thomas W. Lawson—the others the Standard Oil magnates.

One great project that these gentlemen had in view when this coalition took place was the securing of control of the copper mining industry of the country. They realized that his keen knowledge

of speculative conditions in Boston, the home centre of copper mining properties and the natural market for the shares of these mines would prove invaluable in the prosecution of their campaign of conquest. They therefore, turned over to him control of the market end of the project. Then came the copper mining boom of '99. During this exciting period Lawson was the magnetic centre of attraction on State street. At the ticker

crack a joke with a friend. He was then, as he is now, one of the most picturesque operators that either street has ever produced, and if the realization of his ambitions had brought with it weighty responsibilities it was not in his make-up to shrink from them. His business day during that period by no means ended with the clanging of the three o'clock bell on the stock exchange next door. The small hours of the

MR LAWSON IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, FROM A PHOTO POSED FOR WINFIELD M. THOMPSON OF THE "BOSTON GLOBE"



in the office of his favorite broker, on Congress street, hard by the side entrance of the stock exchange, he stood from 10 a. m. until 3 p. m., day after day. The market under the influence of his nimble intellect moved up or down as he willed it. He must have constantly been under a most intense mental strain, yet he never gave any visible signs of either mental or physical fatigue, and was ever ready to chat with the ever-growing crowd of people who thronged about him, or

morning would find him pegging away at some plan or problem. He rarely went home at that time. The days and nights were too short for such trivial matters as social intercourse. There was a market to be made and a name and a fortune to be builded, surely things calling for self-denial in little matters. There was a time of leisure to come later, this he knew. Not complete leisure but a slight respite from Herculean labors—the market-maker

never knows what complete rest means.

He would come down upon the Street in those days, fresh and smiling, even though he had spent half the night at the hotel where he then made his headquarters, in planning his campaign for the coming day.

It is a singular fact that during all that exciting period he rarely if ever went to his own palatial offices in the Worthington building. Whether this was because of some superstitious fancy no one but himself knows. There is just a tinge of superstition to his make-up. He believes that the double three is his numerical mascot. The number of his State street office is 333. This is also the number of his telephone. The number on the door of the suite at Young's, which he engages by the year, is 33, and to top this combination the name of his latest mining proposition is Trinity. It is not known whether his fortune is three times three millions of dollars or ten times three. It is doubtful if he himself knows exactly how wealthy he is.

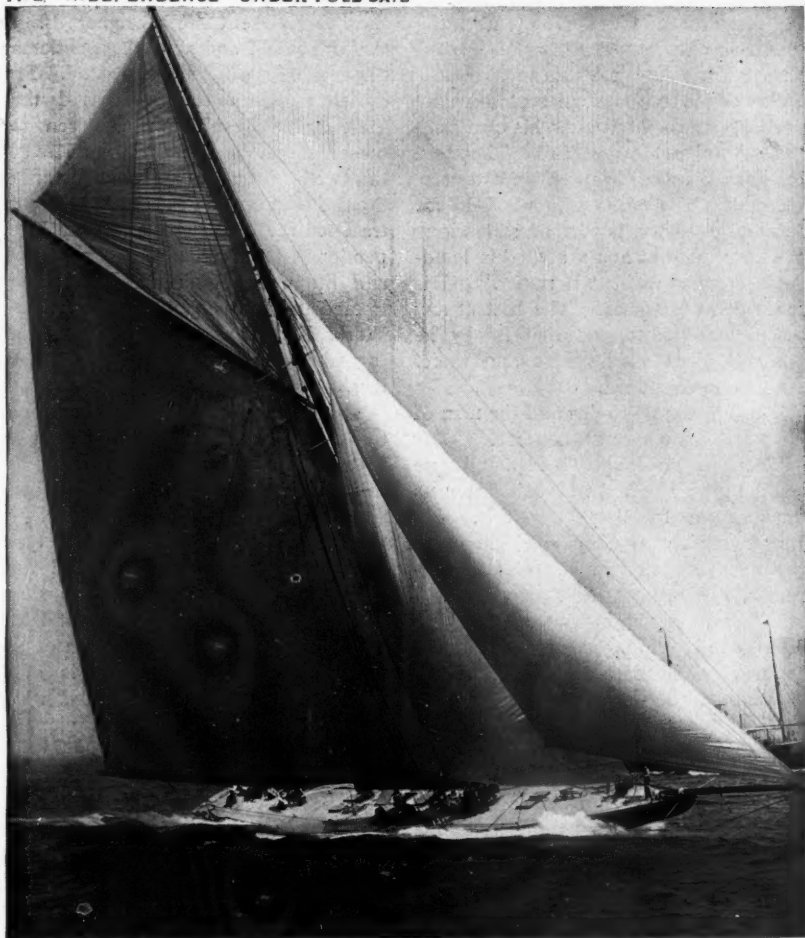
That it is enormous there is no question. He spends it lavishly, too, but by no means in a selfish way. Like many another man of wealth his right hand is not well acquainted with the doings of his left, or vice versa. The fitting out at the expense of his private pocket of the yacht "Independence" is illustrative of this lack of penuriousness in

Lawson's character. He cares nothing for money. That is, nothing for the money itself. He realizes, however, that money means power and position.

AT THE TICKER BEFORE HE BECAME FAMOUS



THE "INDEPENDENCE" UNDER FULL SAIL



Copyright by T. E. Marr, Boston, 1901

He appreciates this only as a man can who has in his time experienced the sensation of being "dead broke." And having made his "pile" through the exercise of his own peculiar abilities, he proposes to spend it after his own fashion. Art gives him pleasure. Therefore he buys beautiful bronzes and tasteful pictures. The ocean offers a field for recreation. That is why he sails along the coast at odd hours upon his hand-

some steam yacht "Dreamer." His fancy turns to horses. The best at any price is his motto, and that is why he has well filled stables here and there. And so on down the list.

The Lawson of today and the man of a few years ago are not the same.

There is no longer the picturesque publicity at the ticker. His interests have grown too large for this. No longer readily approachable, he sits,

He appreciates this only as a man can who has in his time experienced the sensation of being "dead broke." And having made his "pile" through the exercise of his own peculiar abilities, he proposes to spend it after his own fashion. Art gives him pleasure. Therefore he buys beautiful bronzes and tasteful pictures. The ocean offers a field for recreation. That is why he sails along the coast at odd hours upon his handsome steam yacht "Dreamer." His fancy turns to horses. The best at any price is his motto, and that is why he has well filled stables here and there. And so down the list.

The Lawson of to-day and the man of a few years ago are not the same.

There is no longer the picturesque publicity at the ticker. His interests have grown too large for this. No longer readily approachable, he sits, practically sequestered in his private apartments, overlooking the sweep of State street, and the man or woman who gains admission to his presence to-day must, indeed, have business of vital importance to transact.

Recently he appeared upon the street at midday, for the first time in months. "It was rather dull," he said, pathetically, "so they allowed me to come out to get some fresh air—they have me shackled to my desk, you know—if you don't believe it I can show you where the iron binds the ankle." A penalty attaches to prominence, indeed.

Several years ago the prediction was made that "Lawson will either go broke for good and all this time, or else he will become a multimillionaire, and I don't think that he will go broke." Neither has he.

When Lawson found the fates had decreed that he should build a twentieth century cup defender, he went about the

business with characteristic energy. He accordingly sent for designer B. B. Crowninshield and gave that gentleman a general idea of what was wanted. Preliminary plans were drawn, and then there were consultations between the owner, the designer and George Lawley, the well-known yacht constructor of South Boston, who was awarded the contract for the construction of the "Independence." Details were mapped out and the work of construction started immediately at the plant of the Atlantic Works, East Boston, that company having taken a sub-contract from the Lawleys.

The "Independence" as she stands to-day has the largest sail plan of any go-footer that was ever constructed, and her mainsail is the largest that has ever been spread on a sailing vessel of any size.

In model she is of the flat-floor type, carrying but little dead rise, and with fairly broad bilges. The sections are carried out full both forward and aft, maintaining throughout the idea of the midship sections. The boat is of a pronounced scow type in body, while carrying the deep draft of the plank or edge type.

The "Independence" is designed so that she may take a heel quickly, and, on account of the speedy immersion of the overhang, obtains her bearings in the same proportion.

In taking a heel, the point of entrance is shifted and, instead of the bluff entrance which her flat forebody would cause, the hard bilge makes the manoeuvre a matter of comparative ease.

The Lawson boat uses practically all of her overhang and consequently gains rapidly on sailing length when heeled. This gives the craft exceptional stability, and also gives her a long, straight side to sail upon.



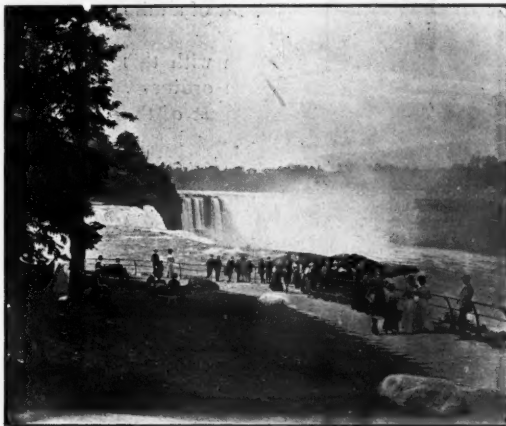
SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS AT THE EXPOSITION

By Edward Hale Brush

WHEN Buffalo decided to hold a Pan-American Exposition a systematic effort was made to have all the conventions convene at the rainbow city that could be obtained for the summer and fall of the exposition season. It succeeded so well that there are almost more conventions booked for the Pan-American city this year than in all the previous years of the city's history taken together. At any rate, there is a special program in connection with some event of this kind nearly all the time, and of course many of those visiting Buffalo and the exposition in any way either have friends here to entertain them or find themselves made at home by the local members of the organization whose convention they come primarily to attend. This tends to increase the sociability of the Pann-American atmosphere. For instance, early in June came the meeting of the National Editorial Association, bringing to Buffalo writers and publishers from all parts of the United States, and forming the occasion for the making of many pleasant acquaintanceships and affording opportunity for various social functions in honor of the visiting editors. Closely following it was the convention of the Daughters of the Revolution on Flag day, and the ceremonies of this event brought out the wealth and fashion of Buffalo, for patriotism is something of a fad now, you know; perhaps it is a good sign that this

should be so. Buffalo has many women whose bearing and accomplishments make for the success of such occasions, none more charming than Mrs. John Miller Horton, chairman of the Committee on ceremonies of the Women's Board of Managers, and the presiding officer on the afternoon of these exercises. The latter were held in the Temple of Music and were preceeded and followed by receptions in the

VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS FROM PROSPECT



Women's Building and at private residences, which the "society columns" described as "brilliant social affairs." The week of Dedication Day, when the Vice-President, Senator Lodge, Senator Hanna, Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff of New York, and many other notables visited the Rainbow City, witnessed a long succession of receptions, dinner parties, etc., in honor of the distinguished guests. One of these functions was the dinner party given by Mr.



and Mrs. John Clark Glenny in their old-fashioned and historic mansion north of Delaware Park, in a bit of woodland not more than a quarter of a mile from the Exposition grounds.

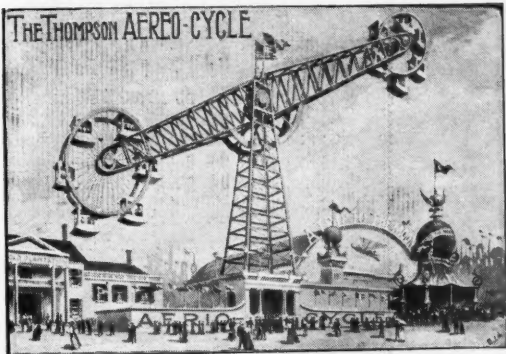
An incident in connection with this dinner was much out of the ordinary. Enconced in the thickest part of the grove surrounding the Glenny homestead is a spacious, old-time log cabin, which looks as if it might be a relic of the Iroquois occupation of this section of the Niagara frontier. The host on this particular evening invited the guests of honor to take a look at this historic structure. Mr. Roosevelt readily acquiesced, and a moment later, clad in faultless evening attire and followed by a troop of society girls in décolleté costume, he pushed open the door of the cabin. What he saw there was evidently most unexpected. The one room was lighted only by the flames of the logs blazing in the great fireplace. Grouped in front of it, squatting upon the floor and calmly smoking the pipe of peace were forty or fifty Indian warriors in war paint and feathers, with their squaws and

several papposes. They were from the Indian Congress on the Midway, but they were real Indians and the scene was just such an one as, no doubt, the Vice-President had witnessed in the days when cow-boys were his comrades, and he had the experiences of which he has told so graphically in his writings about the West.

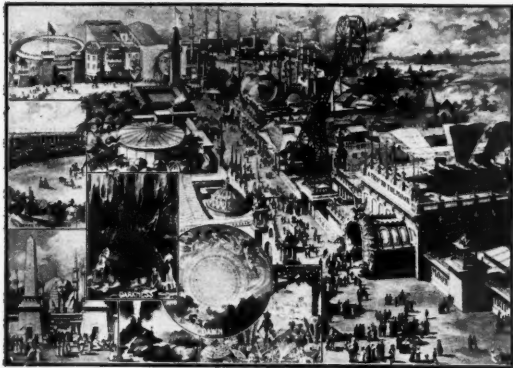
Scarcely had Mr. Roosevelt had time to take in the scene when he was seized by two braves, whose eagle feathers swept the ground, and told he was their prisoner. Simultaneously the Indians discharged their guns and smoke and the smell of burnt powder filled the apartment. American Horse and Red Deer, who had seized the Vice-President upon his entrance, informed him through an interpreter that he had been made captive for invading their camp, but could be paroled after the manner of white warriors if he would visit their camp on the Midway the next day and witness one of their battles. This Colonel Roosevelt readily promised, and then in the presence of this strange assemblage of the civilization of the East and the barbarism of the West, American Horse, who is a noted chief, "made a talk"



to the gallant Rough Rider and dignified Vice-President, and the latter responded in a most happy vein, telling of the bravery of an Indian who belonged to the Rough Riders and was shot before Santiago. Upon his visit to the Indian Congress next day the Vice-President named a baby girl who had just arrived in one of the families of the Indian village and presented her with



VIEW OF BUILDINGS ON THE MIDWAY



dusk which adds to their charm by softening their colors and heightening their aspect of grandeur. Then a little later, when the lights begin to glow on the buildings about the Court of Fountains, and upon the Electric Tower at its head and the brilliant illumination is reflected in the canals and lakes, the poetry and fascination of the scene makes one wish that there need not be a work-a-day to-morrow, and that expositions and their

a silver keepsake. Daily gondola and pleasures might be prolonged forever. launch parties on the grand canal of the Exposition and on the Park Lake are now in much vogue. The cosmopolitan aspect of the social side of the Exposition is very marked.

There is nothing more charming than the views of the Exposition buildings one gets from a gondola while plying in the canal just at the edge of evening when the picturesque outlines of the Spanish-like palaces of the Exposition city are bathed in the reflection of the sunset, or are seen in that hazy light of

VIEW FROM QUEENSTON



THE FUTURE OF CUT-OVER TIMBER LANDS

By Mitchell Mannering

NO other phase of American life is more strongly emphasized in the triumphs of the western hemisphere as revealed at the Pan-American Exposition than the art of home building.

In the courageous spirit of exploration, and determination to better one's condition in home and fortune, the western hemisphere was discovered; but more than that, it was developed by the same intrepid spirit. Foot by foot the pioneers pushed on from the seacoast into the wilderness, and in the isolated prairie seas protected their stockade homes from hostile Indians with the same un-

daunted courage that had made the Saxon castle with moat and turret a refuge and strength.

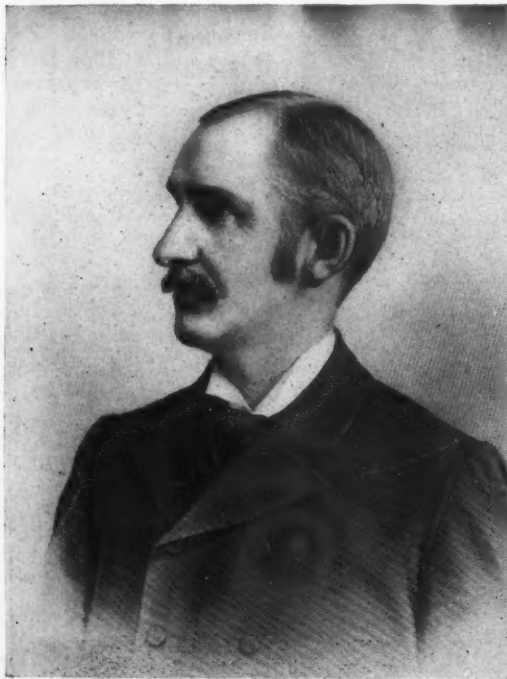
There is no other phase of American life so characteristic of the Western hemisphere as this dauntless love of home, and enthusiasm. The hardy pioneer father saw his sturdy sons push on to make new homes, as soon as his own conquest was certain and secure. And this self-reliant pioneering in home-building has furnished the sinews of our supremacy as a nation.

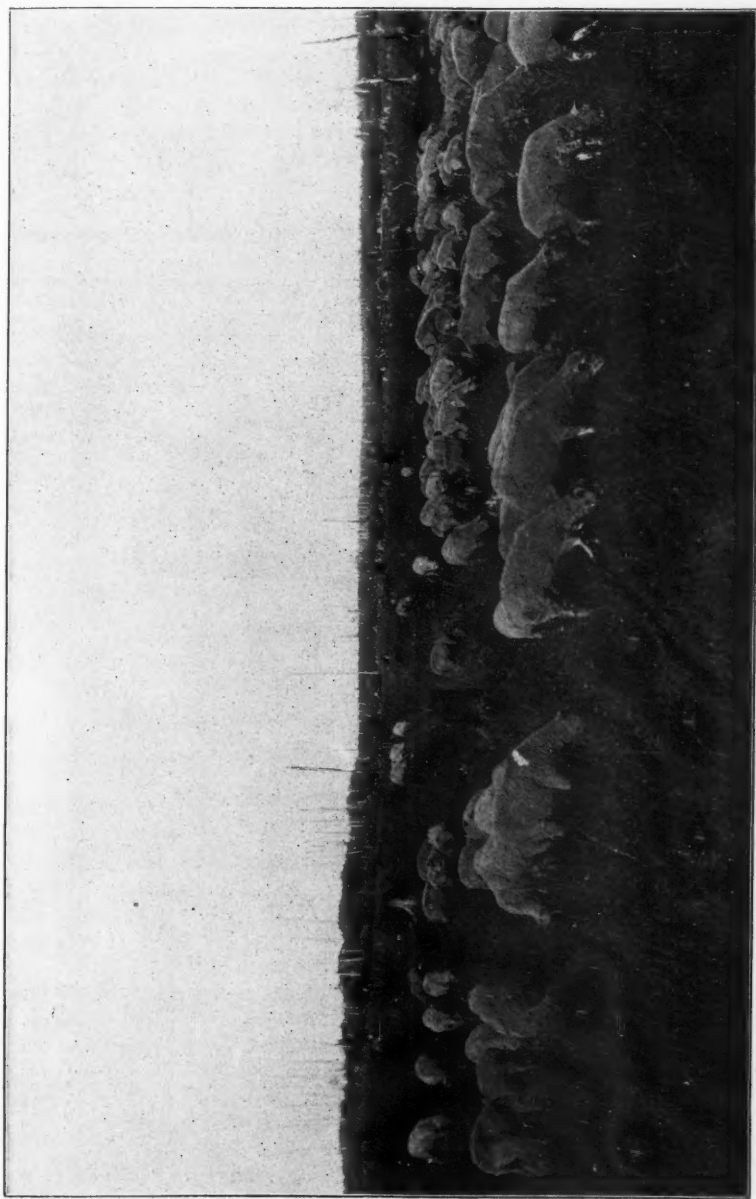
Since the railroads have spanned the continent, and the Pacific coast has rapidly developed, it has been intimated that the opportunities for a continuance of this splendid pioneering spirit is denied the present generation. But such is not the fact. There are millions of acres of cheap as well as free lands yet accessible for home building, which are being utilized every year by thousands of sturdy young fellows, ambitious to own a home and be free from the exactions of rental and leasehold.

In the lumber district of northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota are thousands of square miles of land, where the heavy timber has been cut off, or in the hardwood belts, which were always passed by the logger when the golden pine was accessible.

The young American who desires a home to-day has

JAMES L. GATES





SHEEP FEEDING ON THE NATURAL CLOVER OF THE BURNED-OVER DISTRICT IN PRICE COUNTY, WISCONSIN

better opportunities to clear a farm and fewer obstacles to overcome than his father or forefather possessed.

These forest lands are within the reach of railroads, and many are within a day's ride of Chicago. This means a market, and exemption from the isolation of early days. The pioneer of today in the forests has a market for his timber at the pulp mills, charcoal kilns,

land to a lumberman had no commercial value, after he had felled the giants of the forest and passed on to what he thought were richer fields, not even having interest enough to hold his right to the land by paying a nominal tax. It required a man of another stamp to see the future value of these abandoned acres. For twenty years or more Mr. Gates has wrestled with this proposition,

A SETTLER'S HOME



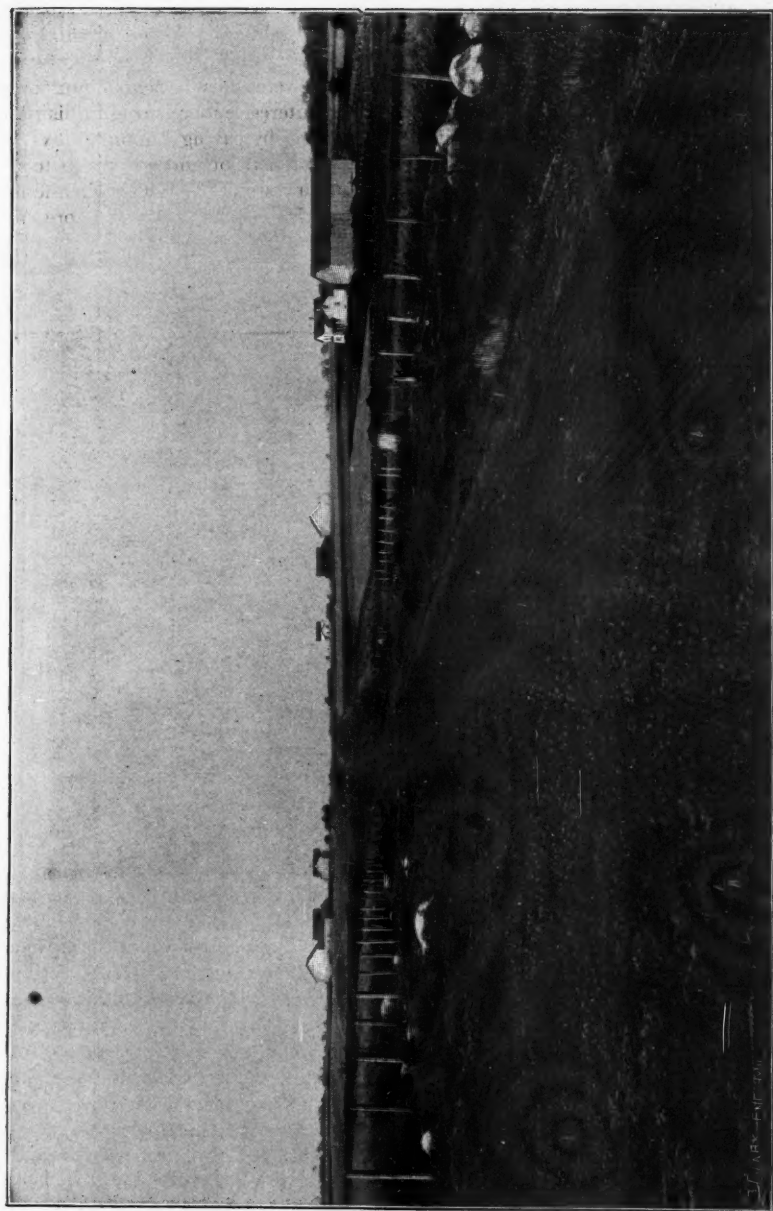
and hard wood mills, and the tanners purchase all the hemlock bark that can be furnished. In perfect keeping with the methods that have been conquered in the industrial world, there is always a market for "by-products." More than this the numerous mills furnish work at cash wages during the winter months, and acre by acre, the farm is being cleared and savings put away in the bank.

The man who now owns nearly a million acres of cut-over lands, and who originated the great project of utilizing these lands for farm purposes, is James L. Gates, of Milwaukee, Wis. Cut-over

paying \$1,000,000 in taxes, carrying burdens few could shoulder, for he believed there was health and wealth in this undeveloped portion of the state.

Now that the stumps are disappearing, and towns springing up into existence, the people, not only of Wisconsin, but Iowa, Illinois, and the older settled states in the East, are opening their eyes to the value of a home or an investment in this chosen land.

It is human nature to desire the cold cash before we act, but Mr. Gates' aim was higher. In his mind's eye he saw this was to be the poor man's paradise.



A SCENE IN THE OLDER SETTLED PORTION OF SOUTHERN TAYLOR COUNTY, WISCONSIN, FROM WHICH THE TIMBER HAS BEEN ENTIRELY CLEARED. HOMESTEADS WERE ENTERED ON LANDS IN THIS VICINITY IN 1880

A few hundred dollars invested by a young man now means a competence for life. Lands, to-day, are selling rapidly for \$10 an acre, and through the keenness and foresight of this benefactor, a little ready cash is sufficient to give everyone a foothold. Men of wealth and influence are only too glad to join hands in this enterprise, for they see the dollar, if nothing more. Capital realizes that hard work has been done

turing interests. Two years ago, unknown; two years hence, one of the leading live cities in northern Wisconsin.

Fifty years have touched Mr. Gates lightly, and he still has the force and fire of youth. He was graduated from the school of experience, and has always been an apt student of life. A lineal descendent of General Horatio Gates of Revolutionary fame, his achievements indicate his inheritance was greater than

LUMBERMAN'S CABIN IN THE HARDWOOD FOREST



and is ready to reap the reward of years of industry and perseverance.

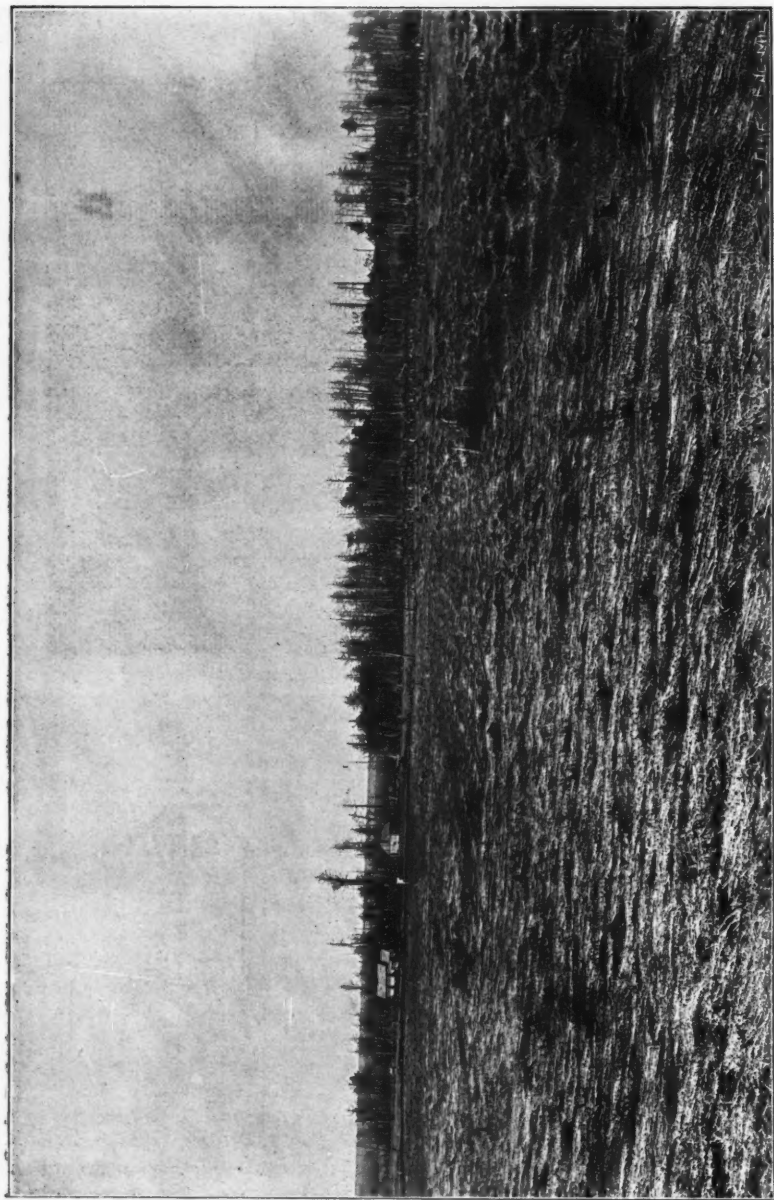
An object lesson of what faith and push can do is illustrated in the town of Ladysmith, now county seat of Gates county. At the time of the African war this place bore the name of Warner. A happy inspiration suggested Ladysmith, and the name seemed especially appropriate, for one of Mr. Gates' friends, C. R. Smith of Menasha, Wis., at this time was deeply interested in a beautiful lady whom he afterwards married, making her "Lady Smith." Ladysmith is a live town with bank, schools, and manufac-

turing interests. When five years old his father, Daniel H. Gates, settled in Clark county on the Black river, at that time an unbroken wilderness. Here nature was his teacher, for the school house was then a thing of the future, his actual schooling covering barely a period of three months. Early learning that he must put his shoulders to the wheel, he began the training that makes his judgment superior to that of most men on land questions.

He had the actual experience of the logging camp, and has tramped by his father's side timber prospecting. These



FOREST IN ASHLAND COUNTY, WISCONSIN, SHOWING APPEARANCE OF HARDWOOD LANDS BEFORE TIMBER HAS BEEN CUT



HARVESTING A SECOND CROP OF CLOVER ON FARM AT HIGH BRIDGE, ASHLAND COUNTY, WISCONSIN

observations made him familiar with the timber through a wide extent of territory. Ask him to-day about the kind and value of lands in any particular local-

forthcoming to carry out his cherished schemes.

It takes courage and grit to expand one's interest from a forty-acre tract,

ON THE GRAZING LANDS



ity of the great state of Wisconsin, and he can tell, for he knows from having been there. He early showed his Yankee propensities by putting his hand to anything that came along, not fearing work or failure. An indomitable will combined with great industry placed him at sixteen as a leader among woodsmen. While in the lumber business, during the last year of his logging operations on the Black and Chippewa rivers, he had thirty camps, and managed these alone without even the aid of a bookkeeper.

* * *

A trip to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 aroused a desire to live and to know the best. Money was wanting, but he saw untold wealth in the pine forests of the north-west. His faith made his friends listen, and capital was

which he owed the money to pay for, to a million acres. But such is the true history of this one man. Those who think there is no place in the world for them might do well to study the career of such a personality. He is doing an untold amount of good in carrying on the work of settling the cut-over timber lands—the reward for which he is just beginning to get.

With a million acres of land on which he can locate settlers who have little or no cash capital but an honest desire to build up independent homesteads for themselves Mr. Gates is rapidly developing many of the new sections of Wisconsin. It is safe to say that there is no man in the entire United States who is better situated to assist small farmers to a home, or who is more willing to do so.

Illustrations for this article by courtesy of the Wisconsin Central R. R. Co.

THE REVENGE OF THE NAZIRITE

By Dallas Lore Sharp

THERE were giants in that day, and earlier, in the dimmer dawn, there were gods upon the earth. It is noon of the day now: then it was the gray breaking, when the mists hung low across the world and wrapped all life with largeness and mystery. Men were mightier then; but women are still as fair.

In the half-light of that morning looms the figure of Samson, son of Manoah, of the tribe of Dan—a shaggy, gristly Israelite, a man-mammoth, the avenger of a people, the plaything of a woman.

For twenty years the tribe of Dan had

been in the hands of the Philistines. There had been no peace those years. The portion of Dan had fallen among wolves. But during those twenty years Samson had been growing into strength and manhood. The time of revenge was at hand.

While on a journey to the south Samson had fallen deep in love with a woman of Timnah, a daughter of his enemies. He would not forget her, nor take a maid of Israel in her stead. He had his wish at last; but the strange woman caused him trouble. She was the beginning of the end that came in the temple of Dagon, where the pillars broke, the walls fell, and Dan was avenged.

Samson was a man of riddles and secrets: the especial prey of a wife. Seven days of the honeymoon this woman of Timnah worried him for the meaning of a riddle that he had put to the young men at the feast; and she worried it out of him finally. Then she told it—and the war between the strong man and the Philistines was on.

He killed thirty of them to pay his wager, and was robbed of his wife. Then he let three hundred jackals loose into the standing corn with firebrands tied to their tails. The Philistines burned his wife for this and pursued him through village and valley across the borders into Judah, where he took refuge on a shelf of the high rock of Etham. Here he defended himself against the whole

SAMSON CARRYING AWAY THE GATES OF THE CITY



force. They could not dislodge him, and to even matters, spread themselves like a cloud of locusts over Judah, stripping the land bare.

Judah and Philistia were not formally at war. Samson was the trouble; but not until Judah delivered him into their hands would they withdraw. Samson had no desire that these innocent kinsmen should suffer; and, after assurances

The gates were barred and guarded. He could not open them. Then he laughed, and seizing the brass doors, he tore them loose, posts and all, and carried them out into the foot-hills of Hebron.

He was not to be taken by force. Samson was mighty in bone and sinew, mighty like a brute; with something of the brute's blind trust of muscle. He had the mind of a child. He was cun-

SAMSON AND DELILAH

From the painting by H. F. Schopin

that they would not harm him, he gave himself up and was handed over to his foes, encamped at Lahi. But he broke his ropes, slew a thousand of them single-handed and escaped.

The race was begun again. They followed him to Gaza, and, one night, when he was known to be in the city, the gates were locked and companies set on guard. He was trapped. When he appeared in the morning they should fall upon him. At midnight, by some chance, he arose and went to the wall.

ning, but he could not reason. He could be caught: the only question was how to hold him.

They found out directly. After his tearing away the gates of Gaza he met Delilah, a woman of the valley of Shorrek, a beautiful, daring, scheming creature, who lived by her charms and her wits. Samson was mad with love for her. And she? She had heard of him, and was very friendly—and let the Philistines know about it.

They listened to her bargain. Samson

thought he felt a new thrill in her voice that night, he thought he saw a new and softer radiance in her starry eyes. So he did; for the Lords of the Philistines had each offered her eleven hundred pieces of silver for the secret of his strength.

It pleased Samson to talk of his prowess; it pleased him more to wonder at it.

and he drew her close, and laughed through the shaggy hair that fell about his face, for this was love indeed.

Then he laughed again. He would let her see. To have her bind him with her own soft hands! To be her captive and make her gaze wide-eyed! It was better than war, than love! And he said:

"If you bind me with seven green withes that were never dried, I shall be as weak as other men."

She laughed then, kissed him, and sent him away. When he came on the morrow she met him like a happy child and showed him the long green thongs.

He stretched himself at her feet while she wrapped the stout osiers about ankles and wrists. He showed her how to make them fast. Three times three the tough bands were turned till he lay, helpless, trapped upon her floor.

She drew off toward an inner door. Her fingers were upon the latch.

"Samson," she called, a sudden fear ringing in her words, "the Philistines are upon you!"

There was a muffled sound of feet through the wall.

The alarm in the woman's voice for an instant alarmed him. The withes snapped as he sprang up. All was quiet. Delilah held the door, a softer, sweeter smile than ever on her lips. She was not afraid of him unbound.

But she was surprised. She was hurt; she would have fled through the door for grief and shame at his deceit.

"You have mocked me, lied to me. And you love me? Shame! shame! Leave me," and while she pouted with her pretty lips and put his arms away, he

SAMSON DESTROYING THE TEMPLE OF DAGON



From the painting by Gustav Dore

Delilah was full of wonder, of simple, childish, wondering wonder. How lovely, how sweetly unconscious her astonishment! What a divine toy!

"My love," she murmured, that night, "why are you so strong, so unlike other men? The gift of your God? How? Could I bind you, if you let me, with anything beside my arms, that you could not break?"

He caught her to him. "Beside your arms? I'm bound, forever bound with just this smile that I can't kiss away,"

told her to take new ropes that had never been used and bind him.

"I shall then be like common men," he promised her.

The liers-in-wait were again secreted in the inner room. Samson was bound with the new ropes from neck to toe. Delilah's hope and fear hardened every knot beyond the chance of slip. Again she guarded the door lest the Philistines rush in to find a free instead of a captive giant, and the silver pieces be lost. It was well. The ropes dropped as if charred. Samson loved the sport. The unfeigned fear, the chagrin, the hate that flashed across the beautiful, changeful face, was all wonder and worship to him. He would astonish her still more.

She believed him this time; for she was to weave the seven locks of his head with the web on her loom. He would be a babe in her hands. This surely was the secret. Deftly she wove, for the long curling hair was the silver woof of a robe in which she already walked in splendor. Warp and woof were one. He had fallen asleep while she weaved, and to make doubly sure she took a wooden pin and fastened the web to the heavy beam.

Suddenly the cry of "Philistines," startled him. The pin flew from its socket, the beam spun with a rattle, and Samson stood in the middle of the chamber scarcely awake, but free.

It was not worship in her face now. Even he saw that. The flash of her eyes, the palor of her cheeks, the tension of her lips was fury. Then it vanished like an April cloud, and the warm happy light was there again.

She had been his plaything, an innocent, a mere child, a fool. The secret? She would have it; if not by wiles, then by importunity. She could not deceive him; but he loved her and she could worry him, harrass him into telling her.

From that day she grew unhappy and stubborn. He love her? and keep a secret from her? Not until there was noth-

ing hidden from her would she be glad.

Day after day she begged, teased, tormented him, and yet, each day, grew lovelier and withholding till at the last, undone with love and weariness he told her. She crept into his arms to listen. He had a vow. He was a Nazirite unto the Lord from his mother's womb. No razor had ever come upon his head. And here lay the secret. His strength was in his hair. "If I be shaven," he told her, "my strength will go from me and I shall be as weak as other men."

This was the truth, she knew, and as she pushed her slender fingers through the dark heavy locks and smiled, he thought her gentle childish heart was happy. It was—joyful at the thought of how those locks should fall into her lap.

All was made ready. The Lords of the Philistines were brought into the house, a barber was hidden in the chamber and a feast made for Samson. He had eaten and drunk and stretching himself out at her feet laid his hairy head in her lap and slept.

Then the arras swung aside, a man came softly forward, and cut off the seven locks; the door to the inner room opened and the Philistines armed with spears crowded about the sleeper.

"Samson," hissed a voice in his ear, "Samson, the Philistines are upon you!"

He heard, tried to rise, but fell; staggered to his feet; shook himself and reeled. What was it? But before he knew, they fell upon him; bound him hand and foot; and while Delilah looked and laughed they thrust a redhot iron into his eyes.

There was great rejoicing over Philistia. A throng gathered on the highway to conduct the captive to Gaza where he was to be kept until the time of the festival to Dagon, the God, who had delivered him into their hands. He should make sport for them at the feast.

Fetters of brass were riveted about his wrists, a heavy chain was fixed to his

ankles, leaving him free to walk. He was hooked to the pole and made to grind moving round and round the narrow circle under the torment of the lash.

Blind, bound, scourged, the prisoner ground at the mill, ground away the dark dreadful hours of the endless night that had fallen upon him. He ate and slept and only knew he rose each time to the grinding with fresh strength.

The days wore on, the feast to Dagon was drawing near. After every sleep he rose with new life. He had not reasoned why, till stumbling over his chain, he felt his hair fall forward about his face. His hair had grown long again! His former strength was coming back!

A frenzy seized him. To be free! He bent his arms at the thought till the brass cut to the bone. They would not burst. His hair was not yet grown. The madness was gone in a moment. Suppose he broke away, could a sightless man escape from a city, from a land of his foes?

The day of Dagon had come. The walls of Gaza were festooned, the streets were hung with colors, and the city crowded with people. Priests had come from Ashdod, and the Lords from over all Philistia. The square low temple of Dagon was covered with garlands and about the image of the Fish-God himself were fruits of the soil and sea, altars smoking with burnt offering and censors breathing perfume through the court.

Samson was to be brought to the temple for the sport of the people. Gaza had never known such a holiday. There was no room in the temple court for the people. Long before the captive Israelite appeared, the spectators had begun to gather upon the roof, three thousand men and women, waiting.

At the first sight of him, bowed, blind, hairy, and grizzled by the prison life, a murmur of fear arose, then the clanking of his chains was heard, and a shout of praise went up to Dagon. "Our God"

they cried, "hath delivered into our hand our enemy, the destroyer of our country, who hath slain many." And after the great sacrifice of thanksgiving was offered, the strong man was jeered, buffeted and tortured with hot irons, with knives and the lash. A little boy was made to lead him about in derision. The once mighty man, the slayer of hundreds, dragged like a sheep by a lad!

The boy had stopped between the two great stone pillars that upheld the center of the roof. Samson knew the temple of old. He saw it all again through his sightless eyes. The shouts of the crowd told of the numbers upon the roof. There was a tremor in the very pillar, as he laid his hand against it, so heavy was the multitude.

He had endured in silence, in dumb patient waiting, he knew not why, till he touched the central pillar. Its tremor thrilled him. It had come, the moment, the revenge for which he had suffered and waited!

He bent down to the lad that held him by the hand and said.

"Suffer me that I may feel these pillars, that I may lean upon them." The lad loosed his hold. Samson put his arms about them, his wide shoulders moving freely between.

He was speaking. The noise of the multitude ceased. A hush fell upon the temple, for he had uttered no word before. What was he saying?

"O Lord God remember me, I pray thee and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes." Deeper grew the silence. "O Lord God, remember me, and let me die with the Philistines!" And raising his eyeless face toward heaven he tightened his hold upon the pillars, and bowed himself with all his might.

A cry of horror, a crash, a cloud of dust and the prayer of the Nazarite was answered.

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

By Edward Lawrence

ITS *raison d'être* was the war of 1812, its cradle stood in Fort McHenry, it was baptized with fire, and England and America stood as its sponsors. Its history should at least find a place in the public school books, since it cannot be found even in standard works on American history.

In the mid-August of 1814 the British fleet proceeded up the Patuxent river, nominally in pursuit of Barney's flotilla of seventeen sail, but really with the graver intention of raiding and destroying the city of Washington, the seat of the government. The transports hove-to off Benedict, and landed the troops, whose route to the Capital lay through Nottingham and Lower and Upper Marlboro. At the latter place, on the night of the 22nd, they halted, and Admiral Cockburn, General Ross and a number of their officers billeted themselves in the house of Dr. Beanes, one of the leading men of the county.

His estate was a beautiful one, his hospitality lavish, and of the quality that "called no man his enemy who sat 'neath his roof-tree and shared his slat;" so, although the "Demon of the Chesapeake" was his especial abhorrence, and the red cross of England his abomination, he treated his unwelcome and enforced guests with grave courtesy while they stayed, and thanked God when the red sun of morning shone on their backs, little knowing their plans of ruth and ruin.

A few days later the startling news went abroad of the destruction of Washington, the retreat of the enemy, and the fact that Dr. Beanes had been forcibly taken from his house, carried

with the British aboard their transports and thence transferred to the fleet, to be sent no one knew where.

Chief Justice Taney, writing of the event many months after its occurrence, says: "Up to the present time the cause of Dr. Beanes' arrest is not precisely known. He is a gentleman of unspotted character and a nice sense of honor, incapable of doing anything that could have deserved the treatment he received."

This treatment, we are told by the same worthy authority, was characterized by "great harshness, and he was kept so closely guarded that his friends, who, as soon as they were apprised of his situation, hastened to British headquarters to solicit his release, were not even permitted to see him." Their request was peremptorily refused, and all they could learn was that he was still on board the fleet. "Alarmed for his safety," Judge Taney continues, "Mr. West hastened to Georgetown (D. C.) and requested Mr. Francis S. Key to obtain the sanction of the government to his going aboard Admiral Cockburn's ship under a flag of truce to procure his release before the fleet sailed. It was then lying at the mouth of the Potomac" (having joined Cochrane's squadron that had been up and successfully "looted" the harbor of Alexandria), "but its destination was not definitely known. Mr. Key agreed readily to undertake the mission and set at once about it."

So much history records, but from the family papers of the Hansons of Kent, the following facts, which are not unsuggestive, have been gathered.

A few days after Mr. Beanes' involun-

tary hostship, and while the thought of it still rankled in his bosom, negro scouts and white fugitives came flying in to him with the news of the capture of Washington, the disaster at Bladensburg, the destruction of the Capitol, public buildings and private property, and last, but not least, the flight of the President.

"Dr. Beanes was a man of hot, choleric temper and ardent patriotism," Mr. Dorsey says, "and the news fired both emotions." In the midst of it several gentlemen rode out to his country seat to condole and talk over matters, and this added fresh fuel to the flame. They adjourned to a beautiful and romantic spring on his plantation to drink confusion to the British, and consult as to retaliation and reprisal. The longer they talked the madder they got, and at the heated pass in the discussion three foot-sore English soldiers straggled down the glen and asked for a drink of water. They were given the water and several glasses of very fine punch (as they afterwards testified), and then they were seized, bound and marched into Marlboro, where they were locked up in jail. Glowing with rage, heat and punch, the old cavalier reached home and peacefully ate his dinner, feeling he had done his country a service by ridding it of three invaders. Meantime, however, the soldiers were missed from their command, and were easily traced to Dr. Beanes' plantation, for the British, after burning Washington, retraced exactly their line of march, and the corporal's guard soon discovered the circumstances, aided by a grinning countryman, who jeered the red-coats about "the three prisoners in Marlboro jail."

That night (the 29th) a band of soldiery surrounded the mansion, burst into its hallway and into the doctor's room, hauled him out of bed and, refusing him time to dress, hustled him down-stairs and mounted him on a decrepit old mule.

Regardless of his rank and grey hairs,

they added insult to injury by turning his face to the mule's tail, and by tying his bare feet under the animal's body. His hands they tied behind him, and in this plight they rode him through the night—and the August nights are cold on the bay-shore—to where the army was encamped some miles below, and where, as before stated, they shipped him on a transport.

The discovery by his friends of his whereabouts and the arrangements for the flag of truce consumed some days. Meantime, the fleet massed itself against Baltimore, the battle of North Point was fought, General Ross was killed, and on the morning of the 13th of September, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner (afterwards postmaster of Baltimore) put out on the cartel-ship "Surprise" for the "Min-don." Arrived alongside, Mr. Key was put aboard the flagship, where he was courteously received and listened to while he stated his mission. In answer to his request, however, he was told "that the prisoner would be released only on condition of favor extended to the wounded English who lay prisoners of war at Baltimore." This, Mr. Key had full power to grant, and so stated, expressing at the same time the hope that as soon as the papers could be signed he and Dr. Beanes would be allowed to depart. But to this, polite and emphatic response was made to the effect that neither of them could leave the ship until the following day, the detention being a military necessity. He was permitted, however, to join the doctor, whom he found cooped-up in a small cell-like hole and almost in an apoplexy from rage and discomfort.

The "military necessity" was soon made apparent, for the bombardment of Fort McHenry began at three o'clock that afternoon. The odds were heavy against the United States, for the enemy's frigates, troop-ships, bomb-catches, rocket-ships, and ships-of-the-line num-

bered forty all told. And the "unknown quantity" added its integer of anxiety. Five thousand of "Wellington's Invincibles," two thousand sailors, and two thousand marines were known to have entered the battle at North Point, but what reserves there were no one knew. Three thousand two hundred Americans (principally militiamen) had been rallied to oppose the same. Seventeen hundred of these had actually been engaged, and all were exhausted by anxiety, loss of sleep, and bloodier causes, but they were full of enthusiasm, and the garrison proper of Fort McHenry, although small, numbered about two hundred trained soldiers among its members, and their commander was the gallant Armistead.

The ball was set a-rolling by the "Meteor," the "Aetna," "Terror," "Volcano," "Devastation" and the "Erebus," while the heavy guns of the frigates and line-of-battles barked sullenly in between Covington City battery, at the mouth of the Patapsco, and the fort responded so briskly that the firing was almost incessant, one hundred and fifty rounds being fired from the fort. Little damage was done, however, the English either overshooting the mark, or falling short of it, and the casualties were: Killed, two men; one officer, Lieutenant Claggett, one non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Clem; wounded, two men. The enemy perceived this themselves, and at one time the commanders of the frigates "Severn," "Euryalus," "Havannah" and "Hebrus" signalled for permission to lighten ship, lay alongside the fort, and make a dash with the boats. Fortunately, this was refused by Sir Alexander Cochrane, probably for the same reason given Colonel Brooke, when refusing to co-operate with him in an attack on Chincapin Hill that same night.

Meantime, the American gunners served their pieces merrily, and cracked jokes right and left about the bad marks-

manship of the English. They even stopped in the midst of the fiercest hurtling and crashing of projectiles to laugh at a rooster that flew up on the parapet and crowed lustily. As his strident voice rang out again and again over the water, they dropped their rammers, tore off their hats, and cheered him to the echo.

Under the heavy fire Baltimore was in a quiver, not merely figuratively, but actually from the detonations, and as night drew on the inhabitants of that city kept watch from its roof-tops. How the fight went on no one could tell, but the black pall seaward was brodered with fiery arabesques and splendid mock-suns, and they knew that the end was not yet.

To the two Americans the time on board the "Mindon" was fraught with an agony of hope and fear. Fastened like rats in a cage, no one to give them any information, smothered in smoke, their only index of the struggle the shuddering timbers and trembling hull, the scream of shell and flare of "carcass" as they sped on their malignant mission, the hours crawled by. They debated breathlessly at intervals, but generally they stood silent, with their faces pressed to the bull's eye, watching the burning night, and straining their eyes toward the fort. At daybreak the firing ceased. They looked in each other's pallid faces. What did it mean? Had the flag fallen and defeat come upon the Americans?

Again they strained their sight towards the fort. But a seamist hung between and blinded their vision. White as a shroud it clung to the face of the waters, and in the silence they heard their hearts beat. Just then the tide turned, and on its crest the sea-weed rode up the bay; it cleft the fog-folds for a moment, stirring and driving straight out a flag that hung heavy with the dews of September. It was the Stars and the Stripes! Embracing each other they wept tears that honored their manhood and gave way to

sobs which were prayers of praise. On fire with the rebound of hope deferred, glowing with patriotic fervor and noble enthusiasm, Key snatched a letter from his pocket and penciled on it the first verse of his immortal song.

That night, safe in Baltimore with his released friend, surrounded by the rejoicings of the delivered city, he completed it, and his uncle, Judge Nicholson, was so delighted with it that early in the morning of the 15th he set out to have it published. He took it first to the printing house of Colonel Benjamin Edes. But that sturdy patriot was still out with his troop, encamped at North Point. Then he took it to Captain Lester and had it printed in the form of hand bills and distributed. It flew through the country on the wings of the morning, kindling in every breast a flame that burned pure and clear against the lurid background of war's greed and carnage, and from that day to this it has voiced a nation's love.

McHenry stands to-day almost as then—a four-cornered bastion, with demi-lunes and counter-carp. Above the postern is the date of its erection, 1794, and the defenses are so primitive and inefficient as to excite a smile. One Gatling gun could kill the garrison, and a single Krupp cannon would knock the entire structure into the past tense. Inside its inclosure are the old quarters, wherein are stationed the picked light infantry of the command—eighteen families of children. Three or four stunted peach trees, an old cedar, and a

few hardy roses are the only shade and shrubbery, and the back windows are on a handshaking line with the ramparts. The flag pole occupies the same place as its historical predecessor, and a small gun stands by—the military monitor that sounds the reveille and tattoo of the sun. The gun-tracks are rusted, and the iron dogs like toothless mortars and cannon left at their stations look like iron-bound editons of Rip Van Winkle.

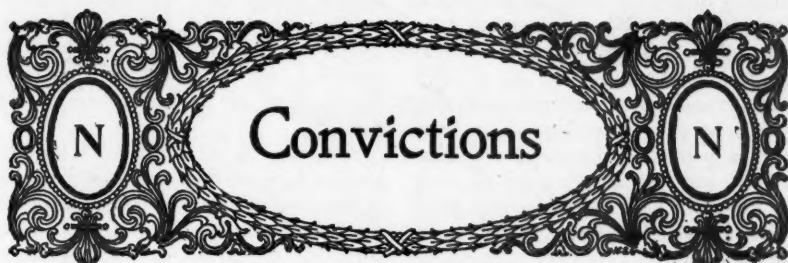
A fragment of the "Mindon" has drifted back to Baltimore on the tide of years. It is in the possession of the Historical society of that city and occupies a place of honor in its cabinet. It bears an inscription which declares it "a piece of Admiral Cockburn's flagship, the 'Mindon,' which took part in the bombardment of Fort McHenry, September 13-14, 1814." Another relic is a brace of carcass-balls, which were dug out of the dry dock a few years ago and mounted at the entrance of the church yard. They are about a foot in diameter, and are perforated with holes, which were filled with tar, turpentine, and Greek fire, then touched off, and dropped towards the fort to fire it.

But of course, the best relic of all is the old fort itself. To the right and left dance the blue waters of the Potapasco, and straight away in front stretches the bay, with Fort Carroll showing like a cheese box in the offing. The incoming and outgoing fleets look like peaceful ghosts of the great flotilla that assisted at the birth of our national anthem.

UNTO THE LEAST

THIS turbid pool, green-surfaced, slime bestrewn,
Lies list'ning where the forest depths commune;
A loathsome shallow from all beauty barred.
Yet on its breast the heavens myriad starred.

Gorman Wheeler



Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

PATRIOTIC CELEBRATIONS

OWING to death, accident, Satanic noise and confusion consequent upon our present form of patriotic celebration of July Fourth, the popular mind, as expressed by newspapers, is gradually turning towards patriotic reform. As a drop in the bucket of reformation it may do no harm to suggest that every revolution or national change begins in the mind of the child, where new ideas take most prosperous root. It would be interesting to read the written statement of fifty American children setting forth their views relating to the Fourth of July. I should like to know what these children would consider the purpose of that holiday; especially how many out of that number could give a coherent reason for its celebration other than as a generous opportunity for making noise objected to at other times. History is, as a rule, made more uninteresting than instructive in schools, and for this reason the American boy and girl are scarcely to blame for their patriotic ignorance. This being the case it might serve a good purpose to introduce in the home some spectacular object method of historical instruction by whose means the struggles of their grandfather's might be brought home to school children, much as the now popular historical novel is doing for American adults. Stereopticon lectures, it has been ascertained,

possess much greater interest for the mature mind than does the unillustrated delivery of ideas and facts. Children would remember the actual occasion for commemorating July Fourth after seeing realistic illustrations of colonial battles and colonial triumphs.

But above all things else, in behalf of municipal and political interests, there should be instituted an effort towards instructing American minds, young or old, in the elementary truths concerning the establishment of the United States. So long has the unreliable traditional cant concerning the purpose of the Pilgrims in seeking foreign shores been ingrained upon the American mind it is doubtful that it could be easily erased. Nearly every American youth, who considers the matter at all, is convinced first and last of the Pilgrim's liberalism; convinced that from the initiation of the colonies America was "the land of the free and the home of the brave," irrespective of creed; whereas, the Pilgrims came to the wilderness simply and solely for the purpose of worshipping God in their own way—distinctly not in anybody else's way—and executed Quakers on Boston Common for differing with them in these matters of exclusive rights of freedom.

In a country where reasons for pride and personal congratulation are obvious, something slipshod in the way of

education or ethics is intimidated by the currency of popular mistakes relating to our beginnings. Where a man has done a great deal it is an indication of weakness for him to exaggerate his achievements, or make misstatements concerning them. An American boy, if he is to make a patriotic citizen, ought at least to know why he makes a great noise on the Fourth of July; and when he is given a reason it should present to his mind the facts of the case, not picturesque tradition, which later he will find can not be substantiated by authorized history of our remarkable country.

SIMPLICITY OF TASTE

ALTHOUGH we unwillingly concede the absence of any established standard of good taste off of which a correct pattern may be cut by anybody and everybody, it does seem impossible that one particular element of the best taste can be open to dispute; and that element is refined simplicity; refinement in the sense of unostentation, unpretentious charm, and the culture which exists without advertisement.

This attribute of good taste need not be individual; it exists ready and willing to be utilized by anyone who can perceive it; but, unfortunately for the majority, simplicity is not the fashion, and, what is worse, the prevailing, yet evanescent, style of things seldom affiliates with good taste from this standpoint of refined simplicity. A woman of moderate means, who very likely must wear the hat she buys this season over into the next, and possibly the next, goes to a shop where a milliner produces hats and bonnets cheaply and vulgarly imitative of those which, in beautiful, expensive materials, may be excellent examples of refined taste, but which made up in cheap imitations are not only extremely unbecoming but also loud and conspicuous; attracting the present eye

of disgust and the future eye of remembrance when such head-gear appears another season in faded tawdriness. This kind of buying is the worst possible economy, for cheap glitter invariably succumbs to the enduring rays of the sun.

Such a practical illustration may be applied to every department where taste is required. The old-fashioned word "genteel," now fast becoming obsolete, sums up the heart of this question. Gentility is possible in any social class, for at its broadest significance it implies only refined simplicity. Another early-day expression pertinent to this subject was "A lady is well dressed when as a whole her dress is so pleasing that the observer fails to see its component parts." This definition serves for a well-dressed lady, house or mind. A home that flaunts its taste, its wealth or its culture is appointed vulgarly—according to the definition we are now considering. The immaturity of our own American mind is declared in the prevailing and ill-considered use of the word culture. An individual of weak mental parts loudly counts herself "cultured" because she belongs to a woman's club or two, when she would be much further along on the high road to education were she to stop at home and learn her children's school lessons with them.

Culture in hats, or books, speaks for itself, and never carries a trumpet. The hypocrisy of learning and ideals is in many ways more misleading than religious hypocrisy. There is not now living a more distinctly new woman than was Cleopatra, Hypatia, or Elizabeth, the Virgin—each in her respective manner. Judge Grant's Selma White is only a disagreeable, well-done, realistic representation of the Becky Sharps and Mrs. Jellabys, and groups of Amazons existing from times immemorial. The difference lies in proportion to the increased number of earth's inhabitants at the

present time. In New Netherland or Boston in the seventeenth century a gaudy, tawdry hat that was dismally conspicuous the second season took a prominent place in the small colonies; the Anne Hutchinsons were too few to form a club so they stood prominently alone for their ideals. The nineteenth century has been a multiplication of colonial beginnings, and if the twentieth turns its attention to multiplying the refined simplicity of certain liberal Puritans it will perform at least as worthy a mission as that employed in producing mechanical contrivances whose single purpose is beating time.

GOING TO A FAIR

WITHOUT doubt going to a fair is more educational than easy, which is apt to be the case with much that is worth our while in this life we know something about. The first requisite for enjoyment at any kind of fair, whether it be in Greentown or Paris, is a good, stout pair of feet and legs. Add to these requisites a pair of Boston elbows and anyone is equipped for an enjoyable time amid energetic sightseers. A spontaneous desire to see the fair does not appear to be necessary at all; the mere fact of having done what everybody else is doing, or wants hopelessly to do, is quite sufficient for the general purposes of enjoyment. Educationally there is not a single doubt of a fair's great value to people; ethically

there is a suggestion of apprehension that a man who takes his first journey into the world upon the Midway of a modern exposition may not return home with a proper domestic content, nor with a very intelligent idea of the customs of certain countries depicted by the representatives of nations assembled for exhibition upon these entertaining quarters of the fair. But it has never been proposed to redeem men nor women by means of great exhibitions; consequently, fairs, like art, must be accepted and valued for the entertainment they offer rather than for the virtue they have to give away. The more attention one gives to the subject of fairs the more one realizes their close resemblance in the concrete to the stupendous exhibition known as life on earth. Patience and perseverance must be rated above par in both instances; and certainly at no fair is the previous acquirement of the Boston poke with the elbow more obviously necessary than in this competitive life known to man. At one period of its existence Boston was noted for persecution and piety; at another for transcendentalism and pie; now it is justly celebrated for its poke; something not to be acquired without its precincts. Take good advice, all those contemplating a sojourn at Buffalo, and go first to Boston; walk the streets one single week, then resume your travels to the fair armed for a successful experience.





BITTER SWEET

AH me! Last night a lovely girl,
In ecstasy of bliss,
Her red lips lifted unto me,
And thrilled me with a kiss!

"You precious thing, to come to me,"
She rapturously cried,
"What greeting on your open face!
What love is locked inside!"

I clung to her a moment, for
I thought she loved at sight;
And O, what smiles she had for me
Beneath the shaded light!

I opened up my heart to her—
The love, and joy and pain;
She held me to her throbbing breast,
And kissed me once again.

Ah yes! She kissed me, but I know
That I shall never get her—
I am the postmarked envelope
About her lover's letter!

Aloysius Coll

BOOB MAXON, EVOLUTIONIST

"NEWS?" said Dad Holcomb, reflectively, as he closed the book he was reading, "Well, I dunno as there *is* any news, that's so. Kilo ain't much on news, as I reckon you'll find out by the time you've run a paper here awhile. Lemme see. I suppose you seen the Eytalian organ-grinder yestiddy, an' his monkey? 'Course you did. Now, wan't that monkey a queer little cuss!

I declare, the more I looked at him the more I thought he *was* like a man an' the more I thought he *wasn't* like a man, until I jist went right out to Boob Maxon's and borried this book off him."

Dad turned the book over in his hand, and eyed it doubtfully.

"Drat it!" he said, "I've gone an' lost my place ag'in, but it don't make much difference. I can begin at the beginnin' once more. I ain't been past page two since I first started readin' it, two years ago. I ain't what you'd call a fast reader, an' 'bout the time I git to page two Sunday comes 'round. an' I hear Brother Wilcox preach a sermon an' I flop over an' believe in Adam bein' made o' mud, an' I trot the book back to Boob.

"This here 'Origination of Species' is a great book, though, an' I guess mebbly Darwin was up to what he was writin' about," said Dad, thoughtfully, "but somehow I can't git *into* it. Some says it's sin to believe what Darwin an' Boob Maxon does, but seems to me since I see that monkey yestiddy that it's purty nigh as much a miracle to make a man out o' a monkey as to make one out o' mud. Only, when a man's dead he does turn back into mud an' he don't turn back into a monkey. But I dunno. I'm not up in sich things like Boob Maxon is.



HIS is our Uncle, debonaire,
Taking his children to the Fair.
A pretty figure, don't you know,
For each of them must pay to go.

Boob, he's an out an' out evolutionist, he is. He beats this feller Darwin. Darwin only *writ* it, but Boob, he's *don'* it."

Dad laid his book on the ground beside his chair and took off his spectacles.

"I guess mebbly I was the reason of it, too," he said, with considerable pride.

"You see, this feller Boob he didn't seem to have no object in life. Jist sort o' lazied along, fishin' some an' huntin' some in duck season, an' hangin' 'round the lake in season an' out, an' he knowed more 'bout ducks an' fish than any man you ever see, but he didn't have no real object. You've got to have an object.

Some's object is to git rich, an' some's to git to heaven, an' some this an' some that, but a man ain't ever headed plumb right 'till he gits some sort o' object to work for. Don't matter if its only to learn how to spit into a knot-hole every shot, just so its an object. But when you've got your object picked you ain't goin' to git lonesome, ever.



A.C.S.

"Well, Boob he was always fishin' or huntin' but he was the laziest I ever see. He'd set up his fishpole in the mud an' go to sleep an' never wake up 'till time to go home, so one day I says, 'Boob, I wonder you don't git somebody to fish for you,' an' he says, good natured, 'Gummy, Dad, I wish I could, but who could I get?' an' I says, 'You might teach a dog, Boob, I swan, I b'lieve a dog's got more sense than some I know.'

"Well, Boob he thought it over awhile an' then he says, 'Can't be did, Dad, they ain't no dog got sense enough. A fish has got more sense than a dog has.' 'Well, Boob,' says I, 'why don't you teach a fish then?' an' Boob sat there an' considered that awhile, an' then he slaps his leg an' says, 'Gummy, Dad, I believe I will.'

"An' that's just what he did. He caught one o' these old salmon-trout that's as wise as Moses anyhow an' took him home an' put him in a tub an' fed him, an' in a leetle while that old salmon-trout got to know him, an' would jump up out o' the water every time Boob come near the tub, an' frisk 'round as long as Boob was nigh. Boob taught him to come by name; he called him Darius; an' showed him the difference between a worm on a hook an' a plain worm 'till Darius got so he wouldn't pay no attention to a worm with a string to it. An' then Boob begun to make use o' him.

"He'd take Darius down to the lake an' turn him loose an' Darius, bein' a friendly sort o' fish an' likin' company would hustle off an' git in with some o' his old friends; but jist about as Darius got to askin' how the children was gettin' along, Boob would call him an' along would come Darius, bringin' half a dozen salmon-trout trailin' along behind, an' when Darius would swim up close to the bank to see what Boob wanted, they'd all crowd 'round him and 'swoop!' Boob 'ud scoop 'em all up in a net at once. You could almost hear Darius givin' them fish the laugh.

"But when the duck season come Boob had to leave Darius at home an' the poor old salmon-trout purty nigh broke its heart, it had got so attached to Boob, an' it got thin an' peaked, an' Boob made up his mind he'd either quit duck huntin' or take Darius along. So he set about thinkin' an' thought out a way to let Darius help him at duck huntin'. He had a tame old butter-duck, an' every day he'd tie a worm 'round that duck's leg an' put it in the tub where Darius was, an' Darius would slide up an' make a grab at the worm an' grab the duck by the leg. An' he held on fast, too. Never let go 'till he felt that worm slide down his throat.



"That's how Boob eddicated Darius to hunt ducks. He'd take him out to the lake, an' point out the ducks that was swimmin' 'round, an' slip Darius into the water an' in a little bit you'd see one o' them ducks begin to flap his wings an' squawk an' holler an' you'd know Darius had it by the leg, an' Darius would tow that duck inshore far enough so Boob could get a shot at it. Boob used to git lots o' ducks that way.

OLD MR. UMBRELLAS-TO-MEND!

IN a tumble down shanty with windows askew,
Lived an ancient Italian, whom everyone knew
As Mr. Umbrellas-to-mend;
With the rise of the sun he was out on his beat,
And he warbled this song as he strolled through the street:
"Umbrellas to mend? Won't some pitying friend
Help a good thing along with umbrellas to mend?"

On those bright summer days when no clouds hung on high,
And the blistering sun kept the atmosphere dry,
Old Mr. Umbrellas-to-mend
Tramped around with a scowl on his deep-wrinkled face,
And the racket he raised was a lasting disgrace:
"Umbrellas to mend?" All the day without end,
He squeaked his appeals for umbrellas to mend.



But oft came a damp, disagreeable day,
When the rain spattered round in a dis-solute way:
Then Mr. Umbrellas-to-mend
Let his face break apart in a smile that was bland,
As he shouted aloud in a voice of command:

"Umbrellas to mend? Come, my worry-ing friend,
And trot out those busted umbrellas to mend."

Begrudging the sun-shine that others enjoyed,
And yearning for rain-storms that kept him employed;
Our Mr. Umbrellas-to-mend
Proved the truth of that often disputed belief,
That any old gale will blow someone relief.
"Umbrellas-to-mend?"
We can always depend
On our woes bringing crops of umbrellas to mend.

Leon Lempert, Jr.

"That's what eddication did for that old salmon-trout, an', given time enough, I reckon Boob could teach that fish to do most anything, but that's where the difference 'tween eddication an' evolution comes in. A man can eddicate most anything, but I count it takes somebody bigger than a man to evolute a thing. Boob an' me takes sides right there. Boob says, 'No, by gummy, give a man time enough an' he can evolute a cow into an elephant, if he wants to.' An' he's got 'bout that kind o' a job.

"You see, wild ducks ain't no fools, neither, an' in a while they got onto Darius, an' they wouldn't light in the lake day or night, but would just go flyin' overhead, an' Boob was worse off than ever. But d'you think he'd give up?

No, sir! he says, 'Ef I had a *flyin'* fish, I guess I'd get some ducks yet,' an' he set about tryin' to get one, but he couldn't do it. 'All right,' he says, 'ef I can't get one, I'll teach Darius to fly!' An' that's how he come to git this book. He reckoned he'd need all the pointers he could get when it come to evolutin' a salmon-trout into a flyin'-fish. An' I guess he was about right. So far as I can see fish ain't no more likely to sprout wings sudden than men is.

"Boob begun right, though. He wouldn't feed Darius unless Darius jumped for it. First off, Darius could only jump up about a foot, but purty soon he jumped two feet, an' by an' by Boob had to stand on a chair, Darius could jump so high. But when it come

to ten feet it seemed like Darius had reached his limit. Couldn't seem to do another inch. He'd try—he'd nearly bust hisself trying—but no use, so Boob says, 'Well, by gummy, a jumpin' fish ain't what I want, anyway. I want a flyin' fish, an' I guess I've got to evolve one, so he took Darius down to the lake an' begun all over.

"You can see Boob down there now any day, givin' Darius flying lessons. He just hikes up Darius in one hand an' throws him as far as he can throw him, an' I declare, it's almost pitiful to see that poor fish tryin' to fly, flappin' its fins an' wigglin' its tail, an' then, when it lights in the water, come a-swimmin' right back to Boob for another try.

"Boob's been a givin' it flyin' lessons for a leetle over five years now, an' it doesn't seem no mite nearer bein' a flyin' fish now than it was when he begun, but land sakes, man wasn't evolved from a monkey in no half hour, neither, an' if Boob lives long enough, an' Darius don't give out, there's no tellin'.

"Anyhow," said Dad, philosophically, "Boob's got an object in life, now, an' I reckon it's one that will last him a spell."

Ellis Parker Butler

WHILE MADGE AND I ARE SWINGING

THE sunlight glimmers through the vine
That round the oak is clinging,
And wild-flowers nod their heads at us
While Madge and I are swinging.

The apple trees are white with bloom—
Soft winds the sweet scent bringing,
To where the squirrels fearless play
While Madge and I are swinging.

The fleecy clouds go sailing by,
The birds with joy are singing,
And all the world is glad with us
When Madge and I are swinging.

Maitland LeRoy Osborne

THREE TO FIVE YEARS

"SPEAKING of tramps," said Johnson—we had been sitting in the study window, watching the sunset sil-

houette of Lookout Mountain change the face of Nature in the valley below, and talking of things unutterable—"reminds me of something that happened while I was under-sheriff of Manitowac County, Michigan, the last winter I was there—"

I broke in at the risk of spoiling a story. "Hold on," I said; "I want to hear the story, of course, but first I'd like to know the connection between the view and the vagrant."

Johnson laughed. "There isn't any worth mentioning, I guess. You said something about metamorphosis, and I just happened to think of the light-



ning change that came over that fellow when I told him he was good for from three to five years in the pen. I thought he'd have a fit."

"That will do—begin at the front end, if you please."

Johnson relighted his cigar and put his feet on the window sill. "It was along in the early part of the winter, and we were overrun with tramps who would come to the jail to get a night's lodging. Sometimes we were full up and couldn't

take 'em in; and then they'd tackle one of the 'trusties' out in the jail yard and ask what they had to do to get in. You see, Manitomac had the reputation of feeding pretty good; and sixty to ninety days in a comfortable jail in winter was a tramp's snap. One afternoon a fellow struck me for supper and lodging and I stood him off. Half an hour after I heard him ask a 'trusty' the usual question.

"Aw, mog up town an' steal a ham," growled the 'in.'

"Wot's to pay?" asked the out.

"Anything less'n twenty-five cases; petty larceny—ninety days. More'n that, an' ye go over the road, see?"

"The fellow outside of the fence nodded.

"That's just about my size. I'm goin' up to get me ham, right now."

"He went away, and about eight o'clock that evening, when I was alone in the jail office, the door-bell rang. I answered it, and there stood the 'out' buttoned up to the chin in an overcoat.

It was snowing and blowing great guns, and he asked for a night's lodging again, on the chance, I suppose, that I wouldn't remember him. I took him in and gave him a note to the turnkey. When he turned to go down the corridor, I saw a tag on the collar of the overcoat and called him back. 'Say, my friend, where did you get that coat?' said I.

"This here old coat? Why, say, capn', I've had this coat goin' on to four years, now. She wears like boiler-plate, don't she?"

"I knew well enough he'd just stolen it somewhere, so I said: 'Take it off.'

"He kicked a little, but finally did what he had to; and, as I expected, I found the dealer's ticket on the inside, with the cost and price marks. I examined them closely and tried to look sorry for him. Then I said, very soberly, you know: 'Well, young fellow, you've one it this time. Do you know the law

in this state?' He gasped once or twice and nodded, because his lips were too dry to let him speak.

"Then you ought to have looked at the price of this before you took it. Twenty-five dollars will send you to Jackson for from three to five years, sure.' That's when I thought he'd have a fit.

"Twenty-five—say Cap'n, for the love o' Gawd gimme that coat an' lemme take it back! I don't want no night's lodgin', n'r nothin', an' I'll hoof it out o' this blame town if it's snowin' a blizzard—I like snow, honest I do, an' I'd ruther tramp in it 'n not. Lemme take it back; I wouldn't 'a' swiped it for a million dollars if I'd 'a' knowed!"

"I don't suppose you would," I said, 'but you've done it, now. Thought you'd fix yourself for ninety days with plenty to eat and nothing to do, didn't you?' and I ran him back and locked him into a cell where he could have a good chance to think it over. When I left him he was still begging to be allowed to take it back."

Johnson tilted his chair and chuckled reminiscently; but I failed to see the point of the joke and said so.

"Don't you?" he said; "well, I'll tell you. The price of the coat was only twenty-two dollars; don't you see?"

Francis Lynde

AN ELEMENT OF GOLF

"AND you will return early this afternoon, to teach me golf?"

Phylis had wandered out onto the piazza as I started for the station.

"I should like nothing better," I answered regretfully, "but it is doubtful whether affairs at the office will permit. You know these are busy days for us. However, if I should find it possible—"



"Very well, then I will meet you here at three o'clock," concluded Phylis.

It was evident that she had no doubt whatever on the subject. I had no doubt myself. I had merely offered that remark as an apology to my self-respect.

When I appeared on the porch promptly at three, I found Phylis surrounded by half a dozen fellows, each with a different club, explaining each a different method, and all at the same time. Phylis was intently examining a dead moth, and exclaiming that she understood perfectly. They all glowered at me as I came up, but I could afford to be magnanimous, and I smiled most cordially.

"You need not carry all of those clubs," I explained to Phylis, "three is plenty." Phylis regarded me suspiciously. "I want to play very scientifically," she said.

"You shall play scientifically, but three is plenty." I selected the clubs and we started for the links.

"Do you know anything about the game?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I have just finished reading about it," she answered confidently.

"May I ask what you have read?"

Phylis drew her brows together in an effort to recall the acquired information.

"Ye-es, I learned that a tee is called a tee from its resemblance to a form of decoration employed on the — the steeples of the Eastern dagobas."

"A most essential piece of information," I observed.

"There was a great deal more," continued Phylis, considering my remark a

trifle suspiciously, "but it was very dry and I did not really understand it."

We reached the links, where the ground rose in miniature hills, golden brown against the vivid blue sky, like the lines of a poster. I glanced at Phylis and then at my own costume, and it struck me unpleasantly, for the first time, that we were quite suited to fill out the poster ourselves. I have no objections to posters, in fact I like them. But they certainly are frivolous, and there is nothing I dislike more than appearing frivolous.

"Now," I said, "I will make a tee for you."

"No, indeed, I'll make a tee for myself," retorted Phylis. "I intend to practice a great deal by myself and the first thing I must learn is this."

I remembered the six fellows we had left on the lawn, and I had serious doubts

as to how much practicing Phylis would do alone. However, I let her try, and she began burying her pretty fingers in the sand-box. I turned my attention to an infirmity that had attacked my favorite club. When I looked up again, Phylis was proudly surveying a unique structure at her feet. It looked something like the tower of Pisa with a sunbonnet on it.

"What is that?" I asked severely.

"That's a tee," she answered, rather impatiently.

"I'll take your word for it," I said seriously, "because I have great faith in you, but you might have difficulty in making some skeptical persons believe that that really is



a tee. If you will permit me I will make one for you, and we will leave that, as a geological problem to the players that come next on the links."

Phylis flushed. "You know that I am only a beginner," she said with mild forbearance.

"Now," I said, placing the ball upon a tee of my own construction, "take this club and drive the ball. No, not that way, and stand like this." She looked at me disconsolately. "Do I have to stand like that? It's exceedingly awkward."

"I'm sorry, but I am afraid that you really must. Now just let me retire back of that bunker before you drive, please. Well, never mind, knock away." There was a momentary effect of a volcano. When the sand and debris had cleared away from the air, the ball was discovered two inches from an excavation that had once been the situation of the tee.

"That's very strange," remarked Phylis. I agreed with her that it certainly was most remarkable. I rebuilt the tee and emphasized the necessity for taking aim. This time the ball went several feet. Phylis breathed a sigh of relief. "That's better, isn't it?" she said. I assured her that it was. "Now," I said, "you may hit it with this club. Hold it like this and stand this way." Phylis watched me with an attention that was pathetic. When she failed to do likewise, she was amiably surprised. She was an independent little person and did not like to be helped too much, so I stood patiently by, watching her mutilate the ground.

"Are you sure this is the right club?"

she asked, presently. In spite of my assurances that it was undoubtedly the correct weapon, she looked affectionately at the driver.

At length she handed the club to me in mute appeal. I took it and drove the ball. It rose like a joyous bird into the air and fell on the green within an inch of the hole. It was the shot of my life, but I did not tell Phylis that. She turned and looked at me with great wondering eyes. I was becoming exceedingly happy, for I was at length at a distinct advantage. In the ball room she danced better than I; in conversation I was inevitably surpassed; and she

had beaten me at tennis until she had scorned to play again with me. But on the links I had a distinct advantage, and made the most of it.

Phylis started after the ball in awestruck silence. By this time she had a large round pebble in her shoe, and like the uncomplaining little woman that she was, she said nothing about it until she was positively obliged to limp. Then I insisted upon having the cause removed. In tying up the shoe, the shoestring broke in an unfortunate place. Clearly Phylis was not enjoying the afternoon. Still she smiled as cheerfully as she could as we picked up the clubs and started on.

Phylis was not stupid. She was good at athletics of all kinds, but she was hopelessly unnerved and discouraged. Half way around she threw down the club in despair. "Am I making any progress?" she demanded disconsolately.

"No," I answered frankly, "I can't say that you are."



"How long do you think it would take me to learn?" she persisted pluckily.

"At this rate," I assured her, "it would take about an average lifetime."

She turned away, but I had seen the tears in her eyes and that her lip quivered.

Then I knew that I was a brute. I had suspected it for some time, but now I was certain.

"However," I continued more gently, "if you would do me the favor of accepting my services for that period, I should be only too glad to give you my assistance."

Just what happened after that is rather hazy in my mind. I think that she did not quite understand at first, and I proceeded to explain very carefully. And I remember bending quite low, to hear her answer, but although her lips were so close that I could have heard the smallest whisper, I never heard the answer. No, to this very day I have heard no answer. But Phylis has recently won a cup, at golf, which you may observe in the most conspicuous spot in our drawing-room.

Helen Green

THE MAN AND THE SPIDER

A MAN whom I know owns a little workshop. He labors hard six days in the week the year round, is a good fellow generally, and always pays his bills. But he has his quirks all the same. In a corner of one of his windows a spider had spun his web. This the man saw while cleaning shop, but being a manly man he let it remain. He even did more. Many times a day he scooped in a fly with his hand and threw it into the spider's web. The man and the spider grew to be friends, and when the man walked toward that part of the shop the spider would come out for his fly. He grew big and fat, and life was a merry song.

One morning the man entered the shop as usual, and if you had asked him

how he felt, he would have said, "All-right—why?" His eye fell upon the spider's web. There was the spider, waiting to pounce upon a defenceless victim. A look of animosity spread over the man's face. He seized a broom and with a savage jab swept spider, web and all to a filthy nothingness.

Joe Coms

THE JESTER

PLAY the part of a simpering clown,
Day after day, day after day,
On a stage where Fate with a tinsel crown,
Plays the part of a King; his lowering frown,
Is my cue for frolic, and gibes and jests;
And being a clown, in a clown's own way,
I humor the king and honor his guests,
Day after day, day after day.

And the rabble laughs at my foolish pranks,
Day after day, day after day,
The crowd, from the King to the serf in ranks,
Roars out its applause while I bow my thanks
And kissing my hand retire from the stage:

Awaiting my turn I resume the play,
A buffoon for majesty, prince and page,
Day after day, day after day.

My hair is as white as the paint that hides,
Day after day, day after day,
The furrows of care on my face where pride's
Royal signet is set; in my heart abides
Shame and disgust for my part: for I know—

As I play the fool in a fool's own way—
Those who laugh at my jests are fools also,
Day after day, day after day.

Ean Boyd Heiney

HOPE

WHITE-winged and radiant as a new-born joy;
Upward, and on, thy finger points the way.
Thy tender smile turns night to brightest day;
Makes pure the soul when baser passions cloy.

E. Carl Litsey



"East London"

No city on earth is equal to East London for magnitude of meanness and monotony! Two million human beings, five hundred miles of streets, dingy houses, squalid courts; no colleges, no cathedrals; no book shops, newspapers; no hotels, even; no feeling of civic pride, patriotism, or brotherhood.

Surely the city of Dreadful Monotony, hardly worth making a beautiful book about. But wait! See first how superlatively well the author, trained of heart, eye, and mind; the artists, specialists in their field, and the publishers, masters in their business, have combined to produce a volume that attracts at long range and holds at short. When Sir Walter Besant writes text, Phil May and Raven-Hill draw men and women, Joseph Pennell streets and bridges, and the Century Company makes the book, you better read it. Up to 1830 a riverside fringe of hamlets, East London is today "a collection of new towns crammed with people." A place was unexpectedly wanted for the manufacturing that came about through the general application successively of gas, early in the century, of steam, later, and now of electricity. East London was inevitable.

We learn of its present boundaries and

of its natural features—field, forest and swamp converted into crowded streets; we make the acquaintance of Liz, the typical factory girl, and frankly like her; of the shifty and shadowy "casual" hand, and shake our heads; of the alien, whom we congratulate; of the honest, for whom our bowels of mercy yearn; of the submerged, he who has "stepped out of his class and fallen down below;" of the rescue work of the Salvation Army, the brightest ray in the darkest place.

Our interest in the East Londoner's sports and pastimes is so keen and our sympathy in his good time so lively that we are quite sure that the next August bank-holiday we pass in London won't seem wholly wasted even if we do find the National Gallery crowded with this aimless, wandering throng.

A fitting conclusion is an account of the Helping Hand.

The form is familiar narrative, simple, straight-forward English—or slang,—whatever best conveys the thought. All is recounted with the earnestness that does not preclude humor, with the passion that does not get beside itself with rage. Because of the author's practical knowledge of the situation he has gotten below the external and has seen so deep into East London life that he has out

lived one's first natural revulsion for its monotony and degradation.

He discovers its gospel to be work; he sees variety in apparent monotony and individuality among the herd. "One can be human without a coronet, or even a carriage."

His knowledge of the facts combined with a saving sense of humor preserve him from being an exaggerated sentimentalist. "Let us by all means ascertain all the facts of the case, but let us continue our sentiment—our sympathy—with the victim of hard conditions and cruel competition."

He recognizes weakness and evil, he sees misery and dirt; he can point out the reason for much of the wretchedness, can suggest the remedy and apply it—and he can tell a good story. If you are reading to laugh read the account of the trippers in the Isle of Wight on Whit-Monday.

ed with fact and philosophy are many pages of hand-picked history, much of good literary talk, and Sir Walter Besant is at his best. (The Century Co., N. Y.)

"A Century of American Diplomacy"

No chronicler is so well fitted to write history as one who has actually participated in its making, and although ex-Secretary Foster's scholarly work does not include an account of the later days of our republic, when he guided the helm of state, he is able to deal with his topic from a viewpoint at once unprejudiced and sympathetic. We are not accustomed to regard Americans as much given to diplomacy, yet a perusal of this volume convinces one that we are quite as much entitled to plume ourselves on finesse in affairs politic as we are upon our frankness as individuals. Never wearisome in detail, and presenting history in a delightful manner Mr. Foster's work is as interesting as it is instruc-

tive, and is entitled to rank as high authority among books of statecraft. By John W. Foster. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

"A Life of Francis Parkman"

Lovers of Parkman's famous writings and lovers of good biography should not fail to read this excellent history of his life. There is nothing of perfunctory eulogizing in its pages, nor do we find facts marshalled and arranged with the cold precision of one who tells his tale without love of his subject. Mr. Farnham gives us a flesh and blood man whose personality draws us to him quite as strongly as his books drew our intellectual attention, and no biographer of modern days has a nicer appreciation of what incidents in a man's life appeal most to his fellow beings. The book inspires one to seek Parkman again in his own pages, and surely no higher tribute could be attained than this. By Charles H. Farnham. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

"Theodore Parker"

All who knew and loved this unique preacher and reformer who was not so long ago a familiar figure on Boston streets and a powerful influence in the evolution of religion in New England, will be glad to meet him once more in Mr. Chadwick's memoir. One scarcely realizes today what a tremendous share Parker had in liberalizing theological or dogmatic beliefs and making Christianity a practical "doing good" because we are reaping the fruits of his labor so easily. The strong personality which Louisa M. Alcott so admired was a tower of strength to her in days of trial, and even now his example and accomplishment serve as a beacon to the most despairing heart. By John White Chadwick. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

"King's End"

Alice Brown's *New England* is the same as that of other writers of her school, but she contrives to give its scenes and characters a piquant individuality we seek in vain in the sketches of other native writers. "*Kings End*" is a wholesome, brisk little love story which ends happily, introduces one to a number of quaint rustic characters, discusses problems which nearly every human being sometimes has to solve, and gives us delightful glimpses of outdoor existence. The sweet scent of the woods and sunny fields exhales from its pages, and the book cannot fail to make one better, and happier as well. By Alice Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

"Alice of Old Vincennes"

This is one of the most thrilling and well written colonial romances of the period, and one regrets much that the author died before his triumph was fairly enjoyed. In his heroine he has managed to create a fresh and winsome type of womanhood, and her devotion to the "flag of George Washington" is very patriotic and pleasing to American readers. The story is replete with incidents and adventures of the most exciting nature, and captivates its perusers body and soul. Its literary merit is quite as good as its dramatic interest, and the plot is artistically and cleverly developed. By Maurice Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)

"Peccavi"

Peccavi is one of the most powerful, most pathetic tales ever written, and although a book that many persons would call wholly improbable it does not by any means outdo the occurrences of daily life in strangeness. There is something reminiscent of George Eliot's deep grasp on the irrevocableness of human woe and action in Mr. Horning's story, and

he draws his characters with the same broad yet simple strokes of the pen. Appealing to man's best emotions and sure to move his pity, this grim account of a human being's fall, restitution and glorious death is fiction as admirable as it is ethical. By E. W. Horning. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

"The Brass Bottle"

Mr. Anstey's stories are already well known to the reading public, and this fanciful and amusing tale is the best he has yet written. It is suggestive of the *Arabian Nights* or fairy tales, and is one of those delightfully imaginative books that appeal to all except the hopelessly practical or phlegmatic. It is just the book for summer or fireside reading. By F. Anstey. (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.)

"Books Triumphant"

A neat and modest volume, issued by the F. Tennyson Neely Co., New York, is entitled "*Books Triumphant*," by Carnia Cambell Eagerfield. It is a collection of magazine articles on various topics, which indicate thoughtfulness and a thorough study of the subjects treated. In fact, they appear to be a trifle too studious for the average reader. Many quotations from famous authors are deftly interwoven and might suggest to some an excess of pedantry, but the comprehensive sincerity of the work is impressively apparent and makes it a book that literary students will admire, however much they demur from a repetition of trite conclusions. Such earnest thinkers as this authoress, and their devoted, unselfish effort, cannot help but turn out truly distinctive and aggressive books. "*Books Triumphant*" most assuredly has a prominent place among the thoughtful publications of the year. By Carnia Cambell Eagerfield. (F. Tennyson Neely Co., N. Y.)

THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send two-cent stamp for certificate of membership
All answers to questions must be received before the thirtieth of the month

THE following letter expresses so many pleasant sentiments in regard to the National Question Class we feel that the members will be keenly interested in reading it.

Such endorsement is most satisfactory, and Mrs. Frazer, and the entire editorial staff of "The National Magazine," certainly appreciate it.

I am much interested in the National Question Class although my answers are not sent in, and I firmly believe if one would carefully study the sixteen monthly questions for a year he would find himself advanced as far as many of his friends in school. Particularly am I delighted when the questions contain one or more inquiries regarding celebrated woman or the great things they have done.

You little realize what these mean or the incentive they are to people living in the country. Curiosity is aroused, search is begun, books are procured and the home becomes a changed place.

I join with others in thanking you for placing this before us.

Very truly,

May 20, 1901.

Gerhardt Howard.

The questions on Art for the next four months have been contributed by Miss Helen Tincker, of Somerville, Mass., who is a recognized authority on all such matters, a traveller of wide experience, and who enjoys the distinction of belonging to the Societies of Egyptian and Palestine Exploration. Miss Tincker is also a lecturer upon Architecture, its development, history and symbolism.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MAY

First Prize: Mrs. W. S. Curtis, Colchester, Conn.

Second Prize: Miss Grace C. Converse, Winchendon, Mass.

Third Prize: Miss Rebecca E. Davis, 521 Walnut street, Knoxville, Tenn.

Fourth Prize: Mr. A. S. Tobin, 2689 E. Rich street, Columbus, Ohio.

ANSWERS FOR MAY

Literature

1. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote the magnificent "Battle Hymn of the Republic," our nation's finest battle hymn. I believe she divides her time between her homes at Boston and Newport, and in spite of her eighty-two years, continues her studies, reading, for instance, a little Greek every day.

2. Daniel Webster made this inspiring statement: "God grants liberty only to those who love it, and who are always ready to guard and defend it."

3. An election to the membership of the "French Academy" confers the supreme honor obtained in the "Institute of France." Membership is limited to forty, and as soon as an Academician dies there is a great but genteel scramble for the vacancy. Its regulations ordain that the aspirant for the membership must make formal application for it; and, although the rules forbid them from electioneering, it is customary for them to pay a round of visits to the Academicians to solicit their suffrages. Another regulation is that every member shall refrain from pledging his vote, until the ballot actually takes place. At the election of the new member, the secretary reads the list of candidates who have presented themselves, these only being eligible. The president then asks each member if he has pledged his vote. If any one has done so he is excluded from the right of balloting. The voting then takes place and a majority elects.

4. Jean Jacques Rousseau at the age of twenty-one finding himself at Lausanne and "out of pocket" set up as a "singing teacher from Paris." He could not then so much as read an air at sight and feeling a pretender's shame he made an anagram of his name and called himself Vauissoure. He not only gave himself out as a singing teacher, but actually composed a concerted piece which he offered for performance to an amateur—a law professor—who was in the habit of giving private musical entertainments. And Rousseau dared to add to his production a pretty minuet which was then popular and which he gave as his own composition. On the eventful evening the musicians assembled to perform his

piece and Rousseau gravely beat the time and they commenced. The musicians choked with laughter. The auditors opened their eyes and would have liked to close their ears to the fearful discords, but the conductor kept right on, although he did not fail to see signs of disapproval on every hand. But when the minuet was reached good humor was restored and everyone congratulated Rousseau on his fine musical taste and the great promise shown in it.

Art

1. Paul Gustave Doré was born at Strasbourg in 1832. While he has painted large canvasses, he really made his fame by his woodcuts and illustrations of books, especially his illustrations of the Bible, Dante's "Inferno" and "Paradise Lost."

2. Hans Holbein, sometimes entitled Hans, the Younger, was born at Augsburg about 1494. When he left Augsburg and took up his residence at Basle, he was under the patronage of and on terms of friendly intercourse with the great scholar, Erasmus. The latter wrote a book in Latin called "Praise of Folly," which Holbein, not being a scholar, could not read. But he greatly enjoyed having Erasmus read it to him and was so delighted with the satire that he covered the margin of the book with illustrative sketches. Opposite a passage recording the want of common sense and energy in many learned men, Holbein had drawn the picture of a student and written below "Erasmus." The book coming again into the hands of Erasmus, he was offended with the liberty taken by the painter and retaliated in kind by writing below the sketch of a rude boor, drinking—"Holbein." In spite of the rough jesting the friendship between scholar and painter was not interrupted.

3. When Henry III. of France was at Venice he was entertained "en grand siegneur" by Titian, then an old man, and when the king asked the price of some of the artist's pictures which pleased him Titian at once presented them as a gift to his royal guest.

4. Raphael was but twenty-five years old when summoned by Pope Julius II. to the papal court and commissioned to decorate the state departments of the Vatican. He began his labors on the

rooms now known as the "Stanze of Raphael." The first small room is ornamented with allegorical paintings of Theology, Poetry, Philosophy and Jurisprudence. Philosophy is illustrated by the celebrated fresco of the "School of Athens," which shows one a splendid hall or porch, where Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Diogenes, Pythagoras, Archimedes, Zoroaster, Ptolemy and their disciples all indicate their respective systems and sciences.

Science

1. Louis Agassiz, one of the most eminent naturalists of his time, was born in the village of Motier, Switzerland, May 28, 1817. After studying at preparatory schools and the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich, he pursued his investigations at the Museum of Natural History, Paris; was for a while a professor at Neuchatel, visited England as a lecturer, and then came to America. He delivered a course of lectures in Boston and later accepted the chair of Natural History at Harvard University. He conducted a scientific expedition to Brazil, an account of which was published, and he was for some years head of a summer school of Natural History on the island of Penikese, Buzzard's Bay. He died Dec. 14, 1873.

2. The proposal that electricity should furnish motive power on railways is nearly as old as the railway system itself, and various attempts to apply electric power for propulsion on railways were made prior to 1881, but in each case the scheme would not be practical and would be abandoned. In that year—1881—a permanent electric tramway, one and one-half miles long, was established at Lichterfeld, Berlin, by Messrs. Liemens & Haltske of Berlin.

3. The Niagara Falls Power Company of Niagara Falls supply 5,000 horse power of electricity at the Pan-American Exposition, in illuminating the buildings and grounds and turning the wheels for operating machinery. Also an equal amount (5,000 horse power) will be generated on the grounds.

4. The poem, "De Sauty," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is the contribution to Ocean-Cable Literature by the "Professor at the Breakfast Table." He says this poem will be found intelligible by the aid of a Latin Tutor and a professor

of chemistry. The first messages received through the sub-marine cable were sent by an electrical expert, a mysterious personage, who signed himself "De Sauty."

General

1. Yale College was so named for Elihu Yale. He was such a liberal benefactor to the college the trustees gave his name to it.

2. From George I., crowned 1714, until the death of William IV., in 1837, each king wore the crown of England and Hanover. But these were separated when Victoria ascended the throne, by virtue of the Salic law, by a provision of which males alone could inherit the throne of Hanover.

3. The crimson banner of Count Pulaski (beautifully wrought by the Moravian Sisters at Bethlehem in Pennsylvania) is now in the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore. Longfellow embodied the story of it in his poem, "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner."

4. The attempts of Tennessee pioneers to gain independence of North Carolina created for a short time (1784-1788) the revolutionary state of Frankland (or Franklin) under Governor John Seizler. He was overthrown by the North Carolina authorities.

Andrew Jackson began the study of law in Salzburg, North Carolina, in 1784. Four years later he emigrated to Nashville, Tenn., where he opened a law office and in 1798 he was made a judge of the supreme court of the state. He had already become a man of so much prominence as to be thrown into hostile collision with Gov. Seizler, who was then easily first in the affections of the Tennesseans.

SIXTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JULY

Literature

1. What man famous through an invention was born at Bruges, Belgium, and what notable work did he write there?

2. What was Washington Irving's "Spanish Cupboard"?

3. What modern French writer with whom we are all familiar was born at Nantes? Tell something of his youth and his literary work.

4. What one of our great poets was a Quaker, and ever retained a strong love and fidelity toward the Friends?

Science

1. What remarkable fact has been discovered in regard to the influence of anaesthetics on plants and as regards fermentation?

2. Where was Hiram S. Maxim born, what wonderful inventions have made him famous, and what is the latest one?

3. What conclusion was arrived at in regard to coral formations, from experiments in boring by Prof. Agassiz at Key West and by Prof. Sollas, off Australia?

4. What singular fact regarding the early human inhabitants and birds in the wild interior of Patagonia, South America, resulted from a trip made by Prof. Hatcher of Princeton University?

General

1. Who was Major Mordecai N. Noah, and what souvenir of his work belongs to the Buffalo Historical Society?

2. What two celebrated persons once resided and labored in the old-fashioned village of Lewiston, New York?

3. What city is called the "German Florence" and why?

4. Where is there to be erected a companion statue to the one of Lafayette in Paris, and how is it to be paid for?

Art

1. To what two kinds do Greek vases mostly belong? Which is the older?

2. What sculptures in Venice have been set up in five different cities? Give an account of them.

3. Why are not the ruins of Babylon and Ninevah as well preserved as those of Egypt?

4. What is usually supposed to be the oldest of the Greek orders, and where did it probably originate?

PRIZES FOR JULY

First Prize: Six tickets to the Pan-American Exposition grounds for one week.

Second Prize: "An Original Drawing" from "The National Magazine" studio.

Third Prize: "To Have and to Hold," By Mary Johnson.

Fourth Prize: "Uncle Terry," By Charles Clark Munn.



THE flower of true romance blossoms in the dust of every-day existence. More precious than the high dreams of the bards are the rare experiences that starting now and again out of our common life move one like the sight of a wild flower by the roadside.

There were only a few curious Exposition sightseers left in the Temple of Music after the opening exercises. The vast auditorium felt chill and dreary after the great throng had passed out. Only the echoes of the voices of the speakers intermingled with certain memory-haunting strains of the musical portion of the program—a sort of conventional aftermath that did not delight me in my present mood. But I cared to be alone after all that crowd or I should not have lingered. There were perhaps fifty others examining the architectural details of the great hall and speculating on the possibilities of the Exposition.

I was quite startled then when I suddenly heard my name called and looking up found myself face to face with an old and tried friend of—how many by-gone days? There was a genuine delight in the meeting, despite the abrupt transition of moods. As we stood talking over old times in the shadow of the gilded pipes of the great organ, the sun struggled in for a last look at the ceiling deco-

rations through the cathedral lights overhead. The conversation after the first greeting became at once reminiscent.

"And how's old Doc?"

"Dead."

A mutual silence fell upon us for a moment, the tribute of an inward tear.

And so the talk went on. Even the kind-hearted old boarding house landlady was not forgotten. And when I asked him the outcome of certain notes I was wont to deliver for him—he is twenty years my senior—to a certain little woman with great violet eyes, he grasped my hand quickly: "You must come and see us all. Six in the family now, and—"

The clear voice of a young girl on the other side of the hall was what caused my friend to start and drop my hand. I turned as he did and saw an elderly lady and a pretty dark-eyed girl of sixteen together. Shaking off the interruption from whatever real cause it might spring, my friend began again.

Again that voice—clear as the call of a light infantry bugle. My friend started again—the conversation flagged from this moment by some sort of mutual consent on my part. He grew visibly restless and cast an occasional glance in the direction of the pair. His anxiety indeed became such that I could stand it no

longer and was on the point of intruding an enquiry when he grasped my hand again.

"Find out who they are! I must go. Be sure and meet me—" He murmured an appointment—then vanished like a vision.

When I recalled myself there were a dozen stragglers still left in the hall, whence daylight was fast departing, and among them the young girl and her chaperon, who had become separated for a moment.

I approached the elder as diplomatically as a Russian envoy. In a few minutes more I was entering her address for "The National Magazine," when the young girl rejoined her. I was considerably presented, and lingered a moment in small talk to cover my retreat as graciously as possible. I was only anxious to get back to my friend, feeling indeed rather proud of my achievement, as the pair appeared to be strangers of the distinctly refined class. I found him waiting for me just outside the building, although he had named a certain down-town hotel and the hour of 7:30 that evening for the dinner. A look of disappointment flashed across his face as I showed him my note book.

"But the girl's name?" he cried eagerly.

I had imagined the couple might be mother and daughter and so explained to him. But he still remained unconvinced. We started toward the gates and just as we did the elderly lady and the younger one passed us on their way home. The girl was speaking in her clear voice.

My companion fairly quivered at my side as we made room for them, and—Well, I had known him in the old days as a very martinet among newspaper men and had trembled before him more than once. He was the last man in the world to be overcome by a sudden emotion.

With a quick impulse he left my side

and started down the path after them. What I beheld the next moment occurs on the stage nightly, but very seldom in a public thoroughfare.

The young girl was in his arms!

As I came up he started forward with a radiant face.

"I felt it. I knew it!" he cried. "It was the echo of mother's voice. This is my little sister"—he was still holding her by the hand—"and I want you to know her."

I anticipated a somewhat remarkable *denouement* and I got the details that evening from the kindly old lady, for he asked me to dine with them at the hotel where he was staying. It was an occasion too sacred for words from him, I felt. But she came to the rescue.

"You see, his mother died when Lelia was born. He had left home five years before on account of a difficulty with his father. The father remarried, and Lelia, a sunny babe of one year, came to me—her mother was my old schoolmate. I never could find out much about Will—but her children are now together, united, after all these years, by her own voice. I'm so glad." There were tears of joy in our eyes when in the silence that followed we felt the benediction of the absent mother hovering over her dear ones.

WHEN a popular novel engrosses the attention of Harvard professors for successive evenings, there must be something more to it than a phantom popularity. Anna Farquhar's "Boston Experiences" created a great success at Harvard College, both when they appeared in the "Ladies' Home Journal" and later when the book was published. The staid professors would gravely quote a skit on Boston people from the pages, and read it aloud to groups of listeners. One professor, who, as regular as clock-work retires to his library after dinner

for research, was lured away from his beloved pursuits for two consecutive evenings and found immersed in "The Devil's Plough," the latest novel by Anna Farquhar, published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. As in the case with the works of George Elliot and George Sands, Anna Farquhar's book seems to appeal particularly to men. She is a thorough worker, and incisive and vigorous in her treatment. The book was scarcely off the press before offers came from playwrights for dramatization, and a number of leading actors insist that it must go upon the stage because of its dramatic force. To those who have followed the work of this author, from "A Singer's Heart," "Boston Experiences," and now "The Devil's Plough," the wonder is how one person could so successfully write books of such wide variance in theme, treatment, and style. The hero is a French peasant of the seventeenth century, and the Paris of that day is vividly portrayed, in fact, I could feel the blood tingle as I read a description of those stirring days. There is an abundance of action, and the closing letter is a classic in epistolary literature. In fact it is in this line of work that Anna Farquhar always excels—she gives a touch of verisimilitude that is strong and vigorous. There is a temptation right here to tell you the story, but that would be unfair. The story of the "Devil's Plough" is one that is best told in the novel. It has the strength of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and has just enough touch of early missionary life among the Jesuits on Lake Superior and the Mississippi to bring it within the boundary of an American book. Anyhow, the author has the thoroughly American method of treatment, and has written a book that will have a history and sustaining interest. Altogether it has taken its place as one of the novels of the year.

YES, I marched with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on the annual field day, June 3,—and reported for work on the day following. I may as well confess it—my first appearance. In the early hours I was awakened according to the ancient customs of the company, in vogue and in continuous operation since its organization in 1638. Then I reported at the armory, which is Faneuil Hall, in full uniform. Although the day was warm I modestly wore an overcoat to cover the red braid and flashing buttons of the uniform, and had a dutiful brother carry the helmet in a green bag. The hour was early—but still I felt the curious eyes of every passerby upon me, and as a new recruit with a military record that doesn't date back any further than the war of 1812, I was modest.

Well, at the armory, with more in uniform, I felt more at ease and had my sabre properly hung and gorgette (the broad braid over the shoulder) adjusted over the right shoulder, I was ready for the march. A glance at the uniforms, which include everything from the buff Continental to the latest army fashion-plate, and the members include men of all ages from ninety to thirty. In fact, I lined up with one member who has marched from historic Faneuil Hall for fifty-two consecutive years.

The old corps is certainly a grand organization, and includes on its muster-roll many famous men. The Prince of Wales (the present Edward VII.) is colonel of the company, and royally entertained them while on a visit to London some years ago. It was the stars and stripes carried by this corps that was the first foreign flag that was ever unfurled in Windsor Castle, where they were received by the late Queen Victoria. In spite of the fact that it is an off-shoot of an English company, the loyalty of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to American institutions and ideals

has never been lacking. Well, the governors have to march with them to the hall and to the Common, where a drum-head election is held. The old customs are preserved, and the maneuvers on the historic Common at sunset, with the booming of artillery and the rich radiance of the June foliage for a background. But to me, most impressive of all was the music at the service held at Old South Church, where Phillips Brooks, as a former chaplain, had delivered a masterly discourse. When the death-roll was called—the echo and re-echo of the bugle in the distance—was an impressive tribute to the comrades who had passed away.

Tired? Well, to remain on duty and in line of march for twelve hours is a long stretch, but every second of the time was a moment of pleasure, and the reverence in which this old organization is held in Boston is certainly inspiring.

DOCTOR JAMES BALL NAYLOR, author of the popular Ohio novel, was reared among the scenes of which he has so entertainingly written in "Ralph Marlowe." He obtained his education in the country and village school, with a "finishing touch," as he says, at the Marietta Academy.

To quote his own words to me: "I have worked on a farm, taught school, clerked in a drug store, toled a grip on the road, practiced medicine, and written for the press. I graduated from Starling Medical College, Columbus, O., in the spring of 1886, and have been in active practice most of the time since. I am married and have five children—four queens and a jack. I got what little I know by reading, writing and thinking, and I believe there is no school like experience. I would rather dream than drudge, but I can drudge when I must. I espouse no creed—I am the disciple of no man; but I be-

lieve in the 'fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.'"

He loves children and dogs, and never tires of the beauties of nature, and insists that he could not live in a city, if he would—and would not, if he could; that he thinks he writes best of the things he knows best—and desires to stay close to them. "I have a struggle with myself every time I set down to write," he admits; "then I work like a galley slave under the lash—and enjoy it." He is an amateur photographer, and wastes "his substance in the riotous exposure of dry plates." "Ralph Marlowe" is Dr. Naylor's first serious venture between covers. However, he has been writing for the press for about twelve years. He is a poet of no mean ability, and some of his most noteworthy work has appeared in verse.

THE development of the small cities throughout the country is a picturesque phase of American life. It is the country city population that largely recruits the metropolitan centers, and they are in a large measure the balancing quality in national life. The small village that grows into a pretentious little city of 5,000 to 50,000 people, is where a peculiarly level-headed and conservative solid citizenship element is found. Those who have made money are soon engrossed with the idea of a good home with "modern conveniences." This ambition necessarily stimulates a municipal patriotism that is obliterated in very large municipalities. The ambition to have libraries, parks, paved streets, electric and gas lights and street cars, is directly connected with the home building purpose. The children in the family keep up an active and a keen interest in the schools, and all matters of public welfare, and while economists may proclaim American municipal government is a failure in large cosmopolitan centers, it is a success in the smaller

cities, where it is possible to reach the municipal pride, of the resident freeholders, and whose interest is awakened by those things which concern the good of the city.

The first building with an elevator, the new high school building, the power house, post office or parks, are always pointed out with pride, as matters of interest to the stranger and conclusive evidence of the city's permanent prosperity and future. But when one catches a glimpse of the residence street, with trees and well-trimmed lawns, houses with neat and trim fireplaces, furnaces, hardwood floors, pianos, private libraries (even if it's only Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Shakespere), convenient pantries, spacious sleeping rooms, vines, flowers and shrubs, all these apparently commonplace details of the country city home life, are the real balancing factors in the national body politic. These homes are often built by retired farmers who "move to town" to educate their families, and the rural interest of home building in its truest sense asserts itself. This country city or town people make frequent trips to the larger cities, and are keener to observe and adopt new things and improvements than the average resident of larger cities. The book reviews are read, and on the literary table are later publications, and a larger variety of wholesome periodicals than in homes where the mammoth city daily commands all the readable faculties and powers of the urbanite. Literary and musical societies, church and social entertainments, are kept almost all of the time with enthusiasm, and the people of the country city are more likely to see more operas and plays—or at least get more wholesomeness out of these entertainments than the blase city resident.

It is always a pleasure for me to retreat from the glare of New York and Chicago to some smaller country city, even to a hotel with a soapy smell—and an

elaborate array of ketchup bottles and crackers on the table. The stately old caster and the multiplied side dishes, and the advertisements scattered about: here are the scenes familiar to traveling men, who have done much more to amalgamate commercial interests and stimulate co-operation through competitive trade combats. As the messenger from the city, he exercises an influence on his customers which extends beyond merely selling a bill of goods. Perhaps it is that pale-faced young clerk who is stimulated in a life ambition by the freely spoken and glowing tales of the traveling man, who holds trade through close personal touch with his customers. The inland city with its enthusiastic civic pride, its outbursts of original and virile strength, its close touch with the people of the soil, is the distinctive American product, and when this spirit of American push and progress ceases our pre-eminence in the world's affairs will begin to wane.

These ideas have been suggested by the popular reception of the descriptive articles on various cities which are a permanent feature of "The National Magazine" and will make when completed—fifty in all—an interesting volume entitled "Progressive Cities of America."

THE production of this issue of "The National Magazine," from the type set on rapid "Simplex" typesetting machines, which are unexcelled for fine magazine and book work, on to the engravings for the illustrations by the halftone process, the electrotypers, from whose hands the magazine goes to the pressmen in solid pages, is a marvel of mechanical and artistic achievement. Here they are made into forms consisting of sixteen, thirty-two and sixty-four pages, and the pages of each form printed at one impression. Then the binders turn out the finished product—all printed on the Exposition grounds.

PAN-AMERICAN ECONOMICAL RECIPES

Pan-American Baking Powder

One pound two ounces cream tartar, one-half pound bicarbonate soda, one-half pound corn starch. Sift all together from eight to ten times. Put away in tightly covered tin, keeping out but a small quantity for daily use.

Pan-American Syrup

To one pound of brown sugar add a pint of cold water and let boil for about an hour and a half. It is better when used hot on cakes.

A Delicate Pan-American Omelet

Beat eight eggs together until light but not thick, add one pint of milk and a little salt. Pour into a greased pudding dish and bake in slow oven for fifteen minutes, being careful not to let it stay until the eggs separate.

Pan-American Green-Pea-Pod Soup

Wash your peas and after hulling them cover the pods with cold water and let boil until soft. Strain and add to the liquor a little milk (in proportion to the quantity of pods used), pepper and salt, and a small piece of onion if you like. Thicken with butter and flour creamed together. If you have an abundance of the cooked peas, a few will add to the flavor of the soup. Allow it to boil but a few minutes after the milk has been added.

Pan-American Sally Lunn

Cream together one cup sugar and quarter cup of butter; add the well beaten yolks of three eggs and one cup of milk, alternately with three cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking power. Beat whites until very stiff and stir in last. Bake half hour in pans with spout.

Pan-American Strawberry Shortcake

With a very heaping pint of flour sift a tablespoonful of sugar, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt. Mix in thoroughly with a knife a large tablespoonful of lard. Add enough water to make a soft dough and roll about three-quarters of an inch thick. Bake in shallow, square pan. While the cake is cooking hull one quart of strawberries, mash slightly and sweeten to taste. Split the cake while hot and spread the berries on lower part, laying the upper crust with crumb down. Sift powdered sugar on top and cut into squares. If preferred, the above Sally Lunn recipe may be used for the strawberry shortcake.

Pan-American Crab Soup

One pint of picked crabs put on the fire in enough water to heat through. Add a quart of milk and when it comes to a boil, stir in the thickening of one tablespoonful of butter and one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of celery seed, salt and red pepper to taste. After adding the thickening, allow it to boil up again, then serve.

Pan-American Raspberry Vinegar

Cover three quarts of raspberries with one and a half pints of vinegar and let them remain over night. In the morning strain through a cloth and to each pint of juice add one pound of granulated sugar. After it comes to a boil take off the scum. Allow it to cook about fifteen minutes, bottle when cold. This is delicious when served with crushed ice in a glass of water. It requires about one-fourth of a glass of the syrup.



WALTER BAKER & CO.'S BUILDING, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

THE building designed for the use of Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., at the Pan-American Exposition stands on the west-erly side of the group of buildings devoted to horticulture, forestry and mines, and harmonizes with these buildings in its architecture and general form. The main front faces the avenue and bridge leading to the Horticultural Building, and is adapted from the gateway of the Certosa, near Pavia. The main features of the entrance are repeated in simple form on the other three sides of the building. The roof forms a square pavilion, ornamented with four small corner towers and four ornamental dormers designed for the display of signs. It is surmounted by a central tower and spire. The exterior is treated with white body color and richly colored cornices, moldings and other ornamental features; the tower is white and gold, and the roofs a dull red.

The interior is decorated in white and gold with delicate ornament. The kitchen, pantry and toilets are in the basement. The building is 40 ft. square at the base; the tip of the vane is nearly 100 ft. high. The architects of the building are Peabody & Stearns, of Boston, who designed the beautiful Horticultural Building. The Walter Baker Company was established one hundred and twenty-one years ago (1780), and is now not only the oldest, but the largest concern of the kind in the world. Their Buffalo exhibit surpasses anything heretofore done in that line. Their very interesting and instructive display covers specimens of the different varieties of crude cocoa, and the manufactured products therefrom. A cordial invitation to visit this exhibit is extended to all who attend the Exposition, and especially to housekeepers, grocers and confectioners.

THE SCIENCE OF BUYING CLOTHES

CARLYLE might have added an important chapter to "Sartor Resartos" upon the buying of clothes.

Small wonder that a prominent firm of Boston merchants, A. Shuman & Co., should inaugurate a campaign of education on the art of purchasing clothing via the lecture platform. It indicates that an intelligent and literary expression are becoming a component part of a commercial campaign.

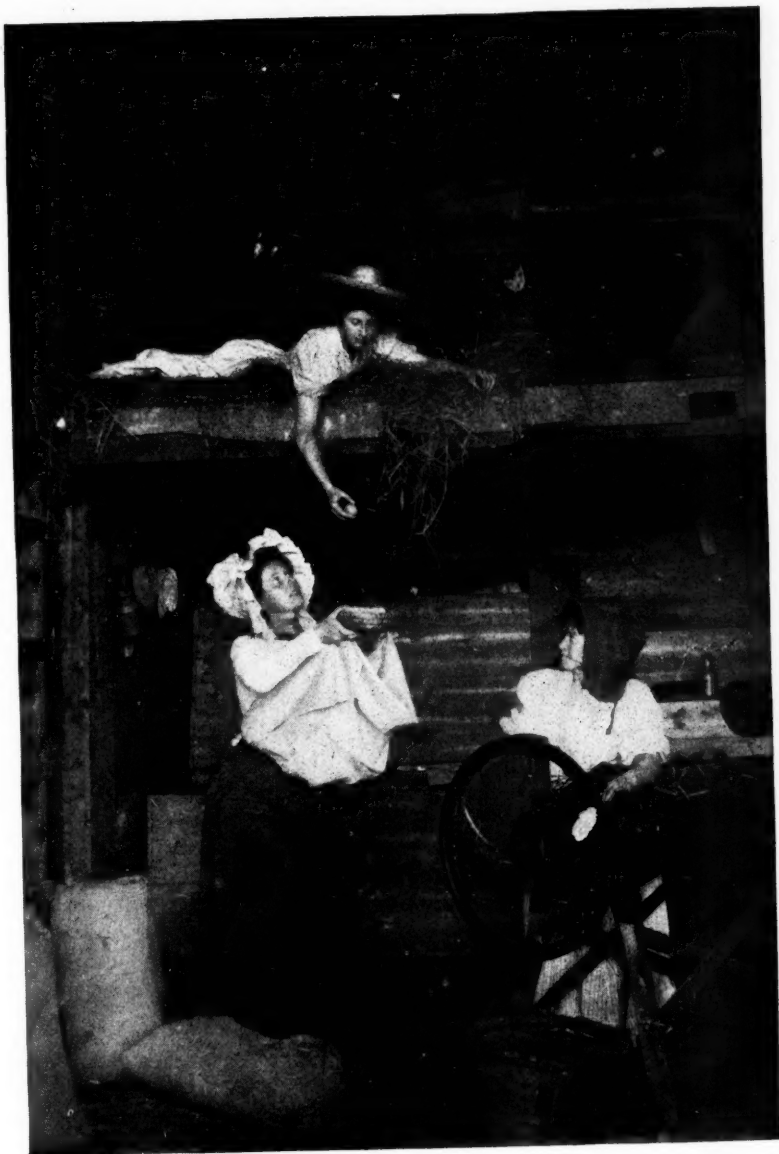
On each Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 3, there is a lecture on the manufacture of woollens. I confess the talk and demonstration of G. R. Rymarczick was fascinating. He shows how the wool passes from the sheep's back, through the scouring, drying and dyeing processes—in fact, the minutest detail until it becomes the finished product. Then he shows the subtle process of making shoddy, showing how difficult it is to detect the veneered from the genuine until the actual weather, acid or wearing test is made. And startling as it may seem, he shows how a printed shoddy sells for more money than the genuine all-wool cheviot, because of the attractive pattern of the goods.

The lecturer is thoroughly enthused with his subject, and has such a lucid way of explaining each detail—showing his thorough mastery of the subject, that the seating capacity is almost entirely taken several lectures in advance. The visitor to Boston should apply for tickets at the wholesale department and mention "The National Magazine," and they will be provided for. The following from "Printer's Ink," the popular advertising journal, in reference to the subject shows what wide attention the plan has attracted from the advertisers' standpoint:

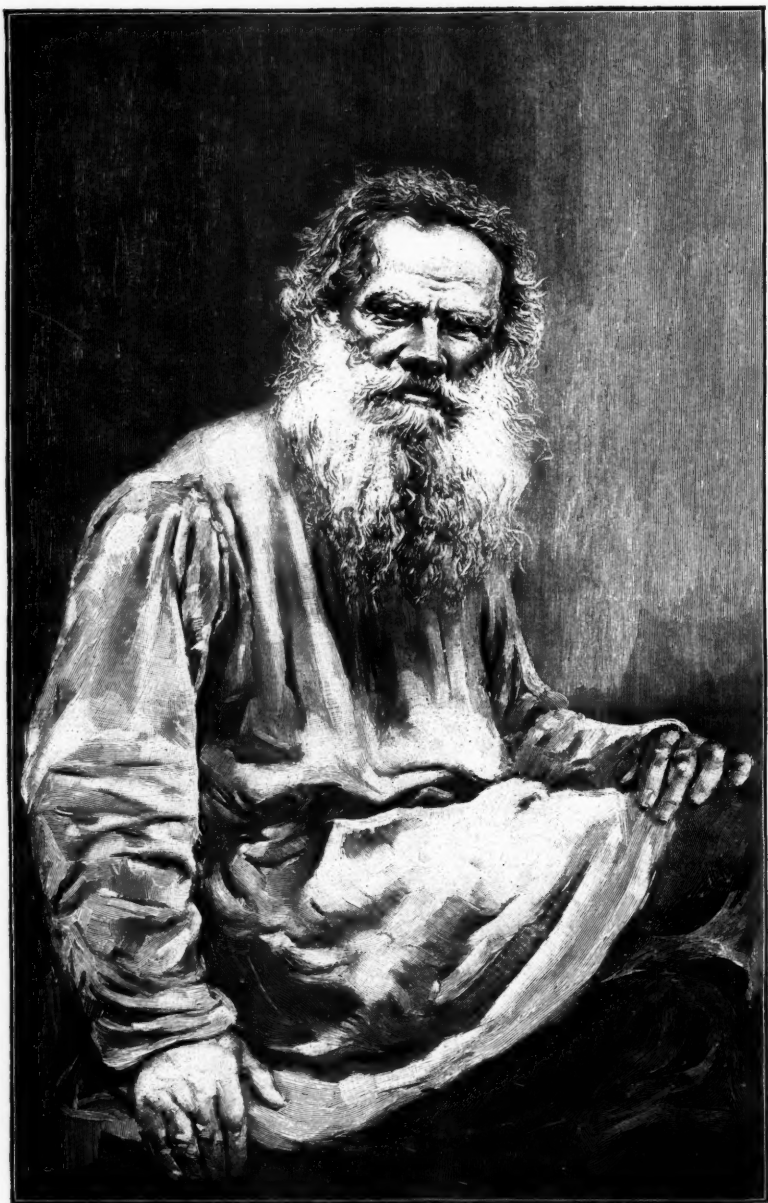
"A. Shuman & Co., one of the oldest clothing houses in Boston, have arranged a unique advertising plan to educate the people up to the advantages of fine clothing. A series of lectures on the manufacturing processes of cloth are to be given in their store, and one quarter of a floor has been partitioned off at their store on "Shuman Corner,"

Washington and Summer streets, as a lecture and demonstration room. G. R. Rymarczick, a practical man, with lifelong experience in woollen and worsted mills, particularly as overseer of weaving, has been engaged to demonstrate to whoever cares to know just how various kinds of cloth are made, what they are made of, the processes the material goes through and the service it will give the wearer. In this way the firm hopes to create an interest and a desire for information on the subject. Already a large amount of material has been collected, including wool samples, waste, shoddy, cottons, yarns, dyestuffs, etc., and more will be added as the work goes on. What this enterprising firm intends to do, in order to educate the people how and of what kind of material cloth is made, is to institute a series of lectures upon the subject, which will be delivered twice a week, with practical demonstrations. Their contentions are these:

"That the clothing trade has been demoralized by the introduction and enforcement on the market of goods made of rags and shoddy; that many of the oldest clothiers and tailors, who have reputations for first-class goods and fair dealing, have keenly felt the result of this and that the average consumer has very little knowledge of woollen and worsted goods. It is particularly desired by the projectors of the scheme to reach the rising generation, and advanced students have been especially urged to take advantage of the opportunity presented. As a special inducement, A. Shuman & Co. have invited essays on the textile subjects which will be presented, and as a reward for the most thoroughly prepared, offer a free scholarship in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the Boston University, magnificent prizes worth striving for, to say nothing of the vast amount of benefit which may be obtained from the study. Admission to the lectures is free, and no restrictions are placed upon the essay contest, other than the ordinary rules laid down for writing."



"HERE'S ANOTHER"



COUNT LEON TOLSTOI

Who sends to "The National Magazine" a message for Americans, and who is reported critically ill